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SOHRAB & RUSTUM

AND

ENOCH ARDEN

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Sohrab and Rustum

Enoch Arden

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

INTRODUCTION

Life and Works : Matthew Arnold was the eldest son of the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby. He was born at Laleham on the Thames, on December 24, 1822. He was educated at Winchester and Rugby, and passed with the Baliol Scholarship to Oxford in 1841. Here he won the Newdigate prize for poetry with a poem on Oliver Cromwell, and finally graduated with second-class honours in 1844. In the following year he was elected Fellow of Oriel.

In 1847 he became Private Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, Lord President of the Council, through whose influence he was appointed in 1851 Lay Inspector of Schools—a post which he held till his death in 1888.

In 1848 appeared anonymously his first volume, *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems.* He soon withdrew the volume; some of the poems, however, including *Mycerinus* and *The Forsaken Merman*, were afterwards republished. The same applies to his next book, *Empedocles on Etna* (1852) with *Tristram and Iseult.* In 1857 he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and he held the post for ten years. And after this he produced little poetry, but devoted himself to criticism and theology.

His principal writings are, in poetry, *Poems* (1853), containing *Sohrab and Rustum*, and *The Scholar Gipsy ; Poems, 2nd Series* (1855), containing *Balder Dead ; Merope* (1858) ; *New Poems* (1867), containing *Thyrsis*, an elegy on A. A. Clough, *A Southern Night, Rugby Chapel* and *The Weary Titan ;* in prose he wrote *On Translating Homer* (1861 and 1862), *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (1867), *Essays in Celtic Literature* (1868) ; *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1870), *Friendship's Garland* (1871), *Literature and Dogma* (1873), *God and the Bible* (1875), *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877), *Mixed Essays* (1879), *Irish Essays*

(1882) and *Discourses in America* (1885). He also wrote some works on the state of education on the continent.

In 1883 he received a pension of £250. He died suddenly at Liverpool, on April 15, 1888.

CRITICAL ESTIMATE

Arnold As a Poet :

(i) **Perfection of Phrase and Lucidity of Expression :**

Arnold, ever penetrated by his sense of classical grace and loveliness, of classical proportion and harmony, is careful of what he says and is also careful how he says it. In his poetry we find neither obscurity of thought, nor obscurity of expression. His thought is clearly defined in his mind before it crystallizes in a phrase. Arnold possesses the gift of exquisite phrasing. His inspiration may not always be steady ; he has not even a correct ear for rhymes ; but the classic beauty and perfection of phrase he shows not infrequently in his verse—he shows this gift in his prose essays too. Arnold is a phrase-maker. Even if a reader has little sympathy with the views or sentiments expressed in his poetry, he cannot but be attracted by the 'natural magic' of expression. It is a beauty, born of simplicity, and owing little to ornament and decoration. Arnold is the master of the classical art, as shown in the rounded perfection of phrase and the austere beauty of imagery. He absorbed into his verse 'the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky'."

(ii) **Lyric Note :** Arnold's poetry is predominantly lyrical. Even in his descriptive or narrative poetry the lyric note breaks in. Some critics doubt whether Arnold has real passion which is the very soul of lyric poetry. He has written very few love poems (and the lyric temper and lyric expression are mostly associated with love poems)—and those few are addressed to one Marguerite (a French girl whom Arnold met abroad, and by whom he seems to have been attracted). There is, no doubt, passion in these poems, but a breath of Stoicism seems to chill it. Arnold rather delights to dwell on the parting of lovers than on the raptures of union. He sings rather of the *loneliness* of the human soul—the loneliness, created by "the unplumb'd, salt,

estranging sea," between life and its dreams. So Arnold cries :—

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Certainly in the above lines there is passion, and, therefore, the true lyric note, but the passion is tear-drenched. Arnold's lyric temper finds its best expression in the *elegiac note.* With his meditative spirit, both sad and wise, the elegiac strain seems to have been the natural mode of expression. Walker writes, "He found in the elegy the outlet of his native melancholy, of the "Virgilian cry" over the mournfulness of mortal destiny." But ever and anon breaks from his soul a passionate cry for peace. It is the recurring *motif* in his lyrics. It assumes a variety of forms ; sometimes it expresses itself in an outcry against the materialism of the age, sometimes, in a wistful longing—in such a cry as

Strew on her roses, roses
And never a spray of yew
In quiet she reposes :
Ah ! would that I did too ;

sometimes it seeks to recapture a simpler and more natural life, if a bit wilder, as in *The Scholar Gipsy.*

(iii) **Nature-worship :** Like Wordsworth, Arnold believes in the beneficent influence of Nature. He has almost the same thought about Nature as Wordsworth. The following lines from *Resignation* may be compared :

Lean'd on his gate, he gazes : tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years :

Before him he sees life unroll,
A placid and continuous whole ;
That general Life, which does not cease,
Whose secret is not joy, but peace ;
That Life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
If birth proceeds, if things subsist :
The Life of plants, and stones, and rain :
The Life he craves ; if not in vain
Fate gave, what Chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul.

Arnold's own craving for peace is in these lines. Unfortunately Nature could not always satisfy this craving of Arnold's. Nature was not such a refuge to him as she was to Wordsworth. The fact is that Arnold lacks Wordsworth's steady faith and oneness of vision. He often seeks to merge his troubled spirit in the majesty and loveliness of Nature, but "the burthen of the mystery," and "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world'' will ever come back upon. His aching soul thus cries out to Nature :

"Blow, ye winds ! lift me with you !
I come to the wild.
Fold closely, O Nature !
Thine arms round thy child.

To thee only God granted
A heart ever new :
To all always open ;
To all always true,

Ah, calm me ! restore me !
And dry up my tears
On thy high mountain platforms,
Where Morn first appears,

Where the white mists, for ever,
Are spread and up furl'd ;
In the stir of the forces
Whence issued the world."

He cries, "I struggle towards the light";

"But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-chok'd souls to fill."

From Nature he often fails to extract peace and tranquillizing thought. He discovers, not joy, but *pain*, to be the secret and meaning of Nature. It seems to accord well with his Stoic philosophy of life :

"Enough, we live :—and if a life,
With large results so little rife,
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth ;
Yet, Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream that falls incessantly,
The strange-scrawl'd rocks, the lovely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice."

Of course as a subjective poet he projects his own sad, brooding spirit into Nature—and so he finds pain and endurance writ large on the face of Nature. Wordsworth sees Nature as she is in herself ; he can contemplate her in a detached way. But this is almost impossible for Arnold. His aching soul, his brooding, restless spirit ever comes between him and Nature. Only in a mood of contrast between his own self and Nature he can perceive that Nature has a life of her own—a life of untroubled calm and serenity :

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll ;
*For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.*"

(iv) **Melancholy :**

"This strange disease of modern life
With its sick hurry, its divided aims"

must have weighed upon Arnold's soul. Escape he seems to have found none, in spite of all the strivings of his spirit. If he could have blindly accepted the creeds and systems of the day, he might have easily stifled the still small voice within that ever moaned for light, for faith, for truth. Arnold had the keenest intellect and sanest reason. No ready-made formula could have ever satisfied his heart. By his studies in theology he sought to supply a rational basis to the truths of Christianity. But theology, being a mere abstract thing, could have hardly met his need. Some clear-sighted faith in man's work and destiny—that is what Arnold looked for,—and he looked for it often in vain. He lays his finger on the disease of the age in *The Scholar Gipsy*:

"and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—"

Arnold makes it his business to cure this disease, and he finds no real remedy. His delicate and sensitive nature, perfected by the grace and refinement of fastiduous culture, made it impossible for him to maintain the robust optimism of either Wordsworth or Browning. The super-sensitiveness of his soul, brought into conflict with the sordidness and perversity of actual life, was partly the cause of his melancholy, apart from the intellectual unrest of the age, that troubled his contemporaries too. His eclectic culture had not a little to do with it. He admired and assimilated too the elements of Greek culture—perfection of form, symmetry, balance and harmony,—but he could not fully enter into the spirit of joy which is so much an essence of the Greek life. There was a too rigid moral strain—the hard, insoluble crust of Puritanism in his nature. It was indeed a conflict between *Hellenism* and *Hebraism*. Lucas rightly says,

"to the end, like Milton, he remained half Greek and half Hebrew, half poet and half prophet." These irreconcilable elements in his nature were the secret of his misery and melancholy. And yet so far as his poetry is concerned, he has given the most exquisite expression to his melancholy mood—the very essence of a wistful and pensive sadness is distilled into his poetry.

(v) **Intellectual Element**: Arnold preached "high seriousness" as the true test of poetry. In his serious poems such as *Balder Dead, Sohrab and Rustum, Merope*, etc., he sought to construct his poems on a fable that admits of dignified treatment. He considers the choice of a subject as the most important thing. He says, "All depends upon the subject; choose a fitting action, penetrate yourself with the feeling of its situations; this done, everything else will follow." He sought to apply these principles in his poetic composition. It may be admitted that his principles were not absolutely sound. The point is that Arnold thought very highly of poetry and its function, and that in his practice too he sought to combine dignity of style with the greatness of the theme he treated of. In both *form* and *matter* he thus aimed at reaching a higher standard—rather a standard of classical finish and perfection than to be found in contemporary poetry. Imbued with the classical ideal of balance and harmony, he could not be content with 'purple patches', with mere beauty of phrase and epithet, or with vividness of imagery—he could not be content with anything short of the organic unity, or what he calls the *architectonics* of a poem, dealing with a serious subject-matter. Hence there is not only deep and elevated thought in his poetry, but an orderly evolution of thought—a skilful construction of the fable which Arnold values as much as greatness or profundity of thought.

Opinions of Critics

"The poetry of the later Victorian period has, on the whole, a strenuous and serious note befitting the deep problems of life and destiny with which so much of it has concerned itself. It is certainly not made brighter by the fact that in the perils of this great quest, the poet has too often lost both the vision of faith and the joy of hope. Its gloom is sometimes oppressive,

and if despair be not its dominant note, at least it constantly vibrates to the minor chord of a wistful yearning and a painful unrest. Even Tennyson and Browning, both of them poets of faith and hope, were not able altogether to rise superior to this prevailing influence of Victorian poetry.

But it is Mr. Matthew Arnold who represents, more than any other writer, these new tendencies in latter-day poetry. A deep sadness hangs around his verse. Yet is he sincere and reverent. The agnostic doubt has cast its gloom upon him, but has not succeeded in expelling the religious spirit from his soul. Like his master, Wordsworth, he would fain gather a lesson of joy and sweet content from all he sees and knows, but grieves to find it impossible. This alone, perhaps, would prevent Arnold from ever being extensively popular. The mass of men like sunshine, and will not readily forgo it, even in their poetry. But there are other causes why they should not favour Arnold. Admitting the flawless beauty and classic perfection of much of his work, it must also be admitted that there is in it a certain coldness which checks enthusiasm. He seems to speak to us calmly indeed, but yet somewhat sadly, and with just a touch of scorn, from serene height, the air of which would no doubt be such as one of his own Greek gods would approve, but which is too rare and chill for ordinary mortals. In other words, the heart is not moved by his poetry. It is the intellectual, rather than the emotional element, one feels in it. However much one may be impressed by the clear-cut precision of his language, the fine lucidity of his ideas, and the charm of perfect grace with which they are expressed, we miss the pathos, the passion and the warmth of human sympathy that swiftly and inevitably go to the heart."

—*Richard D. Graham.*

"It is by his poetry that Arnold lives to-day; a poetry often as bare and rugged as a Greek mountain, but in its gentler moods recalling those quiet English waters that flow past Laleham Churchyard where he lies. In the words of Sir William Watson—

And nigh to where his bones abide,
The Thames with its unruffled tide

Seems like his genius typified,
Its strength, its grace,
Its lucid gleam, its sober pride,
Its tranquil pace.

A forgotten poet of an earlier age saw likewise in the Thames the symbol of these same qualities; and when we remember that Denham stands, with Waller, at the opening of our neo-classic age, there is a special fitness in applying to Arnold, our last great neo-classic, the famous couplet on that river in Denham's poem, *Cooper's Hill*—

Though deep, yet clear : though gentle, yet not dull :
Strong without rage : without overflowing, full.

But, after all, we need not go to other poets for rivers; Arnold has himself fashioned the noblest symbol of his own life in that picture, not of the Thames, but the Oxus, which leads us magnificently away from the night-hung battlefield where Rustum mourns for ever above the son he slew—

"But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon : he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunje,
Brimming, and bright, and large ; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents ; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright

And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

—*F. L. Lucas.*

"His page has not, says Mr. Watson, 'the deep, authentic mountain-thrill.' We grant that Arnold's feeling for Nature has not the Wordsworthian depth : but so far as it penetrates it is genuine. Lines such as—

While the deep-burnish'd foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon

may owe their felicity to phrase rather than to feeling. The Mediterranean landscape in *A Southern Night* may seem almost too equisitely elaborated. Yet who can think of Arnold's poetry as a whole without feeling that Nature is always behind it as a living background ?—Whether it be the storm of wind and rain shaking Tintagel—

I forgot, thou comest from thy voyage.
Yes, the spray is on thy cloak and hair

on the scent-laden water-meadows along the Thames, or the pine forests on the flank of Etna, or an English garden in June, or Oxus, its mists and fens and 'the hush'd Chorasmian waste'. If Arnold's love of natural beauty have not those moments of piercing *apprehension* which in his master's poetry seem to break through dullness into the very heaven : if he have not that secret which Wordsworth must have learnt upon the Cumbrian mountains, from moments when the clouds drift apart and the surprised climber sees all Windermere, all Darwentwater shinning at his feet ; if on the other hand his philosophy of life, rounded and complete, seem none too hopeful, but call man back from eager speculations which man will never resign ; if it repress, where Browning encouraged, our quest after

Thoughts hardly to be pack'd
Within the narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped.. ......

yet his sense of atmosphere, of background, of the great stage on which man plays his part, gives Arnold's teaching a wonderful *comprehension*, within its range. 'This', we say, 'is poetry

we can trust, not to flatter us, but to sustain, console.' If the reader mistake it for the last word on life his trust in it will be illusory. It brings rather that

> Lull in the hot race
> Wherein he doth for ever chase
> That flying and elusive shadow, Rest,
> An air of coolness plays upon his face
> And an unwonted calm pervades his breast;

And then—if after protesting against italics in poetry we may italicize where, for once, Arnold missed the opportunity—

> And then he *thinks* he knows
> The Hills where his life rose,
> And the Sea where it goes."

—*Arthur T. Quiller-Couch.*

"There is, doubtless, an 'emotion of the intellect,' which finds as glowing utterance in lyric poetry as the emotion of the heart; but it does not touch us in quite the same way. And it is just because of our consciousness of the predominance of the intellect over the heart, even in his simpler and more moving poems, that we miss the thrill which all really passionate lyric poetry forces us to feel. *Requiescat*, the Switzerland poems, *Dover Beach*—to name a few of his best known shorter pieces—are all either too 'lucidly sad' or too palpably meditative to be classed as pure lyrics. His 'second thoughts,' running always on the riddle of this painful earth, cloud his vision and stay his utterance. When he turned to poetry, Arnold—capable though he was of being gay and light-hearted enough in his prose seemed to surrender himself to a melancholy apparently so bred in his bone so only to be explained as something constitutional. This it was that, most of all, froze the genial current of his poetic soul. His limitations, however, to whatever cause they may have been due, have not been altogether to his disadvantage, for few poets, at any time have produced so much which is so uniformly excellent in style, Lucidity was what he aimed at, above all things—classical beauty and truth of phrase and image, suggesting always in his own

words, 'the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky.' This studied effort after perfection of form accounts largely, though not altogether, for 'the quality of adhesiveness' which Sir Leslie Stephen found in Arnold's poetry. It is poetry which, as the same critic adds, 'learns itself by heart' in many places. But it could not do this, had it not, over and above this formal excellence, qualities that touch the heart and stir the feelings. Lovers of poetry less reticent and restrained than Arnold's in the expression of emotion, less concerned with spiritual doubts and discords, and more abandoned in its indulgence in the more facile forms of sentiment, may find his poems cold, unsympathetic, even repellent. But those who look for the more abiding elements of poetical charm and power can never remain insensible to the intensity of feeling, 'the sense of tears in mortal things,' the heroically austere temper and, above all, the feeling for nature and her chastening influences, which they will discover in all his best poems. In his view of nature, Matthew Arnold is not,......... quite Wordsworth's disciple. For Arnold, nature's 'secret was not joy, but peace.' He loved her in her quieter and more subdued moods; he preferred her silences to her many voices, moonlight to sunlight, the sea retreating from the 'moon-blanch'd land' with 'its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,' to the sea in tumult and storm. The sea—'the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea'—was, for him, the one element in which he discovered the deepest reflection of his own melancholy and sense of isolation. But, above everything, what he worshipped in nature was her steadfastness and calm, ever teaching the lesson of *Self-Dependence*.

And with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul."

—*Cambridge History of English Literature.*

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

Introduction

Date of Publication :—*Sohrab and Rustum* was published in 1853. References are made to the composition of *Sohrab and Rustum* in Arnold's letters to his sister (Mrs. Foster) and to his mother.

"I am occupied with a thing that gives me more pleasure than anything I have ever done yet, which is a good sign ; but whether I shall not ultimately spoil it by being obliged to strike it off in fragments in stead of at one heat I cannot quite say."—*Letter* to Mrs. Foster, April 14, 1853.

"All my spare time has been spent on a poem which I have just finished, and which I think by far the best thing I have yet done, and that it will be generally liked, though one can never be sure of this. I have had the greatest pleasure in composing it—a rare thing with me—and, I think, a good test of the pleasure that what you write is likely to afford to others ; but the story is a noble and excellent one"—*Letter* to his Mother, May, 1853.

Source of Sohrab and Rustum—The ultimate source of the story of Sohrab and Rustum is the *Shah Nama* or the Book of Kings by Firdausi. Firdausi has been called 'the Homer of Persia.' He was born about 939-940 A. D. and died in 1020 A. D. The *Shah Nama* was completed in 1008 A.D. after thirty years' toil. Arnold could not have gone straight to the *Shah Nama* for the story of Sohrab and Rustum.

A French translation of the *Shah Nama* with the Persian text on the opposite page (7 volumes) was issued by Julius Mohl in Paris, 1838-78. Professor Tomlinson writes that Arnold made use of certain extracts from this translation. It is doubtful whether Arnold could have done so. Arnold wrote the poem in1853, and Mohl's translation was not completed till 1878. It is likely that Arnold might have seen Atkinson's epitome of the *Shah Nama*, with numerous passages done into English, first published in 1832. Arnold gives an extract from Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* (1815). It is evident,

therefore, that he is directly indebted to Sir John Malcolm for the story of Sohrab and Rustum.

The extract from Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* is given below :

"The young Sohrab was the fruit of one of Rustum's early amours. He had left his mother, and sought fame under the banners of Afrasaib, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond that of all contemporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and had terrified the boldest warriors of that country, before Rustum encountered him, which at last that hero resolved to do, under a feigned name. They met three times. The first time they parted by mutual consent, though Sohrab had the advantage; the second, the youth obtained a victory, but granted life to his unknown father; the third was fatal to Sohrab, who, when writhing in the pangs of death, warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is inspired by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Rustum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Sohrab. These words, we are told, were as death to the aged hero; and when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Sohrab had said. The afflicted and dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own signet rendered Rustum quite frantic; he cursed himself, attempting to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. After Sohrab's death, he burnt his tents and all his goods, and carried the corpse to Seistan, where it was interred; the army of Turan was, agreeably to the last request af Sohrab, permitted to cross the Oxus unmolested.........To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Rustum could have no idea that his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to him her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her darling infant if she revealed the truth; and Rustum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days."

Comparison of the Poem with the Origina : Arnold no doubt follows the main outline of the story, as given in the

Shah Nama. The changes that he makes are intended to give the story a greater unity of impression, and to create interest in characters. As a matter of fact Arnold takes great pains to make the two characters, Sohrab and Rustum, interesting. It is in the first meeting between son and father that Arnold saw his possibilities,—and he makes much of the situation.

Now in order to make the story more effective, Arnold cuts down the three days of fighting in the original to one day. Then Arnold carefully develops the situation : Rustum's heart softens at the sight of Sohrab, and Sohrab's instinct cries out that the unknown warrior (for Rustum is fighting under an assumed name) must be his father. But Fate wills otherwise than that father and son should be restored to each other. The father in Rustum cries out :

"O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?
Be governed : quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and *be as my son to me,*
And fight beneath my banner till I die."

Sohrab rushes forward, clutches Rustum's knees, takes Rustum's hand within his own, and says,

"Oh, by thy father's head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? Speak ! art thou not he ?"

But pride conquers the fatherly instinct in Rustum, and he rejects all his son's advances.

In the *Shah Nama* there is but a hint for this situation, but in Arnold's poem it is developed with rare insight. One important improvement, made by Arnold, should be noted in this connection. The description of Sohrab as "some young cypress, tall, and dark and straight" (l. 310) comes from the *Shah Nama.* In the *Shah Nama* Rustum was sent to spy on the Tartar Camp, and on his return he described Sohrab thus :

In stature perfect, *as the cypress tree,*
No Tartar ever boasted such a presence,
Turan, no, even Persia cannot shew
A hero of his bold and gallant bearing.

Seeing his form, thou wouldst at once declare
That he is Sam, the warrior; so majestic
In mien and action.

Arnold transposes this description to the scene of the first meeting between father and son. Arnold says nothing of Rustum having gone out as a spy and seen Sohrab previously. Arnold's change certainly increases the pathos and tragic interest of the story.

There is, however, one point in which Arnold's story is weak. It is true that Rustum fights under an assumed name, but he is a celebrated warrior, and there is nothing to prevent his real name leaking out. As a matter of fact when he first appeared, we are told that all the Persians knew him, and hailed him with shouts of welcome (*ll.* 278—280). The two armies stood facing each other, and Rustum's name should have easily reached the ears of the Tartars. In the *Shah Nama* there is a sufficient explanation why Sohrab and Rustum meet unknown and with no chance of Sohrab ever discovering the identity of Rustum. Afrasiab, the Tartar king, (in whose army Sohrab serves) takes care that Sohrab should never know his father. Afrasiab's motive was to employ Sohrab against Rustum, (the only champion who could match Rustum) and then to get rid of Sohrab when Rustum was gone. He instructed his general, Haman, accordingly. So after the first day's fighting was over, Sohrab was assured by Haman that his antagonist was not Rustum.

Arnold gains in one respect by introducing Peran-Wisa. In the *Shah Nama* Peran-Wisa does not appear until after the death of Sohrab. Arnold makes him an old and venerable man. He takes a fatherly interest in Sohrab. Peran-Wisa's earnest endeavour to keep Sohrab from fighting in single combat, and his presentiment (*ll.* 83—84) give a unique interest to the story. The initial weakness of the story, however, remains. Peran-Wisa, who commands the Tartar army, must have known Rustum. He is anxious that Sohrab should go back unhurt to his father. When Sohrab and Rustum fight, he could have certainly warned Sohrab. Arnold gives no hint of Peran-Wisa being aware of Afrasiab's design in keeping father and son apart.

In the *Shah Nama* Sohrab challenges first the Persian kings. Arnold omits this incident. But otherwise he follows the original in the beginning of his story. Thus he alludes to the quarrel between the Persian king and Rustum, and introduces Gudurz mediating between the two (*ll.* 186—255) before Rustum is induced to take up the challenge. In these details Arnold follows the *Shah Nama.* In two important points he differs : first, he makes Peran-Wisa (who could not have been an old man at the time) commander of the Tartar army ; secondly, he substitutes Kai-Khosroo Persian king) for the Kai-Kaus of the *Shah Nama*—and Kai-Khosroo was the grandson of Kai-Kaus. Following the old legend, however, Arnold gives Rustum his celebrated horse, Ruksh.

The central incident in Arnold's poem is the combat between Sohrab and Rustum. In stead of extending it over three days (as in the *Shah Nama*), Arnold confines it to a single day. But Sohrab and Rustum fight thrice. Arnold differs here in minor details. In the *Shah Nama* on the first day of fighting Sohrab has a distinct advantage over Rustum ; on the second day Rustum lies at Sohrab's mercy, and Sohrab spares him at his request ; on the third day Rustum overthrows Sohrab and stabs him with his dagger. In Arnold's poem Sohrab is conquered by the cry of "Rustum," that issues from Rustum's lips. This is very artistic. The *filial motive* (Sohrab's quest for his father) *initiates the action* (the combat between Sohrab and Rustum), *and also decides the action.*

The final scene of recognition between father and son is the most pathetic part of the whole poem. Here again Arnold improves upon the original. In the *Shah Nama* it is by an amulet which Sohrab wears that he is recognized by Rustum. In Arnold's poem he is recognized by a sign pricked on his arm. It is but a minor detail. It is in the exquisite, tender and wistful sentiments that are put into the mouth of each that Arnold rises superior to the original. The father's grief as he bends over the son in the gathering dusk of evening, while the two hosts silently look on, is almost *statuesque.* The curtain of night falls over this scene.

Arnold says nothing of the violent grief of Sohrab's mother who set fire to her palace and was going to leap into the flames, but was prevented by her attendants. She survived him but a

year. Rustum's end is only foreshadowed in the dying prophecy (*ll.* 826-831) of Sohrab in Arnold's poem.

The most characteristic changes have been made by Arnold in the tone and atmosphere, and in the sentiments of the poem. There is very little of the Persian (for Firdausi was a Persian poet) in the poem except in the place-names, and perhaps in the strand of fatalism woven through the story. The sympathetic insight with which the characters are treated and their feelings and motives are analysed, has no parallel in Firdausi. In fact Arnold has *modernized* the story. With the Sohrab and Rustum of Firdausi the reader can have but imperfect sympathy ; they are but types of super-human heroes. Arnold has totally humanized them. They have been given passions, longings and sentiments with which an ordinary reader can sympathize. The wistfulness which marks Sohrab's sentiments is very characteristic of Arnold himself. The beautiful similes or illustrations are more or less in the manner of Homer in their elaborate picturesqueness, but they are such as an English reader will easily understand and appreciate. There is nothing Oriental or Persian in them except a few similes. The Oriental touch is in the expression of Rustum's grief :

"and he seiz'd
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms."

Introductory Portion of the Story—Rustum's father was Zal (l. 79). Now when Zal was born, he was exposed on Mount Elburz, for it had been prophesied that he would bring woe to the land. Zal was miraculously saved by a Simurgh or Griffin (hence the sign of a Griffin that Sohrab bore on his arm—(ll. 676-680). As Zal grew up, he performed many heroic and wonderful deeds. He went to Kabul, and married Rudabah, daughter of the king of Kabul. Their child was called by the name of Rustum. It was prophesied of him that he would become a great hero. As Hercules had his twelve labours, so Rustum had his seven, killing dragons and demons. He restored the Persian king to the throne by killing his enemies. When Afrasiab, the Tartar king, invaded Persia, Rustum met and defeated him. His celebrated horse, Ruksh, was stolen

from him when he was hunting the wild ass in Turan. In search of him he went to Samangam, where the king received him hospitably and gave him his daughter Tahminah, in marriage. He was called away to battle before the birth of his child. He left with his wife a charm or amulet by which he could recognize his child. It was a son (Sohrab) that Tahminah bore, but fearing that he (Sohrab) would be taken away from her, and brought up to arms by his father, Tahminah sent word that a daughter had been born (*ll.* 604-608). Thus Rustum had no idea that he had a son, while Sohrab believed that he would meet his father one day (*ll.* 50-52) The Tartar or Turanian leaders under Afrasiab united their forces and invaded Persia. Sohrab distinguished himself in this expedition, and his name became a terror to the Persians. The two armies met by the Oxus, and Sohrab challenged the Persian warriors to single combat. None but Rustum could have met Sohrab. The Persian king had quarrelled with Rustum, and Rustum had to be persuaded to accept the challenge.

Epic Character and Qualities of "Sohrab and Rustum"—

An epic belongs to the class of *narrative* poetry. The epic must have a story to tell, and it is generally the story of a battle, or of some heroic deed or deeds, and of persons, generally mythical or semi-historical, who take part in the battle or perform the heroic deeds. The epic originates in the early ages of mankind ; it is usually connected with the founding of a nation, and reflects its growing solidarity. At first it exists in the form of separate and independent lays, composed by different individuals and added to from time to time. Printing being unknown, they are orally handed down from age to age by minstrels or reciters. Then a time may come when they are collected and united by some thread of narrative, or they may be grouped round the figure of some great national hero. Such an epic is called the *Authentic Epic* or *the Epic of Growth.* The examples are the *Iliad* (Greek), the *Song of Roland* (French), *Beowulf* (English), the *Nibelungenlied* (German), the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* (Indian), *Shah Nama* (Persian).

If an ancient epic, for example, Homer's *Iliad*, is examined, it will be found to have the following characteristics :

(i) It is a long narrative poem.

(ii) It is communal in character—*i.e.*, it embodies the thoughts and feelings of the whole race rather than those of an individual. It follows, therefore, that it will be *objective* (*i.e.*, dealing with things of the external world) rather than *subjective* (*i.e.*, dealing with things of the mind) in character.

(iii) The theme is some action of national interest and importance, familiar to the people through tradition.

(iv) The characters are of the "heroic" type, and their actions are subject to the intervention of gods and controlled by destiny. Unity is achieved by concentration on one main character.

(v) The style is marked by dignity and seriousness.

(vi) The same metre is used throughout.

"It is generally believed that the material of the ancient epic was originally the "stock in trade" of minstrels and reciters, that it accumulated in various forms round the figure of some traditional hero until there arrived a poet who collected and sifted it and then moulded it by his art into a symmetrical whole."

Now there is another type of epic, called the *Literary Epic* or the *Epic of Art*. Examples are Virgil's *Æneid,* Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered,* Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost.* A *Literary Epic* is nothing but a reproduction of the characteristic features of a primitive epic. Of course it will lack the stimulus of national thoughts and sentiments. It will deal with some semi-historical or traditional event of the past, which is imaginatively re-constructed by the poet. The literary epic is more or less like a hothouse plant. The living spirit, the national background and atmosphere are wanting in a literary epic.

Aristotle lays down certain principles about the epic. A Literary Epic observes faithfully these principles. These principles are that "it should have for its object a single action, whole and complete, with a beginning, a middle and an end," that "the beginning, and the end must be capable of being

brought within a single view;" that "the characters presented should be of a lofty type and consistently presented," that "in the development both of the plots and of the characters the poem should present permanent truths rather than actual realities," and that "the subject matter should deal with probable impossibilities rather than probable possibilities."

We can but judge *Shorab and Rustum* in the light of these principles, and of the characteristic features of a primitive epic. It is more or less a matter of technical details. First, it is the business of the poet, writing an epic to get hold of a suitable theme and to treat it in a serious and elevated style. Then he must produce an epic atmosphere; and in this matter apart from the theme and style, he has to pay attention to some technical details. It has been said above that an epic poem must have a definite beginning, a middle and an end. But it begins in the middle of a story—opening at the point of some important crisis in the story (thus the *Iliad* opens with the wrath of Achilles, which proves a turning-point in the story of the Trojan war) It has been pointed out above that the primitive epic deals with a theme, familiar to the people through tradition. The abrupt beginning of the epic, therefore, is not likely to cause any difficulty. Whatever else the reader needs to know, is supplied in the form of *episodes*, which are more or less connected with the original story. Now Arnold, following the epic tradition, plunges at once into the middle of the story. The encounter between Sohrab and Rustum is at once the crisis and conclusion of the story. All that the reader needs to know about what has happened before, is given incidentally. Thus we are told that when Sohrab was born, his mother sent word that it was not a son, but a daughter that had been born (*ll.* 604—608). We are told that Rustum's father was Zal who was exposed to die, and who was nursed into life by a griffin (*ll.* 676-678). Such additional information for the reader is usually supplied in the form of episodes. But it should be noted that Arnold's story of Sohrab and Rustum is itself "an episode", as Arnold calls it. Rather it is the fragment of a story, and not the whole story in itself. In Arnold's poem, therefore, there is no room for episodes. The fact is that Arnold's poem has not the epic length—that it is much shorter than an epic should be (take, for example, Milton's *Paradise Lost*). We may call it an epic fragment.

But as an epic fragment, *Sohrab and Rustum* fully illustrates the epic treatment of the theme, the epic manner and style. Some technical details may be noted here. *Similes* are a leading characteristic of epic poetry. In Homer the similes are pictures, drawn in clear outline, and carrying the reader's mind and imagination beyond what is happening at the moment; but these similes are connected with, and arise from the particular circumstances of the story. In *Paradise Lost* Milton used similes with a similar effect—they reveal to the reader long vistas of fancy and thought. Arnold's similes in *Sohrab and Rustum* are picturesquely elaborated in the manner of Homer and Milton. They carry the reader's mind and imagination beyond what is happening at the moment. *Sohrab and Rustum* is a string of similes. The similes make up more than half the beauty and charm of *Sohrab and Rustum*. Arnold, however, rarely makes use of *permanent epithets*, which are a feature of the epic style. A permanent epithet is one that sums up the character of a hero, and is always associated with him. Thus Homer speaks of '*the swift-footed* Achilles.' Similarly, Arnold speaks of 'the snow-headed Zal.' An epic poet employs permanent epithets as a means of distinguishing one character from another. Arnold has little or no occasion to use permanent epithets. The two main characters in his poem are Sohrab and Rustum,—and one cannot be confounded with the other. Arnold no doubt makes frequent use of the trick of *repetition*. It might be connected with the fact that the epic lays were composed and recited at the same time by the professional minstrel and that he would get into the habit of repetition in his pauses to compose the verses. Thus Arnold reproduces in *Sohrab and Rustum* the characteristic of a poem that was originally recited and composed at the same time. Take the following example :

> Rustum, my father ; who, I hop'd, should greet,
> Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field
> His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

Thus in matters of technique and structure, *Sohrab and Rustum*, has an epic character. In matters of theme, style and treatment it has epic qualities. But it is very much shorter than an epic usually is ; it has no multitude of characters, and has but a single incident. It is, therefore, an epic fragment,

and not a full-grown epic, while it has all the technical perfection—the form and structure of an epic.

Fatalism in "Sohrab and Rustum"

Ancient heroes boast a good deal, but they know their own limitations. In spite of their physical strength and courage they know that there is always an incalculable element in life, and that success may not always be theirs. The idea is best expressed by Sohrab :

But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Pois'd on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.

As a matter of fact heroes, past and present, believe more or less in Fate. Ancient heroes believe more in Fate, because, however, they may reason, they find that their calculations are upset by forces over which they have no control. Then again Fate, supernatural forces, forces other than human, play such an important part in controlling the action of characters in an epic poem ! The fundamental conception of an epic poem is that human action is determined by forces other than human.

Arnold follows this principle in writing *Sohrab and Rustum*. But he has also to remember that belief in Fate goes still deeper in the East than in the West. So he puts in the mouth of Sohrab this :

for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.

Of course this deep-rooted belief in Fate in the East saves a good deal of repining at things that go wrong ; it also makes for certain strength of character—and a spirit of resignation. Sohrab feels no resentment against his father for killing him and that in spite of his earnest appeals for suspending the

combat. He views the incident in a resigned, and rather a philosophical spirit :

Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it : but Fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engag'd
The strife and hurl'd me on my father's spear.

In *Sohrab and Rustum* Arnold seeks carefully to interpret the spirit of the East—particularly its all-pervasive *Fatalism.*

A shadow seems to hang on the poem from the beginning. In the early hours of morning, when all the camp is asleep, Sohrab makes his way to Peran-Wisa's tent. Sohrab has passed a restless night, pondering how he may meet his father ; at least he decides that he must challenge the Persian lords to single combat, hoping that if he wins, his fame will certainly reach Rustum's ear. Peran-Wisa, an old man, who feels a fatherly concern for Sohrab, seems to foresee things. But Sohrab will not give up his purpose. So Peran-Wisa has at length to assent most unwillingly to Sohrab's wish. And Fate seems to speak through him :

Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.

The keynote of the poem is struck in the very beginning. From this moment the reader begins to feel that danger or death awaits Sohrab in the coming combat.

The following course of events illustrates that Fate predominates in life. When Sohrab and Rustum first meet, the heart of each is drawn to the other. The father in Rustum and the son in Sohrab cry out to each other. Rustum says to Sohrab :

"quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die."

Sohrab runs to him, kneels and cries :

"Oh, by thy father's head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? Speak ! art thou not he ?"

But Fate seems to will otherwise. Rustum has a lurking suspicion in his mind, and he puts away the fatherly craving from his heart. Rustum seems to be giving way before Sohrab ; in the second turn Rustum goes down, but the filial instinct restrains Sohrab's hand. Sohrab again appeals to him:

> Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum : be it so.
> Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?

> But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
> Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart ?
> O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven !

But this is not to be. The figh is resumed. Rustum suddenly cries out his name, and Sohrab stands spell-bound—he drops his covering shield. At last Sohrab falls, transfixed by Rustum's spear. In the natural course of things father might have been killed by son. But such is the perversity of Fate that Sohrab's filial instinct is turned against him. The cry of "Rustum" unnerves his arm. He rightly says,

> No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.

The singular fact is that Sohrab does not in the least blame his father for what happens. It is as it should be—it is as Fate has ordained ; and Rustum is but an unconscious instrument of Fate. It is such an attitude that makes an ancient hero put up with things that cross and baffle human effort, and that again gives strength to his arm. After all the conviction that Fate over-rules everything in life, and that human will is powerless against Fate, makes for much of the stern courage, endurance and dignity of ancient heroes.

Similes of "Sohrab and Rustum"

It has been pointed out above that *Sohrab and Rustum* is an epic poem, or rather a modern epic in miniature. Now for purposes of illustration and decoration an epic poet makes considerable use of similes. A *simile* is defined as "the explicit statement of some point of resemblance between two things *that differ in kind.*" To take an example from the poem :

> Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame.

A simple simile like the one above states the resemblance, and goes no farther. But an epic simile is a little different. It not only states the resemblance, but suggests things beyond it. It is used not only for the sake of illustration, but for purpose of decoration. The epic simile is elaborate, rich and long drawn-out in pictorial details. Besides stating the resemblance, which is the original function of a simile, an epic simile opens a vista of things beautiful, coloured and imaginative. Sometimes an epic simile is so expanded that the reader's imagination is run away with it, and he is apt to forget the trend of the story. Epic similes seem to have an independent imaginative appeal of their own, even though they often distract the reader's attention from the story itself. They often seem to be a drag on the story. If we judge the similes strictly in relation to the story, they will be found to be rather foisted upon the action of the story. Yet similes seem to be an integral part of an epic poem.

The similes that Arnold uses in the poem are most varied in character. Arnold says that he took pains to orientalize these similes, because *Sohrab and Rustum* has an oriental setting and atmosphere, and oriental characters. But it should be noted that in *Sohrab and Rustum* not necessarily all the similes are oriental. There are again and again similes which suggest an English landscape. We give a few examples :

(1) As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they lov'd.

(2) As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window panes
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts

Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum ey'd
The unknown adventurous Youth.

(3) As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierc'd her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off ;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole ; at that, he checks
His pinion, etc., etc.

N.B. The hill-lake, mentioned in the passage, is to be found in the north of England, Scotland, and Wales.

Arnold also uses typical oriental similes. We give a few examples below :

(1) As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board : so they stream'd.

(2) But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow ;
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Chok'd by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

(3) And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

There is another group of similes; we may call them hunting similes. Here are examples :

(1) down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has tower' in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet.

(2) at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west.

Hunting by men has supplied two similes—one in lines 503-506 and another in lines 556—561. Similarly Arnold repeats the similes about corn or corn-fields. Note the following examples—lines 154—156 ; lines 293—296. There are at least two beautiful similes about flowers :

(1) Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass ;—so Sohrab lay.

(2) all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent pour'd, dim now, and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye.

As to the excellences or otherwise of Arnold's similes. When Arnold keeps his similes within the proper limits of comparison, no fault can be found with them. Of the similes about flowers, take number one. The simile calls up a picture to the mind, but at the same time keeps the prostrate figure of Sohrab, young and tender, before the foreground of the reader's imagination. The simile in lines 451-453 is again quiet excellent. It is short and apposite. One of the most elaborate similes is in lines 556-575. Here Arnold is carried away by his sheer delight in rich, descriptive details. The fact that he wants to illustrate—Rustum's ignorance of his loss—is swallowed up in the multitude of picturesque details. Of course in an epic poem such latitude is allowed. In one or two cases Arnold does certainly carry the simile beyond the point of comparison ; yet on the whole his similes are full of imaginative beauty and suggestion—they are drawn from his observation of life and nature ; the most beautiful similes are those which glimpse a landscape or a particular phase of life.

Arnold's Poetic Theories and "Sohrab and Rustum"

Arnold states his poetic theories in his Preface to *Poems : A New Edition*, 1853. In this preface he lays down as the first principle that the Poet should select an excellent action. Those actions, he says, are most excellent which most powerfully appeal to the great primary affections : to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time. He also maintains that a great human action of a thousand years ago is more interesting than a smaller human action of to-day, even though it is developed with the most consummate skill.

Arnold admires the balance and harmony of the ancient Greek writers. First, let an excellent action be chosen ; then let it be developed in the Greek manner—with a view to unity of impression, to subordination of parts to the whole. Arnold points out the difference between the ancients and moderns thus : with the Greeks the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration ; with us, attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole ; we regard the parts. With them, the

action predominated over the expression of it; with us, the expression predominates over the action. With the Greeks the expression draws its life and colour from the subject. He further contends that the past actions still admit of being treated in modern poetry. But "the externals of a past action" are not so important as the very spirit and essence of it.

From the above statement of Arnold's principles certain things clearly emerge. The poet should deal with an action. The action should be such as appeals to primary human feelings and emotions. The past may provide such a fitting action for poetry. The action should be developed as an organic whole. A sense of symmetry and proportion should govern it. The style should adapt itself to the subject, and should have nothing to do with superfluity or unnecessary ornament. The safest models in the matter of style are again the ancient Greek writers with their nobly plain manner. All, therefore, depends upon the choice of a subject, then upon developing it with a careful attention of the relation of the parts to the whole, and not less upon the balance of style.

Now let us see how these principles are applied in *Sohrab and Rustum*. First, the poem has a clearly defined action. And the subject is chosen from the past. As Arnold writes, "The Greeks felt, no doubt, with their sagacity of taste, that an action of present times was too near them, too much mixed up with what was accidental and passing........." Now the subject being chosen, the point to consider is whether Arnold has been able to make it sufficiently interesting to the modern reader. "The externals of a past action" do not matter to Arnold. Arnold writes, "The outward man of Oedipus or of Macbeth, the houses in which they lived, the ceremonies of their courts, he cannot accurately figure to himself; but neither do they essentially concern him. His business is with their inward man; with their feelings and behaviour in certain tragic situations, which engage their passions as men; these have in them nothing local and casual; they are as accessible to the modern Poet as to a contemporary." In *Sohrab and Rustum* Arnold, no doubt, seeks to diffuse an Eastern atmosphere and what is called *local colour*; but that is of minor importance. Arnold is more concerned with the "feelings and behaviour" of the characters "in certain tragic situations." It should be

admitted that Arnold has kept this point ever in view, apart from the setting or atmosphere of the poem. It may be noted that he has given greater attention to the situation that develops after the combat--the recognition scene. And it is the situation in which the "feelings and behaviour" of Sohrab and Rustum are best exhibited,—and appeal strongly to the reader's mind. Thus Arnold fulfils the first condition—*viz.*, that the action of the poem appeals to primary human emotions.

Now the question of style. The nobly plain manner of the ancient Greeks depends partly upon *construction* and partly upon *expression*. It has certainly to do with how the subject is worked and developed. Arnold, following the manner of an epic poet, plunges at once into the middle of the story, and then concentrates on the crisis—the encounter between Sohrab and Rustum. All additional or preliminary information which the reader should be acquainted with is supplied incidentally as the story progresses. Thus Arnold works on a clearly conceived design, which brings out all the beauty and interest of the story. The style is made to adapt itself to the story, so plainly and vividly told. Arnold aims first at lucidity or the clearest exposition of ideas, and then at severe simplicity and directness of expression ; his chastened beauty of phrase is an added quality of his individual genius. The style is also elevated by purity and nobility of thought.

Story of the Poem

Sohrab has a restless night and wakes up very early in the morning, when all the Tartar camp is asleep. He then makes his way to Peran-Wisa's tent. Peran-Wisa's tent stands on a small hill, a little way off from the bank of the Oxus. Sohrab softly enters Peran-Wisa's tent. Peran-Wisa commands the Tartar army. He is an old man, and he has fatherly affection for Sohrab. Sohrab proposes to him that he wants to challenge the Persian lords to single combat. The reason he gives is that if he wins, his father (Rustum) whom he has been seeking will hear of him, and so come forward to meet him. Peran-Wisa warns him in vain against the risk Sohrab is running. He knows how rash and impulsive Sohrab is, and so at last he gives in.

Peran-Wisa issues forth from his tent, accompanied by his herald. Skirting his way through the Tartar army which is now drawn up in battle-order, he comes to the front, and meets Ferood who commands the Persian army. He announces Sohrab's challenge. Ferood consults with other Persian leaders, and then promises to find a champion for Sohrab. Peran-Wisa now comes back to his tent.

Rustum, the celebrated Persian champion, arrived the night before, but he seems to have pitched his tent apart from the Persian camp. Gudurz (a Persian noble) runs to him, and begs Rustum to appear against Sohrab. It appears that Rustum has quarrelled with the Persian king (Kai Khosroo), and refuses to have anything to do with him. However Gudurz at length prevails upon him to take up Sohrab's challenge. But Rustum makes it a condition that he will fight unknown and in plain armour. Rustum puts on a rich helmet with a horsehair plume, but a plain armour. Then accompanied by his horse, Ruksh, he appears before the Persian army.

Sohrab advances to meet him. Rustum is impressed by Sohrab's tender youth and bold, fearless air. His heart yearns for Sohrab. And he urges Sohrab to leave the Tartar army, come to Iran and be as a son to him. Sohrab too observes Rustum's (but he does not know whether it is Rustum) stately and majestic figure. His filial instinct is stirred. He runs forward and kneels to him, and asks whether he is not Rustum. Rustum gets suspicious that the young Tartar is up to some trick, and puts away all kindly feeling from his heart, and calls upon him to fight.

Then Rustum hurls his spear. Sohrab steps aside and avoids it. Next Sohrab throws his spear. It is turned away by Rustum's shield. Now Rustum clutches his club—a huge and unshaped trunk of a tree, and strikes a blow. Again Sohrab avoids the blow. But Rustum, giving way to the force and weight of his blow, pitches forward. Sohrab might have now drawn his sword, and finished him. But Sohrab takes pity and spares him. He knows not why his heart is drawn to the unknown warrior. He proposes to Rustum that they should obey their natural instinct, and fight no more and part in friendship. But Rustum is full of wrath now, and taunts Sohrab with his girlish, skipping tricks, and sternly bids him

fight again. Both draw their swords and rush upon each other. The sky above them darkens ; a doleful wind moans under their feet and sweeps the plain. The two fight, wrapt in darkness. Sohrab at length smites Rustum's helmet, and brings down its horsehair plume. The gloom darkens ; thunder rolls; lightnings crash. Ruksh, the horse, utters an unearthly cry. The two armies watch in terror. Sohrab strikes again, but this time his sword goes to pieces. Suddenly Rustum cries out "Rustum." Sohrab stands perplexed, and drops the covering shield. Rustum advances upon him, and transfixes him with his spear. And Sohrab falls.

Taunted by Rustum that he has been killed by an unknown man, Sohrab replies that his filial heart and the cry of "Rustum" gave him away, but warns the unknown warrior that his death will be avenged by his father, Rustum. Rustum cannot make out anything. He knows that he has a daughter, as he has been informed, and no son. He recalls the days of his youth in Ader-baijan, and Sohrab's mother in her youth, and her old father. He looks at Sohrab, who lies on the bloody sand ; and it strikes him that he might have a son of his age. He then turns to Sohrab and tells him that Rustum had a girl, and no son. Sohrab now shows him the mark of Rustum's seal on his arm. Rustum's doubt is now gone, and he cries out as the truth dawns upon him—the truth that he has killed his own son. He draws his sword to put an end to his life, but Sohrab stops him.

Sohrab now seeks to comfort his father, and tells him that he (Sohrab) has but met the doom of fate, and that Rustum has been an unknowing instrument. Ruksh draws near to them, and seems to be affected by their grief. Sohrab seems to envy the luck of Ruksh who has been to Seistan where he will never be. He recalls now all the details of Seistan and its neighbourhood such as his mother has told him—and his heart yearns for his father's home. He begs his father to carry his remains to Seistan, and bury him there and mourn him with ceremony. He also begs that Rustum should let the Tartars depart in peace. Rustum promises to fulfil his last wishes. Sohrab then with his dying breath prophesies the end of Rustum, which is not to come until Rustum accompanies Kai Khosroo (the Persian king) in his last journey, and then returns in a ship.

At last Sohrab draws forth the spear end, and blood pours out in a stream, relieving his pain. Night now comes upon the scene, and Rustum sits reclining by Sohrab, with his cloak drawn down over his face. The armies break up for their meal and retire to their camp. The camp fires begin to glow through the fog that now rises from the Oxus. And the Oxus flows on, indifferent to human woe or misery, until it merges in the Aral Sea, pursuing its career through the stretches of the desert.

Characters

Sohrab : *Sohrab is young, brave and fearless.* He has all the tender grace and beauty of youth. He seems to have been gently nurtured by his mother, Tahmineh, in Ader-baijan. But though young, he has already distinguished himself in battle. His services are valued by the Tartar king, Afrasiab, and Peran-Wisa who commands the Tartar army, desires to keep him among the Tartars.

But Sohrab has not met his father, Rustum. The quest of his life is to find his father. An impulsive young man as he is, he conceives the plan of challenging the Persian lords to single combat so that if he wins, his fame will reach his father's ear. Peran-Wisa who feels a fatherly interest in him, tries in vain to dissuade him from such a step.

Fate calls him to this combat, and he meets his father, Rustum, not living, but when he lies dying. Sohrab's grace and beauty, and spirited air attract everybody. At least Rustum, when he first sees him, is drawn to him. The father awakes in him. Rustum fights unknown and in plain armour. Sohrab has thus no chance of recognizing him. Yet his filial instinct tells him that it is his father. But Fate intervenes, and father and son fight, unknown to each other.

Rustum who has been unconquered till now, has to give way before the superior skill and strength of the son. Rustum could not have certainly beaten him. The cry of "Rustum" holds Sohrab spell-bound. It is then that Rustum inflicts the death-wound upon his unarmed and defenceless son. It is not Rustum that kills him, but his *filial heart*. There can be question that *Sohrab is a hero—even a hero superior to father*. Both Tartars and Persians recognize him as a

great hero. Gudurz says that Sohrab has the wild stag's foot and the lion's heart.

He is superior to Rustum in another respect. In spite of his remarkable courage and strength he has modesty and winning grace, and finer sensibilities, none of which Rustum possesses. The finer spirit of his nature breathes in these words:

"But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven, etc." But he possesses a quality, still rarer in his age—a high code of honour and chivalry. Sohrab spares his father, when he is down on his knees before him. Sohrab's heart again cries out to him:

"Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?"

In the recognition scene the best traits of his character come out. The son now seems to change places with the father. He speaks words of comfort to his father; he upholds his father in his grief and all the time his father's spear sticking in his side, and agonizing him to madness. He must have wonderful endurance; he talks on cheerfully and allows not a twinge of pain to appear on his face. But the joy of having found his father conquers his pain; he forgets everything in that joy. His balance, his self-control are wonderful in one so young. Sohrab is drawn by Arnold as an ideal character—*an ideal hero, endowed with courtesy, chivalry, courage, endurance, and even with softer graces of humanity.*

So after all Sohrab achieves his quest in death. That father whom he is not to meet while living, he finds while dying. *He is not only a great hero, but he is a martyr—he martyrs himself for his father.*

Rustum: *Rustum is a typical warrior of a rude and violent age.* Yet he can appreciate the grace and beauty of comely youth; so his heart goes out to Sohrab when he first sees him (Sohrab). It is also true that his fatherly affection is stirred by Sohrab. The difference between the two appears when they meet on the battle-field. *Sohrab is young and tender*; *Rustum is old and seasoned. Sohrab is modest*;

Rustum is boastful. It is doubtful whether Rustum is known to have shown any pity before, but for the tender youth of Sohrab he feels pity. He says,

"I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe :
Never was that field lost, or that foe sav'd."

He feels inclined, however, to spare Sohrab. But when Sohrab runs forward, clutches hold of his knees, and asks him whether he is not Rustum, Rustum's suspicion is roused :

"False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys."

He begins to think that Sohrab is up to some trick, and all his pity is gone. In the encounter with Sohrab he seems rather to get the worse. The contrast between him and Sohrab is brought out again. When Rustum goes down, following the club with which he strikes, Sohrab spares him. But when at the cry of "Rustum" Sohrab stands spell-bound, and drops his covering shield, Rustum advances and transfixes him with his spear. Rustum is a warrior of the ancient age ; Sohrab exhibits the chivalry of a later age. Rustum has all the savagery and boastfulness of an ancient warrior. He taunts Sohrab, when he lies dying :

"Fool ! thou art slain, and by an unknown man !
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

We cannot conceive of Sohrab doing that.

The more human side of Rustum's nature is revealed when he recognizes his son. His doubt is dispelled when Sohrab shows him the mark of Rustum's seal on his arm. He utters then one sharp cry—"O Boy—thy Father !" and his voice chokes. His grief is violent. He draws his sword to kill himself, but Sohrab stops him. Of course Sohrab comforts him and upholds him in his grief. A softer note creeps into the speech of the warrior (Rustum) when he wishes that he were but a common man so his son had been alive ; or that he had been lying on the sand, wounded and dying, in stead of Sohrab.

He is less like a savage warrior—and there is pathos in it—when he says:

"But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Earlier in the poem to Gudurz he expresses the same yearning for a life of peace and retirement, though less powerfully and pathetically:

"There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man.
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age....... ....
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

Peran-Wisa—*Peran-Wisa embodies stately dignity, calm wisdom, ripe experience. He takes a fatherly interest in Sohrab.* Sohrab reveres him as father. Peran-Wisa advises Sohrab to seek his father in peace and carry to his arms an unwounded son. His heart yearns for him. If he could, he would have kept Sohrab with him. But he is wise enough to see that the generous, though rash, impulse of youth should better be not checked. So he says,

"Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain:—but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?"

Against the background of war and tumult Peran-Wisa seems to shine as the very image of peace and repose.

Gudurz—Gudurz, a Persian lord, plays an important part in a crisis. When Peran-Wisa calls upon the Persians to find

a champion for Sohrab, they are at a loss what to do. It is then that Gudurz hits upon a solution. He remembers that Rustum came last night. But Rustum is holding aloof from the Persians. He needs to be handled tactfully. Gudurz undertakes this task. Gudurz first flatters Rustum :

"all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."

But this has little effect upon Rustum. Then Gudurz tries to probe his vanity home :

"Take heed, lest men should say
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."

This has the desired effect. Gudurz certainly possesses tact and presence of mind.

Analysis of the Poem

(i) Preliminaries of the Combat

(i) Sohrab sees Peran-Wisa in his tent early in the morning and presses his suit that he wants to challenge the Persian lords to single combat, so that his fame may reach the ears of Rustum, his father, whom he has been seeking (*ll.* 1-62).

(ii) Peran-Wisa advises Sohrab not to run such a risk, but to seek his father in peace. Knowing that Sohrab will not change his mind, Peran-Wisa at last grants his suit. Peran-Wisa issues forth from his tent, accompanied by a hearld. (*ll.* 63-103.)

(iii) Tartar troops being drawn up in battle-order—first the Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard, armed with long spears ; then Tartars of Bokhara and Khiva ; then the Toorkmuns of the south—the Tukas and Salors ; lastly the wandering tribes. The Persians also form their division : first a body of horsemen and then the royal troops of Persia, horse and foot. (*ll.* 104-140).

(iv) Peran-Wisa comes to the front, and challenges the Persians and calls upon them to find a champion for Sohrab. Ferood, who commands the Persians, consults with other chiefs, and then comes forward and accepts the challenge. (*ll.* 141-186).

(v) Gudurz, one of the Persian lords, runs to Rustum's tent, and begs him to come and help the Persians. Rustum at first refuses, but Gudurz gets round him tactfully—and at last Rustum agrees to fight unknown and in plain armour. (*ll.* 187-259.)

(vi) Rustum arms himself, and then appears before the Persian army, accompanied by his horse, Ruksh, and is greeted with joy by the Persians. (*ll.* 260-290.)

(vii) Rustum watches Sohrab advance, and is impressed by his tender youth and spirited air. Rustum advises him not to fight, and begs him to leave the Tartars, come to Iran and be as a son to him. (*ll.* 291-333.)

(viii) Sohrab runs forward and clings to Rustum's knees and implores him to say whether he is not Rustum. (*ll.* 334-344.)

(ix) Rustum suspects that Sohrab must be up to some trick, and instead of gratifying Sohrab's wish, calls upon him to fight, and boasts a good deal. Sohrab modestly answers him, and then prepares to fight. (*ll.* 345-397.)

(2) The Combat

Rustum hurls his spear. but Sohrab avoids it. Sohrab in his turn throws his spear, but it is turned away by Rustum's shield. Then Rustum clutches his unwieldy club, and strikes a blow with it. Sohrab again avoids the blow. But Rustum, unable to resist the force with which he struck the blow, pitches forward. Sohrab spares him, and begs him to make peace. But Rustum, in a fury of rage, calls upon Sohrab to fight. Both draw their swords and rush upon each other. Sohrab cuts away Rustum's horsehair plume. He strikes again, but his sword breaks to pieces. Suddenly Rustum cries the name of "Rustum." Sohrab stands perplexed and drops his shield. Rustum now transfixes him with his spear. (*ll.* 398-526.)

(3) Recognition

In reply to Rustum's taunt that he has been killed by an unknown man, Sohrab replies that his death will be avenged by his father, Rustum. He also speaks of his mother in Aderbaijan, who will miss him most. This sets Rustum thinking. He questions Sohrab. Then Sohrab shows him the mark of Rustum's seal on his arm. This convinces Rustum. (*ll.* 527-591.)

(4) Rustum's Grief and Conclusion

Rustum gives way to wild grief. Sohrab comforts him by saying that he has but met the doom of fate. The horse comes up to them, and joins in their grief. Rustum wants to kill himself. Sohrab restrains him from such a desire. Then Sohrab begs Rustum to carry his remains to Seistan, and to let the Tartars depart in peace. Rustum promises to fulfil Sohrab's dying wishes. Sohrab prophesies the end of Rustum. Night settles upon the two lonely figures on the sandy shore of the Oxus. The Oxus flows on, indifferent to human woe.

(*ll.* 692-892.)

Metre and Versification

The poem is written in blank verse (*i.e.*, unrhymed verse containing normally five iambic feet in a line). Arnold usually prefers the *enjambed* or *run-on* type of blank verse in which the sense is carried on from one line to the next. Take the following example :

Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which stood
Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere.

Arnold varies the rhythm and cadence of blank verse by substituting one foot for another and also by shifting the pause. Here is a normal line :

The me'n | of fo'r | mer ti'mes | had cro'wn'd | the to'p.

Each foot is an *iamb* (an unaccented syllable followed by an accented one).

Now Arnold will substitute a *trochee* (an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one), or a *spondee* (two accented syllables). A *spondee* is generally used as a compensatory foot, either when it is preceeded or followed by a foot which is unaccented (a *pyrrhic*). The *anapæst* (a foot of three syllables—the first two being unaccented and the last accented) is rarely used by Arnold. It may be noted that Professor Egerton Smith arbitrarily scans some feet as anapæsts.

The following variations may be noted :

(i) *Trochee* for the *iamb*, usually in the first foot :

Cro'ssing | the stre'am | in su'm | mer, scra'pes | the la'nd.

(ii) *Spondee* for the *iamb* :

At my | bo'y's ye'ars, | the co'ur | age o'f | a ma'n

N.B. Egerton Smith scans the first foot as anapæst, and makes the second foot ('years') a truncated foot, *i.e.*, a foot with a syllable short.

(iii) *Anapæst* for the *iamb* :

For fe'ar | they sho'uld | dislo'dge | the o'erha'ng | ing sno'ws

Or

The va'st | sky-nei'gh | bouring mo'un | tain of | mi'lk sno'w

Note that in the above line the fourth foot is a *pyhrric* (both syllables unaccented) and hence the next foot is a *spondee* (both syllables accented).

The *caesura* or a middle pause divides a line into two parts. It usually occurs after the second or third foot. The middle pause can be shifted to give variety to the movement of verse. Take the following example :

"They follow'd me,‖my hope, my fame, my star,
Let them all cross‖the Oxus back in peace.
But me‖thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me‖with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed,‖and mourn for me."

Critical Appreciation of the Poem

"I am occupied," he says, "with a thing that gives me more pleasure than anything I have ever done yet, which is a good sign ; but whether I shall not ultimately spoil it by being obliged to strike it off in fragments instead of at one heat I

cannot quite say." He certainly did not spoil it. For the thing was "Sohrab and Rustum," which all admirers of Matthew Arnold would put in the front rank of his poems. It appeared for the first time in 1853 ; and though Clough "remained in suspense whether he liked it or not," no work of its author's has more genuine beauty. Lord John Russell, who, in his dry fashion, was a sound judge of good literature had already pronounced Mr. Arnold to be "the one rising poet of the present day," but his fame really began with the publication of this his third volume. "Sohrab and Rustum" is a story of Central Asia, or as we used to say, Asia Minor, told in blank verse, and in the Homeric vein. It is called "An Episode," and begins in character with the word "And." Far more truly Homeric than Clough's jolting hexameters, it is as good a specimen of Homer's manner as can be found in English. Rustum is a barbarian, though not an undignified barbarian. But the gentle and sympathetic character of Sohrab is one of the best and most delicate that Matthew Arnold ever drew. That he falls by the hand of his unconscious father is the simple tragedy of the piece. Very noble is his reply to the still sceptical Rustum—

> "Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
> And Falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine."

And when Rustum, at last convinced that he has slain his son, prays that the Oxus may drown him, Sohrab replies, in the exquisite lines—

> " 'Desire not that, my father ; thou must live.
> For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
> As some are born to be obscur'd, and die.
> Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
> And reap a second glory in thine age'."

—*Herbert W. Paul.*

The concluding passages of *Sohrab and Rustum*........ describing the anguish of Rustum on discovering that he has unwillingly slain his own son, are exceedingly fine, and show more of feeling than is common with this writer.

—*Richard D. Graham.*

A noble story, full of the simplest and deepest elements of human feeling; and Mr. Arnold has told it not unworthily. Three things especially distinguish the poem. First, the vividness with which he has seized and expressed the whole environment of his picture, the vast spaces of Central Asia, and the wild freedom of the Tartar life. Secondly, the more than usually free and untrammelled movement which he has given to much of his blank verse. Lastly and chiefly, the expressiveness of many of the Homeric similes with which the poem is so thickly strewn.

—*North British Review*, August, 1854.

The simple flow of the narrative, unbroken by reflection, the breadth and ease of handling, the unrestrained expression of emotion, the diffuseness of the imagery drawn from natural objects, and the skilful use and repetition of sonorous names, remind one continually of Homer......Not the least impressive touch of art is the recurring reference to the presence of the great river beside which the tragedy is enacted, that contrasts the calm dignity of its course with the unseemly turbulence of human passions, its unexhausted permanence with their transcience and decay.

—*The Contemporary Review*, September, 1874.

Sohrab and Rustum combines classic purity of style with romantic ardour of feeling. The truth of its oriental colour, the deep pathos of the situation, the fire and intensity of the action, the strong conception of character, and the full, solemn music of the verse, make it unquestionably the masterpiece among Arnold's longer poems.

—*Moody and Lovett.*

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AN EPISODE

Early Dawn—And Sohrab proceeds to Peran-Wisa's tent

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep :
Sohrab alone, he slept not : all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed ;
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which stood
Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere :
Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink—the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crown'd the top
With a clay fort : but that was fall'n ; and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,

And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dull'd ; for he slept light, an old man's sleep ;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said :—

'Who art thou ? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak ! is there news, or any night alarm ?'

Sohrab's Interview with Peran-Wisa

But Sohrab came to the bedside and said :—
'Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa : it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep ; but I sleep not ; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army march'd ;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father ; who, I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day : but I

Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk:
But of a single combat fame speaks clear.'

He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said:—

'O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight:
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray:
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go:—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us ; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain :—but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening ? and who govern Rustum's son ?
Go : I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

Tartar and Persian armies

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay ;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword ;
And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap,
Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul ;
And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and call'd
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands :
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain ; so Haman bade ;
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd :
As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board : so they stream'd.

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmuks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians form'd:—
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.

Sohrab's Challenge

And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said :—

'Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear !
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day,
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man.'

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow ;
Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Chok'd by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel : Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King :
These came and counsell'd ; and then Gudurz said :—

'Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up.'

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.'

He spoke: and Peran-Wisa turn'd and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.

Gudurz and Rustum

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitch'd: the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd around.
And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food;
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he look'd and saw him stand:
And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—

'Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink.'

But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—
'Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart:
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose.'

He spoke: but Rustum answer'd with a smile:—
'Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older: if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai-Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have,
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,

And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more.'

He spoke, and smil'd ; and Gudurz made reply :—
'What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face ? Take heed lest men should say :
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.'

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply :—
'O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words ?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or fam'd,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me ?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself ?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds ?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame :
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms ;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man.'

He spoke, and frown'd ; and Gudurz turn'd, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.

Rustum arms

But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel : the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And from the fluted spine atop, a plume

Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So arm'd he issued forth ; and Ruksh, his horse,
Follow'd him, like a faithful hound at heel.
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find,
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And rear'd him ; a bright bay, with lofty crest ;
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know :
So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.

Sohrab and Rustum meet and attract each other

And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd ; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swathe
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare ;
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.

And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs : long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd ;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming ; and he stood
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said :—

'O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me : I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried ; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe :
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?

Be govern'd : quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran, brave as thou.'

So he spake, mildly : Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs : hope filled his soul ;
And he ran forwards and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own and said :

'O, by thy father's head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? speak ! art thou not he ?'

Rustum conceals his identity

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spoke to his own soul :—

'Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say—Rustum is here—
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
'I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords

To cope with me in single fight ; but they
Shrank ; only Rustum dared : then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away."
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.'

And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud :—
'Rise ! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth : make good thy vaunt, or yield.
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight ?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this ;
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield ;
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away.'

Sohrab's reply to Rustum's challenge

He spoke : and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet :—
'Art thou so fierce ? Thou wilt not fright me so.
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin : thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art prov'd, I know, and I am young—
But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure

Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmer in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know :
Only the event will teach us in its hour.'

The First stage of the fight

He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear : down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet : Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash : the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide :—then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield : sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield : an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough ; like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs ; so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke ; but again Sohrab sprang aside
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came

Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand :
And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and chok'd with sand :
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said :—

'Thou strik'st too hard : that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth ; not wroth am I :
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum : be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too ;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men ;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart ?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven !
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight ; fight them, when they confront thy spear.
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me !'

He ceased : but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage : his club

He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn Star,
The baleful sign of fevers : dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.
His breast heaved ; his lips foam'd ; and twice his voice
Was chok'd with rage : at last these words broke way :—

'Girl ! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands !
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words !
Fight ; let me hear thy hateful voice no more !
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance ;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war : I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !
Remember all thy valour : try thy feints
And cunning : all the pity I had is gone :
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles.'

The Second stage of the fight

He spoke ; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword : at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west : their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees : such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.

And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry:
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand:—
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,

Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustum raised his head : his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, *Rustum* ! Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed : back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing Form
And then he stood bewilder'd ; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd and, staggering back, sank to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair ;
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Rustum's boasting : Sohrab's reply

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began :—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man !
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.'

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied :—
'Unknown thou art ; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man !
No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thou,
And I were he who till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall ; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear !
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee !'

Sohrab's revelations

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off ;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole ; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest ; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers : never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it ;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by :—

As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said :—
'What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son.'

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied :—
'Ah yes, he had ! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here ;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son !
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be !
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen !
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old King, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear ;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain.'

He spoke ; and as he ceased he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.

He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms;
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plunged in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gather'd in his eyes;
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds;—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old King, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,

Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass ;—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said :—

'O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have lov'd !
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false ;—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son : one child he had—
But one—a girl : who with her mother now
Plies some ligh female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.'

Recognition between father and son

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath ; for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die ;
But first he would convince his stubborn foe—
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said :—

'Man, who art thou who dost deny my words ?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And Falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.'

He spoke : and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks ;
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud :

And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :—

'Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
If thou shew this, then art thou Rustum's son.'

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loos'd
His belt, and near the shoulder bar'd his arm,
And shew'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd ; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear procelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :—
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.
Him that kind creâture found, and rear'd, and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said :—
'How say'st thou ? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's ?'

He spoke : but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless ; and then he utter'd one sharp cry—
O boy—thy father !—and his voice chok'd there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,

And, with fond faltering fingers, stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life : and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms :
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him ; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said :—
'Father, forbear : for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it : but Fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engaged
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this : I find
My father ; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, My son !
Quick ! quick ! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift ; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.'

So said he : and his voice releas'd the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth ; he cast

His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief : and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if enquiring what their grief
Might mean ; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears roll'd down, and cak'd the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said :—

'Ruksh, now thou grievest ; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
When first they bore thy master to this field.'

Sohrab and Ruksh

But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said :—
'Is this, then, Ruksh ? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed !
My terrible father's terrible horse ; and said,
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane,
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I ;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah ; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
And said—"O Ruksh ! bear Rustum well !" but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,

Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream :
But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents ; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir ; and this great Oxus stream—
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die.'

Sohrab's last wishes

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewail'd :—
'Oh that its waves were flowing over me !
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head !'

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied :—
'Desire not that, my father ; thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age.
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come : thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me ; I pray thee, slay not these.
Let me entreat for them : what have they done ?
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:—
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—
And I be not forgotten in my grave.'

Rustum's yearning for peace

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:—
'Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be: for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host: yea, let them go:
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have;
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,

Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end.—
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood.'

Sohrab's prophecy

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—
'A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now:
Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave.'
And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face and said:—

'Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if Fate so wills let me endure.'

Sohrab's death

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eas'd
His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,

By children, whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye : his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack ; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed ; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face :
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now. mid their broken flights of steps,
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all ; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog : for now
Both armies mov'd to camp, and took their meal :
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward ; the Tartars by the river marge :
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

The Oxus

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon : he flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunje,
Brimming, and bright, and large : then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents ; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer :—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

——:O:——

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

Notes, Explanations, References, Etc.

Lines 1-30

Substance—Sohrab gets up early in the morning, and proceeds through the Tartar tents on the bank of the Oxus till he comes to a height on which is pitched Peran-Wisa's tent. He enters the tent with noiseless steps, but Peran-Wisa wakes up and listens to him.

Paraphrase—Faint lines of light broke in the east before the dawn, and the fog came up from the Oxus. Deep silence lay in the Tartar camp along the bank and even then the men were sunk in sleep. Sohrab alone could not sleep ; all night long he had kept awake, turning from side to side on his bed. When the faint light of the dawn entered his tent, he got up, dressed, fastened on his sword, took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent. He went out into the cold, dripping fog and made for Peran-Wisa's tent through the shadowy Tartar camp. He passed through the black Tartar tents, which stood crowded together like beehives on the low-lying, level shore of the Oxus, which is flooded in summer, when the snow in high Pamere (the plateau of Central Asia) begins to melt in the sun. He made his way through the black tents, over that low-lying plain till he reached a small height, a little farther off from the edge of the stream. It is the spot where a boat, crossing the Oxus in summer, touches the land. The men of earlier ages had built a mud fort on the top of it. It was now fallen. Now the Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent. It was made of thin strips of wood, and covered over with felts, and it was round in shape. Sohrab came right up there, and entered the tent, and stood on soft and downy carpets in the tent. The old man was still sleeping, covered in rugs and felts, and near him lay his armour. Though Sohrab entered with noiseless steps, Peran-Wisa heard him. As an old man, he was a light sleeper. He half-raised himself on his arm, and said.

1. *And*—'And' connects it with what has gone before. Arnold calls the poem 'an episode.' He means that it is not

the whole, but a part of the story. Following the epic tradition, Arnold expects his reader to know all that has gone before, and begins right in the middle.

The first grey......morning—The faint streaks of light in the east, breaking through the mist of the morning. 'Grey' is a mixture of black and white, and appropriately describes the light of the day breaking through the darkness of the night. *East*—the eastern sky.

2. *Oxus*—also called Amu-Daria, a river of Central Asia. It rises on the Pamir plateau in two headstreams, and during its course of about 1,500 miles forms part of the boundary between Afghanistan and Bokhara, where it takes a general north-west trend to enter the Aral Sea by two main branches. *Stream*—river.

3. *Tartar*—The Tartars (more correctly *Tatars*) were inhabitants of Central Asia. They were a Slavonic people akin to the Mongols, and seem to have occupied part of Manchuria in the tenth century. The name was given by Europeans to the followers of Jenghiz Khan, who took Pekin and overran Russia in the twelfth century, and afterwards to members of all the Mongol hordes which appeared in West Asia and East Europe. *Along the stream*—along the shores of the Oxus.

4. *Hush'd*—held in deep silence. *Still*—even then. *Plunged... .....sleep*—sunk in deep sleep. The metaphor of immersion in water: sleep is a river in which the men are plunged.

5. *He slept not*—'Sohrab' is the subject; 'he' is, therefore, unnecessary, but it is used for the sake of emphasis. Sohrab's want of sleep is contrasted with the deep and prolonged sleep of the Tartars in their camp.

6. *Wakeful*—awake. *He......wakeful*—He had not a wink of sleep. *Tossing*—turning from side to side (as in restlessness).

7. *Grey dawn*—the faint light of the dawn as it broke through the dusk of the departing night. *Stole......tent*—entered his tent unperceived; penetrated into his tent.

8. *Clad himself*—dressed. *Girt......sword*—*i.e.*, fastened the sword on. 'Girt' is the past tense of *gird*, to fasten (a sword on or to) with a girdle or belt.

9. *Horseman's cloak*—"a cape shaped like a bell (Latin *cloca*, a bell) so as to spread out over the legs."—*Tomlinson*.

10. *Abroad*—*i.e.*, out of doors. *Cold wet fog*—The fog is chilly and laden with moisture (dripping).

11. *Dim*—darkened ; looking like a shadow in the dusk of dawn. *Camp*—the place where an army is lodged in tents. *Peran-Wisa's tent*—In Arnold's poem Peran-Wisa commands the Tartar army ; in the *Shah Nama* Haman commands the Tartar army.

12. *Black*—The Tartar tents were made of camel hair, or of the wool of black sheep.

13. *Clustering*—crowded. *Like bee-hives*—The simile suggests the neatness, compactness and the orderly arrangement of the tents. *Low*—low-lying. *Flat*—level. *Strand*—shore.

14. *Summer floods*—caused by the melting of snow in summer. *O'erflow*—flow over (the shore).

15. *High*—Pamere is a tableland. *Pamere*—lofty plateau region in Central Asia, where the Hindukush, Himalayas, Kuen Lun, and Tian Shan mountains converge. The average height is about 13,000 ft. The mountain ranges are separated by broad valleys or *pamirs*, the chief of which are the Great Pamir, containing Lake Victoria ; Little Pamir ; Pamir-i-Wakhan ; Sarez Pamir, with the river Murghab ; Rang Kul, Kara Kul, and Taghdumbash Pamirs : these valleys are drained, mostly by the tributaries of the Oxus, occasionally contain lakes, and are intersected at intervals by passes.

16. *Through......pass'd*—Repetition is a part of the epic tradition. The epic was originally recited by a bard or minstrel. The bard would make the verses off hand and recite them. Now as he would go on composing in his mind, he would in the meantime repeat what he had already said. Repetition also helped in fixing details in the minds of the

hearers. Arnold carries over into his poem the characteristic of a poem that was meant to be chanted or recited.

17. *Hillock*—a small hill. *Ock* is a diminutive suffix.

A little back—a little farther off.

18. *Brink*—edge.

19. *Scrapes*—literally, rubs the surface of ; touches.

18-19. *The spot.........land*—Peran-Wisa's tent was pitched on a small height. In summer the low shore of the Oxus, where the tents of the Tartar army are now pitched, is under water, and the height on which Peran-Wisa's tent stands, remains above water, and it is where a boat, crossing the Oxus in summer, can put in.

20. *Men......times*—men of an earlier age. *Crown'd the top*—placed on the summit like a crown.

21. *Clay fort*—a fort made of mud.

17-21. *And to a hillock......fall'n*—N. B. Arnold gives all these details (in the manner of an epic poet) to fix the scene in the reader's mind. Further the ancient bard was also a story-teller, and a story-teller is apt to leave out no details or particulars to give his story an air of reality.

23. *Dome*—The tent was round in shape, or rather like a vault. *Laths*—thin strips of wood. *O'er*—over. *Felts*—*Felt* is a fabric made of wool, fur or hair, without weaving. It is usually made by pressing and rolling the loose materials, often with the help of glue and heat. The felt-hat is one of the principal articles, made from felt. A coarse felt soaked in tar or pitch, and known as roofing felt, is used for covering sheds or outhouses.

25. *Thick piled*—soft and downy. *Pile* is *the hairy surface of a carpet.* In making a carpet there are two warps, one of which is formed into loops over wires. After the formation of the loops, the wires are drawn out. This is known as *pile-weaving* and it gives the hairy surface to a carpet. *Thick piled carpets*—carpets having a thick pile.

27. *Rugs*—thick heavy wraps or coverlets, usually woollen. *Arms*—*i.e.*, armour.

29. *Dull'd*—deadened ; muffled.

28-29. *Though...dull'd*—Sohrab walked upon the soft thick carpets, and so his step was almost noiseless. *Slept light*—A man sleeps light, when his sleep is broken by the slightest noise. *An old man's sleep*—An old man is a light sleeper.

30. *Rose......arm*—half-raised himself on his arm.

Lines 31—62

Substance—Peran-Wisa asks whether there is any news or or any night alarm. Sohrab first tells him that there is nothing to worry about, and then begs him (Peran-Wisa) that he may be allowed to fight the Persian lords in single combat. Sohrab seeks his father. His father, he believes, will hear of his fame if he beats his opponent in single combat.

Paraphrase—"Who are you ? It is not yet morning. Tell me whether there is any news or whether the enemy have attacked by night." Sohrab approached the bedside, and said: "You know me, Peran-Wisa. I am Sohrab. The sun is not yet up, and the enemy are still asleep. But there is no sleep for me. All night I have been awake, and kept turning from side to side. I come to you. In Samarcand before the army started for the campaign, King Afrasiab bade me go by your advice and regard you as a son regards his father. And I will tell you the desire of my heart. You know that, since I came first from Ader-baijan, and joined the Tartar army, I have always served Afrasiab faithfully, and shown as much courage as a man, though I am hardly more than a boy. You also know that, while I fight for the Tartars, defeating the Persians everywhere, I am looking for one man, one man alone. It is Rustum, my father, who, I hope, should one day welcome me as his son on some battle-field after I had distinguished myself—he should welcome his son, covered with fame. I nourished such hopes for a long time, but I never found him. Now this is my prayer to you, and do please grant it. Let the two armies (Tartar and Persian) stop fighting to-day. I will challenge the bravest of the Persian lords to come forth and meet me in single combat. If I win, Rustum will surely hear of it. If I fall, there is an end of it—dead, I need no father then. The report of a battle in which one army meets another

is vague and uncertain, and in a battle like this there is but little chance for individual distinction (for a man to win fame for himself). But there is nothing uncertain in the report of the result of a single combat."

31. *For......dawn*—Peran-Wisa is annoyed that he should be waked up so early. *Clear dawn*—*i.e.*, when the sun disperses the mist and breaks through the morning haze.

32. *Speak*—what is your message? *Night alarm*—alarm raised for an attack by the enemy (Persians) at night. 'Alarm' is a call to arms. Ital. *all' arme*, *alle arme*, L. *ad.* (illa) *arma*, to (those) arms!

34. *It is I*—I am Sohrab.

35. *Foe*—*i.e.*, the Persians.

36. *But...not*—Sohrab emphasizes restlessness of his spirit.

37. *I come to thee*—I come to you for advice.

38. *Afrasiab*—King of the Tartars. He invaded Persia thrice. He was finally defeated by Rustum. A great part of the *Shah Nama* is concerned with the struggle between Tartars and Persians.

39. *Counsel*—advice. *Heed*—obey and respect. *As thy son*—as your son should heed you.

40. *Samarcand*—capital of the Tartar Empire. Samarcand is now the capital of the Soviet republic Uzbegistan. It stands near the Zarafshan (Kara Daria). Samarcand, the ancient Maracanda and the capital of Sogdiana, in the fourteenth century became the capital of the empire of Timur, and the intellectual centre of Mahomedan Asia. *Army*—the Tartar army. *March'd*—set forth on this expedition against the Persians.

41. *What......desires*—the desire of my heart.

42. *If*—equivalent to 'that.' *Ader-baijan*—a province in the north-west of Persia. Sohrab was born here.

43. *Came......Tartars*—joined the Tartar army. *Bore arms*—became a soldier.

44. *Still*—always.

45. *At......years*—though I am no more than a boy. Sohrab was only fourteen (according to the *Shah Nama*) at the time of this expedition. *The courage of a man*—the courage that a grown-up man may possess.

46. *Bear on*—carry forward.

47. *Conquering*—as a sign of conquest. *Ensigns*—flags. An *ensign* is a national flag. O.F. *enseigne*, L.L. *insignia*, pl. of *insigne*, standard, from *in*, on, *signum*, sign, mark. *Through the world*—everywhere in the world. The *world* is equivalent here to Central Asia, and implies Sohrab's notion of the world.

46-47. *Bear on......world*—carry forward the Tartar flags as a conqueror everywhere in the world.

48. *Beat......back*—defeat the Persians. Before the Tartars invaded Persia, Sohrab defeated and took prisoner a famous warrior Hujir, and captured the frontier fortess. Sohrab might be alluding to this.

49. *One man*—*i.e.*, Rustum. *One man......alone*—Note the repetition here. It is for the sake of emphasis. Sohrab is speaking here under stress of emotion.

50. *Greet*—welcome with delight.

51. *Upon......field*—on a battle-field after I had fought well. *Should......field*—poetic irony. Rustum indeed greets Sohrab on a battle-field. But how different is that meeting from Sohrab's expectation! It is a dying son that the father greets—and that after the son has fought the father in single combat!

52. *Not unworthy*—*i.e.*, worthy (one who has distinguished himself in battle. Fig. *Litotes* (two negatives making a strong affirmative). *Not inglorious*—*i.e.*, glorious (one who has won fame). Fig. *Litotes*.

53. *So I......hoped*—I long nourished such hopes. But my hopes seem now never to be fulfilled. *But......find*—but I have never yet succeeded in finding my father. These are words of despair.

54. *Come then*—This is what I am going to propose, and do please listen. Instead of beating about the bush, Sohrab makes his proposal straightway. *Grant......ask*—give your consent to my proposal.

55. *Two armies*—the Tartar and the Persian armies. *Rest*—stop fighting.

56. *Forth—i.e.*, to come forth. *Lords*—nobles.

57. *Man to man—i.e.*, in single combat. *Prevail*—win.

55-57. *But I......man*—N.B. Similarly in Homer's *Iliad*, Paris (son of the king of Troy) challenges the Greeks to single combat to settle the contest. (Book III).

58. *Rustum......it*—The fame of my victory will reach Rustum's ears. *If I fall*—if I die. Sohrab pauses at this point. The pause marks a definite turn in his emotion : the prospect that he would die before he meets his father, is far from pleasant to him. Note that Sohrab does not let the dark thought chill his spirit, and that rather he is prepared to meet the inevitable.

59. *Old man—i.e.*, Peran-Wisa. Sohrab speaks cheerfully even when he contemplates the possibility of death in single combat. Note also that he enjoys fatherly indulgence from Peran-Wisa. *The deed......one*—When a man is dead, he can do without father or relation. Death cancels all relationship. *Claim no kin*—do not want to have anything to do with a relation. *Kin*—relations collectively ; kindred. *The dead......kin*—**N.B**. Death is the end of everything—and terminates all earthly relationship. Arnold paints what he takes to be a Pagan (non-Christian) view of death.

N.B. In his *Elegy* Gray writes : "E'en in our ashes live their wanted fires." For Sohrab who is not a Christian, all claim to earthly affection ceases with death. Arnold almost endows Sohrab with his own stoical fortitude.

60. *Dim*—vague ; uncertain. *Rumour*—report. *Common*—general. *Common fight*—battle in which one army meets another, and in which the chance of individual distinction is little. **N.B.** What Arnold says here is not true of ancient battles. The fate of an ancient battle (for example, a Homeric battle) was decided by the pluck and courage of an individual warrior. It should also be remembered that if Sohrab had been an ordinary soldier (belonging to the rank and file), his courage would have gone unnoticed in mass fighting.

61. *Where......host*—in which one army meets another army. *Many names......sunk—i.e.*, names of soldiers who distinguish themselves are forgotten. In mass fighting one man cannot be picked out from another on account of his courage.

62. *Single combat*—a hand-to-hand fight between two individuals. *Fame*—'Fame' is personified. **N.B.** 'Fame' means here *report.* It is used in this sense in Shakespeare. Compare:

"Thou art no less than *fame* hath bruited."

—*I Henry VI.* II. iii. 68.

L. *fama*, from *fari*, to speak. The word is used here in the literal sense of *common talk*, *report.*

Of......clear—of the result of a single combat a true report is made.

60-62. *Dim......clear*—**Expl.** Sohrab visits Peran-Wisa, the Tartar leader, in his tent early in the morning. Sohrab is fighting for the Tartars and against the Persians. And he proposes to Peran-Wisa that the two armies (Tartar and Persian) should better not engage in battle that day, and that he wishes to challenge the Persian lords to single combat. The reason that Sohrab gives for making such a request is this: the great desire of his heart is to find his father (Rustum). Now in a common fight his name will remain undistinguished, but if Sohrab wins in single combat, his fame will surely reach his father's ears. Sohrab argues that his father is not likely to hear of him so long as he takes part in mass fighting, where one is as good as another, but will certainly hear of his fame if he distinguishes himself in single combat. His search for his father has been so long in vain. Sohrab believes that his father will get to know it if he defeats the bravest of the Persian lords in single combat.

Lines 63—93

Substance—Peran-Wisa replies that he would like to see Sohrab seek his father in peace rather than run the risk of life in single combat. He requests Sohrab to give up his purpose, for he (Peran-Wisa) has a feeling that Sohrab is but courting death. But Sohrab says 'no,' and so Peran-Wisa is prepared to grant his desire.

Paraphrase—Sohrab finished. Peran-Wisa took his hand in his, and sighing said; "O Sohrab, you have a restless heart. Why can you not stay with the Tartar lords, and with them divide the honour and danger of battle according to the chance? We love you. But you cannot be content unless you risk your life in single combat that you may find a father whom you have never seen. The best thing for you to do, my boy, would be to stay with us without grumbling. While war is on, you would stay in our tents, and when there is peace, you would stay in a Tartar town. But if there is no other desire in your heart than this one—to find your father, why should you risk your life in fight in order to find him? Better seek him in a peaceful manner, and go back to him and to his loving embrace, an unhurt son. Rustum is not to be found here. Seek him in his own country. In the days when I was young, it was different, for then Rustum never missed a battle, and fought in the forefront. But now he stays away, and sits at home, in Seistan, with Zal, his old father. It may be that his extraordinary strength is declining in his old age, or that he has quarrelled with the Persian king. Better go there to seek him. You will not? A voice within me says that it will go ill with you in this combat. I should be glad to know that you are safe and well, though you have left us. I should be glad to send you forth from here to find your father in a peaceful manner. I should not have you risk your life in single fight for nothing. But who can restrain the lion's cub from following his natural instinct to prey? And who can rule Rustum's son? You may depart, I will grant what you ask for."

63. *Spoke*—finished speaking. Classical construction.

63-64. *Took.........his*—a gesture of warm affection. *Young man*—Sohrab. *His*—*i.e.*, his hand. *Sigh'd*—*i.e.*, out of pity for the rash and impulsive young man (*i.e.*, Sohrab).

65. *Unquiet heart*—a restless spirit.

66. *Rest*—stay. 'Rest' is meant to contrast with the restlessness of Sohrab's heart. *Chiefs*—leaders. *Tartar chiefs*—leaders of Tartar tribes.

67. *Battle's common chance*—the risk of life as well as the chance of distinction, which come equally to all who fight.

68. *Press............first*—go always forward. Implies his rashness and impulsiveness. *Must press*—*i.e.*, must thou press? *First*—foremost.

69. *Single fight*—hand-to-hand fight (between two individuals). *Incurring*—bringing upon yourself. *Single risk*—personal danger (danger of death).

70. *To find.........seen*—It is curious that you are so eager to find a father whom you have never seen. Does Peran-Wisa imply a reproach of Rustum? But Rustum never learnt that he had a son. When Sohrab was born, his mother sent Rustum word that it was a daughter that had been born.

71. *That*—it. *Were*—would be. *My son*—Note the fatherly affection that Peran-Wisa feels for Sohrab.

72. *Unmurmuring*—without complaining; in contentment of mind. *In.........tents*—in Tartar tents. Peran-Wisa puts a stress on 'our'. *While...........war*—while a campaign is going on.

73. *Truce*—peace; temporary suspension of hostilities. The use of 'truce' is significant. The Tartars and the Persians were constantly at war; and there was little prospect of permanent peace. *Afrasiab's towns*—*i.e.*, towns held in possession by the Tartar king.

74. *This one desire*—*i.e.*, the only desire of finding your father. *Rules all*—is above every other desire. *If this......... all*—if this single desire of finding your father is supreme over every other desire.

75. *To seek...............Rustum*—It goes with 'desire' in the preceding line. *Seek......fight*—do not take to fighting (in single combat) in order to find him. Sohrab's idea is that if he wins in single combat, his father will hear of him, and thus they will meet.

76. *Seek.........peace*—try to find your father in a peaceful manner. *To his arms*—to Rustum's embrace.

77. *Unwounded*—unhurt.

78. *Far hence*—far from here (*i.e.*, in Rustum's own country).

79. *It is.........young*—It used to be different when I was young; things are not the same as they used to be when I was young.

80. *Front*—forepart. *Fray*—battle.

81. *Keeps apart*—stays away; does not take part in fighting.

82. *Seistan*—on the borders of Persia and Afghanistan. It formed part of Zabulistan, which was given to Zal's father, Sam, by the Persian king to be ruled. *Zal*—Zal was exposed on Mount Elburz, when he was born because it was predicted that he would bring woe to the land. He was brought up by a Simurgh or Griffin (a fabulous bird). It recalls the story of Paris in the *Iliad*, who was similarly exposed on Mount Ida.

83. *Whether that*—It may be that. *Mighty*—superhuman. *Mighty strength*—N.B. The Tartars always gave trouble to the Persians. Rustum defeated them, and forced them to return to their own country, having given assurance that they would not disturb again the peace of Persia. Now Kai-Kaus, having heard of the riches of the Tartars, defied the hosts of Mazinderan. Rustum opposed this expedition. The Persian king marched without him. The Tartar chief called the army of "White Demons" to his aid. The Persian king was taken prisoner, blinded and held in custody in the capital city of the Land of the Demons. Rustum set out to rescue him, passed through six fearful perils (like the Labours of Hercules), and finally stormed the mountain-dwelling of the White Demon single-handed. After a fearful struggle he slew the hated chief of the demons. There with the blood of the White Demon, he cured the king's blindness.

84. *Abhorr'd*—hated. *Approaches of old age*—the effect of advancing age. *Feels......age*—is declining at the approach of old age.

85. *Or......Persian King*—or that he might have quarrelled with the Persian king. *Persian King*—In the *Shah Nama* Kai-Kaus is the Persian king; Arnold makes Kai-Khosroo (grandson of Kai-Kaus) the Persian king. **N.B.** As a matter-of-fact there was some quarrel between the Persian king and

Rustum. The Persian king, alarmed at the success of Sohrab, sent for Rustum. Rustum took his own time and turned up very late. The king threatened him with punishment, but Rustum, taking no notice of his threat, taunted him, and departed in anger.

86. *There go*—*i.e.*, go to Seistan to find your father. *Thou ......not*—Sohrab nods his head in refusal. So Peran-Wisa says, "You will not go?" *Forbodes*—anticipates (something evil). Supply *that* after it.

87. *On this field*—*i.e.*, in this combat.

86-87. *Yet my heart......field*—**N.B.** Fate seems to warn through Peran-Wisa. All that the poem teaches is that Fate rules supreme over everything in life. Throughout the poem mysterious instincts and forces seem to work. It is a mysterious instinct that makes Rustum yearn for Sohrab with a father's affection. It is a mysterious instinct that makes Sohrab cry out to Rustum as father. And here a mysterious voice within Peran-Wisa seems to warn Sohrab of his doom. None can shun his doom. Not alive, but in death shall Sohrab meet and know his father.

88. *Fain*—gladly. *Fain......well*—I should be glad to know that you were out of harm and in good health.

88-89. *Though......us*—though you had left us. *Hence*—from here.

90. *Seek......fights*—run the risk of death in single combat.

91. *In vain*—for nothing (because it will not bring his father to him). *Keep*—restrain. *The lion's cub*—the young one of a lion.

92. *Ravening*—preying. Used of an animal that prowls for prey. Sohrab is compared here to a lion's cub. *Govern*—*i.e.*, can govern (rule).

93. *Go*—depart.

Lines 94—149

Substance—Peran-Wisa, now throwing upon himself his woollen coat and putting on his sandals, and taking in his right hand a ruler's staff, issues forth with his herald. Now the sun has risen, and the fog is dispersed. The Tartar horsemen

drew up in the battle-order—first the Tartars of the Oxus, next the Toorkmans of the south, then the wandering tribes. Facing them the Persians form their lines, first horsemen who came from Khorassan, then behind them the royal troops of Persia, both horse and foot. Peran-Wisa comes forward with his herald, and holds back the Tartar hosts. Ferood, who commands the Persian hosts, also advances. It is now that Peran-Wisa delivers Sohrab's challenge.

Paraphrase—Thus said Peran-Wisa. Then he let go Sohrab's hand, and got out of his bed and the warm rugs on which he lay. He threw over his cold limbs his woollen coat, put on his slippers, and then wrapt himself in a white cloak. Then he took in his right hand the rod of office, but left behind his sword. He placed on his head a cap, made of the sheep-skin. It was made from the black, shiny, curling wool of the sheep of Kara-Kul. He lifted up the curtain of his tent, and summoned his herald, and then went forth. By this time the sun had risen, and the fog that rose from the Oxus and hung upon the shore, had dispersed. The Tartar horsemen now issued from their tents, and formed their lines on the plain by the order of Haman. Haman held the command next to Peran-Wisa. He was in the full vigour of manhood. From their black tents the Tartar horsemen issued forth and stretched in long lines. They looked like the lines of long-necked cranes that, on some dark November morning, swarm over Casbin and the southern sides of Elburz, having left the mouths of the rivers that flow into the sea of Aral or some frozen marshy land near the Caspian Sea, while they prepare to migrate to the warm Persian sea-coast in the south. First stood the Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard. They wore black sheep-skin caps and carried long spears. They were large-limbed men, and were mounted on large horses. They came from Bokhara and Khiva and were in the habit of drinking a liquor, made from the milk of mares. Next stood the Toorkmans of the south. They abstained from all intoxicating drinks. They consisted of the Tukas, the lancers of Salore, and those who came from Attruck and the Caspian shores. They were men of light weight and were mounted on light horses. They drank only the bitter milk of camels, and from wells. Last stood a body of wandering Tartars. They came from far off. They served the Tartar king according to their pleasure, and were

not bound by terms of loyalty. They consisted of the Tartars of Ferghana, who came from the banks of the Jaxartes—men who wore thin beards and tight fitting skull-caps, of the savage tribes who wander over Kipchak and the barren tract of the north, of Kalmuks and shaggy Kuzzaks, savages who who wander as far as the North Pole, and of Kirghizzes who came from Pamere and rode hairy ponies. They all stood in lines on the plain. Facing the Tartar hosts, the Persians formed their lines. First stood a line of horsemen. They looked like Tartars but they came from Khorassan. Behind them stood the royal troops of Persia, both horse-soldiers and foot-soldiers,arrayed in battle-order. They wore bright armour. Peran-Wisa came straight on with his hearld, passing through the Tartar hosts. With his baton he held back the front ranks of the Tartars. When Ferood, who commanded the Persians, saw Peran-Wisa thus advancing, he took his spear, and came forward, and kept back the Persian hosts. Peran-Wisa, then standing on the sandy shore between the two armies, said.

94. *Dropp'd......hand*—Peran-Wisa kept hold of Sohrab's hand so long as he spoke. A gesture of affection. *Left*—got out of.

96. *Chilly limbs*—body shivering in cold.

97. *Pass'd*—lightly placed. *Sandals*—slippers.

98. *Threw......him*—wrapt himself up in a white cloak. *Cloak*—a loose, wide, outer garment.

99. *Ruler's staff*—a baton as a symbol of authority. *No sword*—He left his sword behind (and it meant that he had a peaceful object in view).

100. *Sheep-skin*—made of the sheep-skin.

101. *Glossy*—smooth and shiny. *Curl'd*—curling (the wool of which the cap was made, formed rings or curls). *Fleece*—wool obtained from sheep. *Kara-Kul*—in Bokhara, famous for its fine breed of sheep.

102. *Rais'd*—lifted up.

103. *Herald*—here a messenger who goes about on errands of peace ; also one who announces news.

N.B. We find the office of herald referred to in legend and history. In the Trojan wars there was a herald, Stentor, whose voice was remarkable for its sound and volume. So in old Rome the heralds had many important public duties to perform. In the days of chivalry the heralds not only acted as messengers of the king, but were present at tournaments, as the mock fights of those times were called, and announced the names and titles of the knights as they rode out to fight.

Went abroad—went forth.

104. *By this*—by this time. *Clear'd*—dispersed.

105. *Broad*—of a wide expanse. *Glittering sands*—the sandy shore glittering in the sun. Of course when the fog broke, and the sun shone, the sands of the shore *glittered.*

106. *Filed*—came out in a line one behind the other.

107. *So......bade*—They did so in obeying the order of Haman.

108. *Who......ruled*—who commanded (the army) next to Peran-Wisa.

109. *Host*—army. *Lusty prime*—vigour of manhood.

110. *Files*—lines. *Horse*—horsemen. *Stream'd*—spread out in lines.

111. *Grey*—dark because of the mist that hung upon the horizon.

112. *In......spread*—formed in rows as they prepared to migrate (to a warmer climate). *Long-neck'd*—an expressive epithet. *Cranes*—migratory wading birds.

113. *Stream*—swarm. *Casbin*—a town, south of the Caspian Sea. *Southern*—because the south is warmer. *Slopes*—hill-sides.

114. *Elburz*—a mountain range south of the Caspian Sea. Zal was exposed on the Elburz. *Aralian estuaries*—the mouths of the Oxus and the Juxartes, which flow into the Sea of Aral. The Sea of Aral is a large inland sea or lake of Central Asia.

115. *Frore*—*i.e.*, frozen. Old past participle of *freeze.* It should have been *froze*, but by the process of *rhotacism r* replaces *s* or *z*, and so we have *frore.*

Caspian reed-bed—the low-lying land, overgrown with reeds, on the brink of the Caspian Sea. Reeds are plants of the grass order, growing on the margins of lakes, streams, and on sea cliffs. The Caspian Sea is an inland sea between Europe and Asia. *Southward bound*—ready to fly to the south (because the South is warmer). *Bound* is from M. E. *boun*, Ice. *buinn*, past participle of *bua*, to till, get ready ;-*d* is added by false analogy.

116. *Sea-board*—sea-coast. *They*—the Tartars. *Stream'd*—spread away in lines.

111-116. *As when...............stream'd—Here is an elaborate simile of the epic style—an epic simile. Homer is a great master of the epic simile ; and he has been followed by Arnold and others. An epic simile, which is long drawn out in picturesque details, will sometimes withdraw the reader's attention from what is going on at the moment.* Here, for example, the reader follows the details of the picture of migrating cranes and seems to forget in the meantime all about the formation of the battle-order of the Tartars. Thus all the pictorial suggestions of an epic simile hold the imagination, pushing the original idea (from which the simile starts) into the background. Here the picture of the cranes swarming over Casbin and the southern slopes of the Elburz in a regular formation of lines is more interesting that the battle-order of the Tartars, which it is meant to illustrate.

Note also that Arnold is careful to give the simile a local colour—to make it particularly expressive or suggestive of the setting of the story.

Mr. Egerton Smith traces the simile to Homer's *Iliad* and quotes the following :

"And as the many tribes of feathered birds, wild geese or cranes or long-necked swans, on the Asian meads by Kaystrios' stream, fly hither and thither joying in their plumage, and with loud cries settle ever onwards, and the mead resounds ; even so poured forth the many tribes of warriors from ships and huts into the Skamandrian plain." The connexion seems to be far-fetched. Homer uses the simile in reference to the confused cries and shouts, in different tongues too, made by the Trojan allies, as they march to battle, and mentions different kinds of birds with their cries as different. But here the point of comparison is the regular formation of lines by the cranes, preparatory to their flight, and the picture suggested is entirely different.

117. *Guard*—*i.e.*, body-guard.

119. *Large men*—large-limbed men. *Bokhara*—a district of Central Asia.

120. *Khiva*—a district of Central Asia. Both Bokhara and Khiva now form part of the Soviet republic of Uzbekistan.

Ferment......mares—prepare an intoxicating drink from the milk of mares, called *koumiss*.

121. *Temperate*—*i.e.*, abstaining from any intoxicating drink. *Toorkmans*—Turkomans, living south of Khiva between the Caspian and the Oxus.

122. *Tukas*—another Tartar tribe. *Lances*—*i. e.*, lancers. Fig. *Metonymy* (instrument for the agent). A *lance* is a long shaft with a sharp point for the purpose of thrusting. *Lances of Salore*—a Tartar tribe.

123. *Attruck*—a river flowing into the Caspian Sea. *Caspian sands*—the sandy shores of the Caspian Sea.

124. *Light*—lightly built. *Light horses*—horses with a slender body and swift motion.

125. *Acrid*—bitter. *Their wells*—water from their wells. They are, as Arnold has already said, temperate (l. 121) as contrasted with the Tartars of the Oxus who drink the fermented milk of mares.

126. *Swarm*—a large body. *Wandering horse*—horsemen belonging to the wandering tribes of Central Asia.

127. *Doubtful service*—loyalty or service upon which Afrasiab could not count. *Own'd*—acknowledged. *A more...... own'd*—The point is that these men were *nomads* (mere wanderers on the face of the earth, who would not attach themselves to a particular leader, but who would be induced to join any expedition by the hope of plunder).

128. *Ferghana*—a province north-east of Bokhara.

129. *Jaxartes*—a river that flows through Ferghana and Syr-Darya and enters the Sea of Aral. *Scanty*—thin.

*130. *Close-set*—close-fitting. *Skull-caps*—light, brimless caps fitting closely to the head. *Wilder*—more savage. *Hordes*—tribes.

131. *Roam*—wander. *Kipchak*—south of the Sea of Aral. *Waste*—barren tract.

132. *Kalmuks*—a wandering tribe of Central Asia. Now the Kalmuks occupy a northern region in Sinkiang, N. W. Mongolia, and Kulja, besides a southern region in Alashan, Kokonor, and N. Tibet. *Unkempt*—literally, uncombed ; hence shaggy. *Kuzzaks*—nomadic people found in Ural and other provinces of Russia. "They are first mentioned in the *Shah-Namah*, where they are described as dreaded marauders, all mounted and armed with lances. The term "Kuzzak" then came to be generally applied to any body of freebooters similarly equipped, and spread to South Russia, where it still survives under the form of "Cossack," though the "Cossacks" of Russia are not, of course, connected by race with the "Kuzzaks" but are of Slav origin."—*Tomlinson.*

Stray—wander.

133. *Pole*—*i.e.*, the North Pole. *Kirghizzes*—a nomadic people of Tartar-Mongolian race, who inhabited the steppes of Asia between Ural and Altai Mountains. The Kara-Kirghizzes or Black Kirghizzes (so called from the colour of their tents) are meant here.

134. *Shaggy*—hairy. *Pamere*—See above.

117-134. *The Tartars......Pamere*—**N.B**. *In the manner of Milton Arnold makes use of proper names. They have not certainly Milton's magic of suggestion.* But they are very useful in reconstructing the background of the poem. *In these lines Arnold gives a true picture of the Tartars and of the vast plains of Central Asia*, which were their hunting-ground. In matters of detail like these, *e.g.*, the habits and characteristics of the Tartar races, with which Arnold has to deal in this poem, he has taken much pains to be accurate. He has been so attentive to these details in order to reconstruct the true spirit and scenery of an Oriental poem which he manifestly follows.

136. *Form'd*—formed their battle-order.

137. *Light cloud of horse*—a body of horsemen. 'Cloud' is used in the sense of a great throng or multitude. Compare :

"So great a cloud of witnesses"—*Hebrew*, XII. i.

It also suggests the appearance of a mass like that of a cloud. *Tartars......seem'd*—They looked like Tartars.

138. *Ilyats*—The word mean 'tribes'. *Khorassan*—province in North-East Persia.

139. *Royal troops of Persia*—army bound by personal service to the king of Persia. *Horse*—horse-soldiers. *Foot*—foot-soldiers.

140. *Marshall'd*—drawn up in battle-order. *Battalions*—divisions of an army. *Burnish'd steel*—shining armour.

142. *Threading*—making his way through. The metaphor of *threading* a needle. *Squadrons*—forces. *To the front*—ahead.

143. *Staff*—baton. *Kept back*—motioned back. *The foremost*—front.

144. *Who......Persians*—who commanded the Persian army.

146. *Took his spear*—In stead of a staff, he took his spear that came handy.

147. *Check'd*—held back. *Fix'd them*—made them stationary.

148. *The old Tartar*—*i.e.*, Peran-Wisa.

149. *Silent*—because they were anxious to know what the matter was. *Hosts*—armies. *Spake*—archaic for *spoke.*

Lines 150—188

Substance—Peran-Wisa called upon the Persians to choose a champion to fight Sohrab. This announcement spread terror through the Persian ranks, and joy through the Tartar ranks. The Persian chiefs consulted together, and decided to induce Rustum (who was sulking) to answer the challenge of Sohrab. So Ferood accepted Peran-Wisa's proposal of a truce and declared that he would find a champion for Sohrab.

Paraphrase—"Ferood, Persians and Tartars, hear me! Let the two armies not fight to-day. But choose a warrior from the Persian lords to meet Sohrab in single combat." As in the country, on a June morning, when the dew sparkles on the spikes of corn like a pearl-drop, a thrill of joy shakes the stalks of corn, so when the Tartars heard Peran-Wisa's announcement, their hearts beat with pride and hope (of

success) for Sohrab, whom they loved. But as a company of merchants crossing from Cabool beneath the Hindu Kush, the snow-crowned mountain as high as almost to touch the sky, and climbing higher, come upon flocks of migratory birds lying dead on the snow, and find the air stifling, and can hardly moisten their dry throats with sweet mulberries, and they move in a single line, and hold their breath lest their breath may bring the suspended snows tumbling down over their heads, so the Persians who had changed their colour, hardly breathed in their terror. Other Persian chiefs came to Ferood to consult him. Gudurz and Zoarrah came. Feraburz, who commanded the Persian army next to Ferood, and who was uncle of the king, also came. They put their heads together. At last Gudurz said : "Ferood, for shame we must answer this challenge. Yet there is none among us, who can hold his own against this young man (Sohrab). He is swift-footed as a stag, and he has the courage of a lion. But Rustum had come last night. He is keeping aloof from us. He is annoyed and in a bad temper. He has put up his tents farther off from ours. I will go to him, and bring him word about this challenge of Sohrab. Perhaps he will forget his anger, and fight Sohrab. Better go to the front and accept the challenge." Thus finished Gudurz. Ferood came forward and announced : "Peran-Wisa, what you propose, we accept. Let Sohrab get ready for the combat, and we will find a champion." He finished. Peran-Wisa turned and walked back through the passage between the Tartar troops.

150. *Ye..............hear*—What Peran-Wisa is going to announce concerns both the Persians and Tartars, and so he addresses both.

151. *Truce*—temporary suspension of hostilities. *Between the hosts*—between the Persians and the Tartars.

152. *Choose*—This is addressed to the Persians. *Champion*—one who engages in single combat on behalf of another (here on behalf of the Persians).

153. *Man to man*—in single combat.

154. *On......June*—*i.e.*, on a summer morning.

155. *Glistens*—gleams. *Pearled ears*—the spikes of corn with the dew glistening on them like a pearl-drop. The *ear* is the spike or head of corn, containing the flower and fruit. An ear is made up of several grains generally ending in the long, stiff bristles known as the beard. The dew-drop glistening on them makes them *pearled ears. Pearled* is studded with a pearl, and the dew-drop is the pearl.

156. *Shiver*—a thrill—a slightly swaying motion. *Deep*—thickly planted. *Corn*—Arnold must be thinking of the wheat plant. In England wheat, being the chief cereal crop, is called corn. In Scotland the term is applied to oats and in the U. S. A. to maize. *A shiver.........joy*—The poet imagines that corn can feel joy—it feels joy as the result of bearing the spikes of the flower and fruit. The figure is *Pathetic Fallacy*, which consists in ascribing feelings to inanimate objects. **N.B** In this simile Arnold paints a rural scene—particularly the picture of the cornfield in one of the eastern counties of England.

157. *They*—*i.e.*, the Tartars.

158. *Thrill*—a quiver (of joy)—an excitement. *Squadrons*—ranks.

159. *Pride*—pride in Sohrab. *Hope*—hope of victory.

154-159. *As, in the country.........loved*—**Expl.** Peran-Wisa came forward, and announced a day's truce between the Tartar and Persian armies. He called upon the Persians to choose a champion to meet Sohrab in single combat. Arnold describes here the effect of this announcement upon the Tartars. A wave of joy passed through the Tartar ranks. They felt proud of Sohrab, and they hoped that Sohrab would be victorious. This feeling of the Tartars is illustrated by a simile. As on a summer morning when the dew sparkles like a pearl on the ears of corn, a movement of joy passes through the corn stalks, so when the Tartars heard Peran-Wisa, a feeling of pride and hope for Sohrab stirred in the hearts of the Tartars, for they loved Sohrab.

160. *Troops*—body. *Pedlars*—hawkers ; merchants. *Cabool*—capital of Afghanistan.

161. *Underneath*—beneath. *Indian Caucasus*—*i.e.*, Hindu Kush.

162. *Sky-neighbouring*—so high as almost to touch the sky; in close proximity to the sky. *Milk snow*—snow as white as milk; virgin snow.

163. *Crossing so high*—*i e*., crossing at a very high altitude. *Mount*—climb the height.

164. *Travelling birds*—migratory birds—birds who seek a warmer climate at the approach of winter. *Dead*—*i.e*, dead from cold.

165. *Choked by the air*—stifled by the thin air at a higher altitude. The air higher up on the mountain is thinner, and makes breathing difficult. Air should have made breathing easier; but at a high altitude the air gets thinner, and a climber, as he goes up a mountain, begins to gasp for air. 'Choked by the air' may go also with *birds*. "The highest point to which a bird fly is about four miles up—the condor, it is said, can struggle up to that; but most small birds and insects which are carried up by aeroplanes or balloons drop off insensible at a much lower level; and the greatest height to which any mountaineer has ever climbed is about five miles"—*H. G. Wells*. *Scarce*—scarcely.

166. *Slake*—moisten. *Perch'd*—dried up. *Sugar'd*—sweetened with sugar. *Mulberries*—The black mulberry or common mulberry (*Morus nigra*) is a native of Persia, but has been cultivated in Europe from a remote period. It is a small tree with a rough bark. The fruit resembles a blackberry, and is called by botanists a collective fruit, being the product of a whole spike of flowers. It is used for making preserves and light wines, or eaten as dessert.

"It is said that travellers, when crossing high passes, commonly eat sugared mulberries in order to lessen the difficulty of breathing"—*Egerton Smith*.

167. *Stop their breath*—hold their breath.

168. *For fear*—lest. *Dislodge*—bring down. *O'erhanging snows*—the snows suspended in the air overhead.

169. *Pale Persians*—the Persians who changed their colour in fear. *Held......fear*—scarcely breathed in their fear.

160-169. *But as a troop......fear*—**Expl.** Peran-Wisa called upon the Persians to choose a champion to fight Sohrab in

single combat. This announcement struck terror into the hearts of the Persians. They turned pale and they held their breath in fear. This is illustrated by a simile. The company of merchants, trading between Afganistan and India, cross beneath the Hindu Kush. The Hindu Kush is a mountain, crowned with virgin snow, and it is so high that it seems almost to touch the sky. The merchants have to cross at a great height. Now as they climb, they come upon long flocks of migratory birds lying dead on the snow. As they climb higher, they begin to find the air stifling. The air is thinner at the higher altitude, and they begin to experience the breathing difficulty. They try in vain to moisten their dry throats with sugared mulberries. As they go up in a single line, they hold their breath lest the least vibration of air, caused by their breath, may bring the suspended snows above tumbling about their heads. Similarly the Persians held their breath in fear.

N.B. *The simile is a very elaborate one*—an epic simile or Homeric simile. Arnold wants to illustrate the fact that the Persians held their breath in fear. And for this purpose he introduces the picture of the merchants crossing the Hindu Kush from Cabool, and coming upon birds lying dead on the snow, and trying to quench their thirst with sugared mulberries and holding their breath as they march in single line. As a matter of fact Arnold strays away from the matter in hand. *Such details*—as the "sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow," "flocks of birds dead on the snow," "sugar'd mulberries," "the o'erhanging snows," etc., build up a complete picture, but they *draw away the reader's attention from the story itself.* The story thus seems to be held up by the recurrence of such long drawn-out similes.

Note that the simile is appropriate to the spirit and atmosphere of the poem—is an Oriental simile.

170. *His brother chiefs*—other Persian leaders associated with Ferood.

171. *Counsel*—consult together. *Gudurz*—one of the most trusted generals of Kai-Kaus. *Zoarrah*—brother of Rustum.

172. *Feraburz*—son of Kai-Kaus and uncle of Kai-Khosroo. *Host*—army.

173. *Second*—next to Ferood.

174. *Counsell'd*—put their heads together.

175. *Shame......up*—It would be a matter of shame if we did not answer the challenge. *Take...up*—accept the challenge. **N.B.** In the days of chivalry a gauntlet (a glove of metal plates) was thrown into the lists as a challenge, and the challenge was accepted by picking up the gauntlet.

176. *Champion*—warrior. *Match......youth*—fight Sohrab on equal terms.

177. *He......foot*—Sohrab is as swift-footed as a wild stag. *The lion's heart*—the courage of a lion. The heart was supposed to be the seat of courage. *He......heart*—Here is the characteristic description of Sohrab. The permanent epithets in an epic poem sum up in the fewest words the leading characteristics of a hero. "The wild stag's foot," and "the lion's heart" are something like permanent epithets.

178. *Aloof......sits*—*i.e.*, he (Rustum) refuses to have anything to do with the fighting in which the Persians will engage. **N.B.** Similarly in the *Iliad* Achilles withdraws from the Trojan War, and lives in a tent by himself.

179. *Sullen*—sulky ; in a bad temper. *Pitch'd*—put up. *Apart*—farther away from the Persian tents. *Has......apart*—It means that he cuts himself off from the Persians.

180. *Him......seek*—I will go and see him. *Carry......ear*—impart to him.

181. *The Tartar challenge*—the challenge made by Sohrab. *This......name*—*i.e.*, Sohrab.

182. *Haply*—perhaps. *Wrath*—anger.

183. *Stand forth*—go forward. *The while*—till I come back.

184 *Spake*—archaic for 'spoke.' *Stood forth*—stood in front of the Persian army.

185. *Be......said*—We accept what you have proposed (*i.e.*, a day's truce and the single combat).

186. *Arm*—put on his armour. *Man*—champion.

187. *Strode*—walked. The idea of pride or majesty is conveyed in the word.

188. *Opening squadrons*—the ranks of the Tartar army that parted to let him pass.

Lines 189—219

Substance—Gudurz made straight for Rustum's tent. He found that Rustum had just finished his breakfast, and that he held a falcon on his wrist, and played with it. Rustum heartily welcomed Gudurz, and invited him to breakfast. But Gudurz at once informed Rustum of the challenge, made by Sohrab, and prayed him to save the Persians the shame of defeat.

Paraphrase—Gudurz rushed through the Persians who were worried, and got through the Persian camp, and out beyond it reached Rustum's tents on the sandy plain. These tents were of a deep red cloth, and looked resplendent, and had been lately pitched. Rustum lodged in the high tent in the midst of those of his followers. Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found him : Rustum had just finished his morning meal, but the table still stood, laden with food—a side of roasted sheep, cakes of bread and dark green melons. Rustum sat and seemed to be hardly conscious of anything around him. He held a hawk on his wrist, and played with it. Gudurz stood before him. Rustum noticed him and with a shout of welcome, got up, dropped the bird, and welcomed Gudurz with open arms and said, "Welcome, nothing could have pleased me better than to see you at the moment! Have you any news ? But sit down first and have breakfast." But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and said, "Not now ! It is not time to eat and drink. I am not going to eat and drink to-day. To-day has a call for a more serious business. The armies have been marshalled in battle-order, and stand facing each other. The Tartars have sent a challenge to the Persians, calling upon them to choose a champion to fight theirs. You know his name Men call him Sohrab, but his origin is obscure. O Rustum, he possesses strength like yours. He is as swift-footed as a wild stag, and has the courage of a lion. He is young, and the Persian leaders are old, or otherwise they are no heroes. Everybody looks up to you. Come and help us, Rustum, or we shall have no chance against Sohrab."

189. *Anxious*—worried with fear.

190. *Behind*—behind the Persian army drawn up.

191. *Out*—farther away. *Sands*—sandy plain. *Beyond it*—farther removed from the Persian camp.

192. *Scarlet*—deep red. *Glittering gay*—bright and showy. Note the alliteration.

193. *Just*—lately. *Pitch'd*—put up. *Pavilion*—tent. *High pavilion*—Rustum's tent was distinguished by its height.

194. *His men*—his followers. *Camp'd*—encamped.

196. *Done*—finished.

197. *Charged*—laden.

198. *Side*—joint. *Roasted*—cooked by exposure to the direct action of heat. *Cakes of bread*—flat and comparatively thin masses of bread, especially unleavened bread.

199. *Melons*—Musk-melons which have been cultivated in Asia from ancient times.

200. *Listless*—indifferent ; paying attention to nothing in particular. *Falcon*—a bird of prey trained to fly at other birds. The habit of the falcon (generally a female bird) is to chase, strike and capture other birds with its talons, while on the wing. Hawking (or letting fly of the falcon at other birds) was one of the most fashionable sports of England down to the middle of the seventeenth century. In the East it was also known. *On his wrist*—A jess (or strap) was tied round each leg of a falcon, and to it the leash was attached ; and the bird was held by means of the leash which was kept in the hand, or tied round the wrist.

201-202. *Gudurz......him*—*i e.*, Gudurz waited a minute or two before Rustum noticed him.

202. *Look'd*—lifted his eyes.

203. *Cry*—cry of joy. *Sprang up*—got up quickly. *Dropp'd the bird*—laid down that falcon.

204. *Greeted......hands*—welcomed him vith open arms.

205. *These......sight*—Nothing could have pleased me better than to see you.

206. *What news*—What news do you bring ?

207. *But Gudurz......tent-door*—Gudurz did not accept Rustum's invitation to eat and drink.

208. *A time......drink*—It is not the time to indulge in feasting. Gudurz wants to impress Rustum with the seriousness of the business on hand.

209. *Not to-day*—To-day is particularly unsuited to feasting and merry-making. *Other needs*—business other than eating and drinking and serious business too.

210. *Drawn out*—marshalled in battle-order. *Stand at gaze* — stand expectant, waiting and facing each other.

Compare :

"*nor stood at gaze*
The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
The horrid shock"—Milton : *Paradise Lost*, Bk. VI.

N. B. In heraldry, when an animal, such as a stag or deer, is shown with the face turned directly to the front, it is said to be *at gaze.*

212. *Pick*—choose.

213. *Their champion*—Sohrab. *Thou......name*—Sohrab's name has already struck terror into the hearts of the Persians, and Rustum is likely to have heard of him.

214. *But...his*—*i.e.*, no one knows who his parents are.

215. *Like......man's*—He seems to possess strength like yours.

216. *He has......heart*—Note that this description of Sohrab is repeated when there is an occasion to introduce him, and that therefore, it is in the nature of a permanent epithet in an epic poem.

217. *Iran's*—Iran is the official name for Persia. It is also the old name of the great plateau of Central Asia, the land between the Caucasus, the Hindu Kush, the Persian Gulf, Kurdistan, and the Tigris.

218. *Or else......weak*—If they are not old, they are not such as can hold their own against Sohrab. *All eyed...thee*—Everybody looks to you for help ; everybody expects you to meet Sohrab in single combat.

219. *Or*—otherwise. *We lose*—We have no chance against Sohrab.

Lines 220-259

Substance—Rustum complains of the Persian king's treatment of him and says that he will be glad to see the young

men whom the king favours, come to his help. He wishes that he had such a son as Sohrab, for in that case he could have stayed with his old father. Gudurz gets round him by saying that people will remark that Rustum dares not risk his fame with younger men. Rustum now agrees to fight, but he proposes to do so under an assumed name.

Paraphrase—Gudurz finished. Rustum answered with a smile : "Do not talk foolishly ! If the chiefs of Persia are old, I am older still. If the young among the Persians are weak, then the Persian king makes an astounding mistake, for the king, Kai-Khosroo, himself is young, and promotes young men, and leaves the aged to die off neglected. He loves Rustum no more, but prefers the young. Well, the young should start forward to answer Sohrab's challenge. I have nothing to do with it. Though Sohrab's fame is in the mouth of everybody, what do I care ? I wish that I had myself such a son, and not a puny, weak girl that I have. I wish I had a son as famous and as bold to send to war, so that I might have stayed with the white-haired Zal, my father, whom the Afgan robbers trouble, cutting short his territory and driving off his cattle, while he has nobody to protect him in his old age. I should like to go back to my father, and put away my armour, for the terror of my name would protect my old father ; and I should like to spend the large fortune I have accumulated and give my old limbs rest, and to hear of Sohrab's fame, and never to go to the help of ungrateful kings and never to draw the sword again, dealing death all around." He finished and smiled. Gudurz replied : "O Rustum, what will men say to this ? When Sohrab challenges the bravest of the Persian lords, and expects to meet you in single combat above everybody else, you whom Sohrab desires most to meet, stay away. Be you warned that men will say that Rustum, like some miser, is careful to save up his fame, and afraid to risk it in an encounter with younger men." Incited by this reply, Rustum replied, "O Gudurz, why do you say such a thing ? You ought to know better. It does not matter very much whether I meet or miss one in single combat, whether that one be of fame or of no fame, bold or cowardly, young or old. Are they not subject to death ? And am I not myself still Rustum ? But who would do brave deeds for worthless men like Kai-Khosroo ? Well, you will see how Rustum is careful to save up his fame !

But I shall fight under an assumed name, and in plain armour. Let no man say of Rustum any more that he ever met any mortal man in single combat."

221. *Go to*—used to express disapprobation, remonstrance, protest, or derisive incredulity. It occurs very frequently in Shakespeare. Rustum means that Gudurz's argument is silly.

223. *Errs strangely*—makes a very curious and astounding mistake. *Kai-Khosroo*—It has been pointed out above that not Kai-Khosroo but Kai-Kaus was the Persian king in the *Shah Nama*. Kai-Khosroo was the grandson of Kai-Kaus, and is identified with Cyrus the Elder of the Greek historians.

"Siavash, the son of Kai-Kaus, married Farangis, the daughter of Afrasiab. He was killed not long afterwards by Afrasiab, who also gave orders that Farangis should be beaten till she was delivered of the child she was about to bear to Siavash, in order that none of the latter's offspring should remain alive. Peran-Wisa begs her life from the king, and, when her child, Kai-Khosroo, is born, hands him over to some shepherds to bring up. He later on educates him himself, and pretending to Afrasiab that the boy is half-witted, is permitted to send him to live with his mother. After many adventures he is restored to his grandfather Kai-Kaus, and is joyfully welcomed by the Persian people,—Kai-Kaus eventually resigning the throne in his favour."—*Tomlinson*.

224. *Honours......men*—bestows his favour and patronage on younger men.

225. *Moulder*—crumble to dust. *Moulder......graves*—are left to die in neglect.

226. *Rise......vaunts*—come forward to answer Sohrab's challenge. 'Rise' implies the idea of starting up in all enthusiasm to fight Sohrab. *Vaunts*—boasts. *Not I*—I have nothing to do with it.

228. *What......I*—What do I care? *Though......fame*—Sohrab's fame is in the mouth of everybody.

229. *Would*—I wish. *Would......son*—Note that Rustum's heart goes out to Sohrab in fatherly affection, even before he has seen Sohrab. Both father and son (as we shall see later) are attracted towards each other by the natural instinct, but are kept apart, it seems, by malignant fate.

230. *Slight*—puny ; weak. *Helpless girl*—(i) girl who cannot help herself (who needs to be protected) ; (ii) girl who cannot be of any help to her father. **N.B.** Arnold portrays a warlike age and so a son is more valued than a daughter. Rustum gives his reason below why he should prefer a son to a daughter. *And not that............have*—**N.B.** The plot of the story turns on this mistaken impression of Rustum's. It has been pointed out above that when Sohrab was born, word was sent to Rustum that it was a daughter, so that Rustum might not take away Sohrab to bring him up to arms.

231. *Famed*—famous. *To send ..war*—This is why a son is valued above a daughter in a warlike age.

232. *Tarry*—stay. *Snow-hair'd Zal*—**N.B.** Zal was born with white hair. That was one of the reasons why he was exposed on the Mountain Elburz. He was brought up by a griffin, and later restored to his father. Hence the griffin was the emblem of Rustum (Zal's son). 'Snow-hair'd' is a permanent epithet.

233. *Robber Afghans*—*i.e.*, the Afghan robbers. *Vex*—annoy.

234. *Clip*—cut down. *Borders*—frontiers. *Clip .....borders*—*i.e.* possess themselves of his territory at any rate in his frontiers. *Drive his herds*—drive away his cattle. **N.B.** Arnold speaks of wandering tribes in the poem. To the wandering tribes (*nomads*) cattle was wealth. They lived by pasturing—they wandered from place to place in search of pasture-grounds. It may be noted that cattle-lifting (stealing cattle) was once part of the disorderly life that prevailed in the Border-land between England and Scotland.

235. *Guard.........old age*—protect him in his old age.

236. *There*—*i e.*, Seistan where Zal lived. *There .....go*—If I had a son like Sohrab, I would go to Seistan (and say farewell to arms). *Hung...up*—put up my arms and fight no more.

237. *With ..name*—with the terror of my name. He means that his very name would keep away the robbers who now seized upon his father's territories. *Fence*—defend. Shorter form of *defence.* But the word as verb is usually used in the sense of practising attack and defence with a sword. *That...... man*—Zal.

238. *Goodly treasures*—large fortune (which Rustum has accumulated by his plundering raids—spoil of battle). It should be remembered that a battle was in those days a more or less plundering expedition. *Spend......treasures*—enjoy myself by spending the large fortune I have accumulated. *Got*—acquired.

239. *Rest my age*—give rest to my old limbs. Rest is proper to old age. *Hear......fame*—In my old age it would be a delight to me to hear that Sohrab (of course if he had happened to be his son) was winning fame in battle. Note that a rough warrior like Rustum pleases himself with fond dreams of a retired life in his old age, of a son worthy of the father, winning fame in battle, etc. This is a human touch.

240. *Hosts*—multitude. *Thankless*—ungrateful. *Leave...... kings*—do nothing to help such kings as easily forget faithful services rendered to them, and let them perish for want of such help. Rustum is thinking here of the ingratitude of the Persian king, who favours younger men. **N.B.** Arnold gives a more rational motive for Rustum's withdrawing from the Persian court. Rustum is disgusted because the Persian king forgets the services of old men, and favours younger men. In the *Shah Nama* a different reason is given. The Persian king summons Rustum to help him against Sohrab. Rustum takes his own time, and appears three days later. The Persian king is offended, and threatens him. Rustum takes no notice of his threats, and retires in disgust.

241. *Slaughterous*—doing slaughter ; dealing out death.

236-241. *There would I......more*—**Expl.** After Peran-Wisa delivers Sohrab's challenge, Gudurz, a Persian noble, hurries to Rustum's tent, and requests him to answer the challenge. It now appears that Rustum has quarrelled with the Persian king. Rustum complains that the Persian king favours younger men, and neglects older men. Of Sohrab he says that he wishes he had such a son. Then Rustum indulges in a happy dream of a retired life in his old age (in the event of his having had a son like Sohrab) : he would now go back to Seistan, and put away his arms, and with the very terror of his name would protect his old father (Zal) ; he would spend the large fortune he had accumulated and rest his weary limbs ; and it would

be a delight to him to hear that his son was winning fame in battle. Rustum would have nothing to do with kings who were so ungrateful as to forget faithful services—he would not care if they perished for want of his help ; he would fight no more nor kill his enemies in large numbers.

243. *What then......this*—Rustum, you make this reply ! Do you for a moment consider what people will think of you when they hear this ? *This*—reply.

244. *Dares*—challenges. *Our bravest*—the bravest of the Persian lords. *Forth*—to come forth.

244-245. *Seeks......all*—desires to meet you and none else in single combat. Note that Gudurz invents this in order to induce Rustum to take up the challenge. Gudurz appeals to Rustum's personal vanity.

246. *Hidest......face*—keep away from the encounter. This is as much as charging Rustum with cowardice—and the charge goes home. *Take heed*—mind ; be warned.

247. *Like......miser*—'old' is very significant here. A miser hoards his money, but an old miser is still worse—he cares for nothing else in the world than his money which he watches over fondly. Compare :

"But unextinguished Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies."

—Johnson : *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Hoards—jealously watches over.

248. *Shuns*—avoids. *Shuns to peril*—avoids risking. *With younger men*—in a fight with younger men. *And......men*—and is afraid that his fame as a warrior may be eclipsed in an encounter with younger men.

249. *Moved*—stirred.

250. *Wherefore*—why.

251. *Thou......say*—You know me better, and you should not have said things that are so untrue of me.

252. *What......less*—What does it matter if I fight one more or one less ? I have fought many, and it is immaterial whether I add to the number of those I have defeated or not. *Obscure*—of unknown. *Famed*—famous. *Obscure or famed*—whether that one be of unknown fame or be a great name.

253. *Valiant*—brave. *Craven*—cowardly. M. E. *Cravant*, *cravaunde*, originally defeated, failed, probably O. F. *Cravant*, pres. p. of *craver*, to burst, break, hence to fail, L. *crepans*, pres. p. of *crepare*, to crack, burst. *Valiant or craven*—whether that one be brave or cowardly.

254. *Are......mortal*—They are all mortal, and so I have a fair chance of killing them (for I have not yet been defeated by a mortal). *Am......myself*—am I myself Rustum still. *Are not ......myself*—Boasting is a common characteristic of ancient heroes. Homer's heroes also boast a lot.

250-254. *O Gudurz....myself*—**Expl.** Rustum at first refuses to meet Sohrab in single combat. Gudurz who has taken upon himself the task of inducing Rustum to fight, hints that people will think him (Rustum) a coward. It touches Rustum to the quick. Rustum replies that Gudurz ought to have known him (Rustum) better, and should not have said things so untrue of him. He says that he has fought many in his time. It matters little if he cares or does not care to add to the number of those already defeated by him. Gudurz says that Sohrab is known to be a great warrior and implies that Rustum is shrinking from Sohrab in fear. To Rustum it is a question of one more or one less. It is immaterial, as Rustum says, whether that one be a famous warrior or not, brave or cowardly, young or old. After all, whoever the warrior is, he is a mortal. And Rustum has not yet been defeated by a mortal. He is confident too that he possesses his old strength and courage.

255. *Men of nought*—men of no worth (like Kai-Khosroo). *Do......deeds*—perform deeds of valour. *But who......deeds*—Rustum's services have not been appreciated by Kai-Khosroo. That makes Rustum feel so sore.

256. *Come......fame*—You shall ere long see whether Rustum is really anxious about losing his fame in an encounter

with younger men. The force of 'come' is that Rustum shakes off all his indifference, and is ready for immediate action—he makes up his mind to meet Sohrab in single combat.

257. *Unknown*—not in my own name. *In plain arms*—without putting on my special armour bearing the emblem of the griffin (by which he would be at once recognised).

But I......arms—Fate seems to put this idea into his head. If he had let his name be known, or if he had worn the emblem of the griffin, Sohrab would have recognized him, and there would have been no fight.

253-259. *Let......man*—**N.B.** Rustum alludes here to his fight with the White Demons from whom he rescued the Kai-Kaus (of the *Shah Nama*).

Lines 260—290

Substance—Gudurz now returned through the Persian camp. Rustum chose plain arms—no device on his shield, he wore a plume of horse hair on his helmet. Thus armed he went forth, followed by his horse, Ruksh, whom he had captured in one of his raids. The Persians welcomed him with shouts of joy.

Paraphrase—Rustum finished speaking, and knitted his brow in displeasure. Gudurz took his leave and hurried back through the Persian camp. He was afraid because Rustum was angry, but he was glad that he had consented to fight. Rustum walked to the tent-door, and summoned his followers, and ordered them to bring his arms. He put on steel armour. The weapons he chose were plain. There was no figure on his shield (by which he could have been recognized). Only his helmet was splendid. It was set with gold; and from the spike at the top swung a plume of deep red horse hair. Thus armed, he went forth, Ruksh, his horse, followed him, like a faithful dog, at his heels. Ruksh's fame had been widely known through all the earth. Rustum captured the horse, then a mere colt beneath his mother by the river in Bokhara in one of his raids. He drove him home and brought him up. Ruksh was a horse of reddish brown colour and held his head high in the air. He was arrayed in a saddle-cloth embroidered in green and set with gold. On the surface of the saddle-cloth were embroidered all animals that are

hunted or are known to hunters. Followed by the horse, Rustum left his tents and crossed the Persian camp, and appeared before the Persian army. All the Persians knew him, and they welcomed him with shouts of joy. The Tartars did not know who he was. Rustum was as welcome to the Persians as the pearl-diver to his wife who waits and weeps in fear on the sandy shore of Bahrein (in the Persian Gulf) when he (the pearl-diver), after having gathered the pearls all day and completed the number he wants, comes dripping out of the water in the evening, and rejoins his wife in the hut on the sandy shore.

260. *Frown'd*—knitted his brow (in displeasure). *Turn'd*—turned back.

262. *Wrath*—anger. *Rustum came*—*i.e.*, Rustum consented to meet Sohrab in single combat.

263. *Strode*—walked with dignity and majesty.

265. *Steel*—steel armour. The steel helmet and breastplate were used in the Middle Ages. In early times the chief forms of armour were the shield, breastplate and helmet, but gradually the rest of the body was covered until, in the age of chivalry, knights in complete armour were clothed from head to foot in mailed armour, chain armour or scale armour.

266. *Were plain*—*i.e.*, bore no sign or mark of Rustum's identity. *Device*—emblem. The figure of the griffin (a fabulous creature, with the body and legs of a lion, the head and wings of an eagle, and listening ears) was Rustum's emblem.

267. *Helm*—helmet. *Inlaid with gold*—wrought in gold.

268. *Fluted spine*—the hollow spike or cone of the helmet in which the plume is fixed. *Atop*—on the top. *Plume*—a tuft of feathers, here horse-hair, worn on the helmet. In olden times knights wore a plume or tuft of feathers on their helmets so that their followers might recognize them in the thick of the battle. **N.B.** In describing the single combat between Sohrab and Rustum Arnold seems to follow the usage and tradition of chivalry. *Horse hair*—**N.B.** Homer relates that the crests of the early Greeks were made of horse hair. These gave way to plumes and later still the figure of a bird or other animal was worn.

269. *Waved*—fluttered; swayed in the air. *Scarlet*—deep-red.

270. *Issued forth*—left his tent and went out. **Ruksh*—Ruksh is Rustum's famous horse and means lightning.

271. *Faithful*—devoted. *Hound*—dog. *At heel*—close behind.

272. *Renown*—fame. *Noised*—reported. Shakespeare uses *noise* in this sense. Compare:

'It is noised he hath a mass of treasure

—*Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 403.

273. *Foray*—a plundering raid. Probably a back-formation from M.E. *forr (e) ier*, forager, O.F. *farrier*, agent n. from *forrer* to forage, from *forre*, L.L. *fodrum*, fodder.

274. *Bokhara*—See above. *By the river*—by the bank of the river.

275. *Colt*—a young horse. *Dam*—the mother of an animal.

276. *Rear'd*—trained. *Bay*—a horse of reddish-brown colour. *Lofty*—held erect. *Crest*—the head and mane of the horse.

277. *Dight*—dressed. A. S. *dihtan*. *Saddle-cloth*—trappings. *Broider'd*—embroidered. *Of broider'd green*—embroidered in green.

278. *Crusted*—incrusted; wrought in gold. *Ground*—surface on which a picture or design is laid, the prevailing colour or tone. *Worked*—embroidered.

279. *Beasts of chase*—animals that are hunted. *All beasts... know*—all animals that hunters are familiar with.

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* "According to the *Shah Nama*, the young Rustum had been provided with the huge mace of Zal's father, the great Sam, and asked for a steed of corresponding power. None of the many excellent horses of Zal would satisfy him, but at last he saw a fine mare followed by a colt with chest and shoulders of remarkable power, 'whose bright and glossy coat was dappled o'er like blossoms of the rose upon a saffron lawn.' The mare had killed all who attempted to capture the colt, but Rustum succeeded in noosing the Ruksh and killing the mare. The animal was difficult to break, but once mounted, 'the rose-coloured steed bore him along like unto the wind'"—*Egerton Smith*.

280. *So follow'd—i.e.*, followed by Ruksh.

281. *Camp*—the place where the Persian tents were pitched.

282. *Shouts—i.e.*, shouts of joy.

283. *Hail'd*—welcomed.

284. *Wet*—dripping with water. *Diver*—pearl-diver.

285. *Pale—i.e.*, pale with fear and anxiety. *Waits*—waits for her husband to come up. *Weeps*—weeps in her anxiety.

286. *Bahrein*—a group of islands in the Persian Gulf. Bahrein, the largest, is 20 miles long and 10 miles wide. The pearl fisheries are less valuable than was formerly the case. The pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf were known to the ancients; hence the appropriateness of the simile. *Sandy Bahrein*—the sandy coast of Bahrein. *Persian Gulf*—arm of the Indian ocean more than 500 miles long.

287. *Plunging all day*—**N. B.** Native divers descend 60 or 70 feet, weighted by a stone and lowered from a boat by a rope. They carry a net and gather the pearl oysters in it from the sea-floor. They remain below for perhaps 30 or 40 seconds at a time, and are hoisted to the surface after signalling with a rope. The oysters are taken ashore and allowed to rot on the beach in the sun. Then in 7 or 10 days they are searched for pearls. 'Plunging' implies that he dives again and again all day.

288. *Made up*—completed. *Tale*—number. Formerly, any enumeration or reckoning was called a *tale*, A. S. *tael*, number, *talu*, story. Compare:

"Silver and gold were not scarce...but they passed more by weight than by *tale* (as when coined)"—*Hallam*. *Precious*—valuable. *Precious pearls*—not the actual pearls, but the oysters which yield pearls.

"Most molluscs line their shells with a smooth secretion consisting of thin scale-like films. If a particle of foreign matter—say a grain of sand—finds its way into the interior of the shell, it sets up irritation, and as the inhabitant of the shell cannot remove offending particle it surrounds it with a layer of nacreous matter. The longer this process continues, the larger of course will be the globule of nacre, which is known as a pearl."

289. *Rejoins her—i.e.*, after the whole day's separation. *Sands*—sandy tract.

290. *Pale*—pale with anxiety and fear.

284-290. *And dear as the wet diver......came*—**Expl.** Rustum, as he appeared before the Persian army, was welcomed with shouts of joy. Since Sohrab's challenge had been delivered to the Persians, the Persians had been in a state of terror. The sight of Rustum dispelled all the anxiety and fear of the Persians. (For Rustum would be fighting as the champion of the Persians against Sohrab.) This is illustrated by a simile. The pearl-diver off the Bahrein island in the Persian Gulf goes down into the depth of the sea to seek oysters for pearls. His wife on the shore waits for him in anxiety and weeps. He goes down into the depth of the sea again and again all day till by nightfall he gathers the required number of oysters. Then he leaves the water, and goes back to his wife in the hut on the sandy tract. His appearance relieves her anxiety and fear. Similarly Rustum's appearance relieved the anxiety and fear of the Persians.

N.B. *The simile is given an oriental character.* Arnold writes, "I took a great deal of trouble to orientalise them (the Bahrein diver was originally an ordinary fisher) because I thought they looked strange, and jarred, if western.

Lines 291—333

Substance—Rustum came upon the bare space of sand between the two armies, and saw Sohrab approach. Rustum was impressed by his youth and delicacy of features, and felt pity for him. Rustum warned Sohrab of the risk of a fight with him (*i.e.* Rustum), and urged him to leave the Tartars, and be a son to him.

Paraphrase—And Rustum came forward and stood in front of the Persian army. Sohrab armed himself in Haman's tent, and came up. As in a field reapers cut a passage right through the middle of a rich man's corn, while on either side are left standing square patches of corn, and in the midst cropped stumps, so on either side were divisions of men, formed in a square, and their spears pointed their glittering ends upwards, and in the midst was left the bare space of sand. Rustum

came upon this bare space of sand, and looked towards the Tartar camp. He saw Sohrab approach and studied his appearance minutely as he advanced. As some rich woman watches through her silk curtains the maid (who toils hard) making the fire with her chilled and soiled fingers early in the winter morning when the stars have not yet gone out of the sky and when the frost covers and gleams on the window-panes ; and wonders what her life and her thoughts may be ; so Rustum observed the unknown, bold and rash young man who came from far, seeking to meet Rustum in single combat, and challenging all the bravest lords. Long Rustum examined Sohrab's fearless bearing, and wondered who he was. Sohrab seemed very young and brought up with tender care like some cypress tree, tall, and dark, and straight, which throws its graceful shadow on the moonlit grass in a queen's solitary garden at midnight, when the fountain throws up its jets of water with a gurgling sound. Sohrab seemed as slender and as delicately brought up as the cypress. As Rustum saw him coming, his heart was filled with compassion. He stood, and made signs to Sohrab with his hand, and said : "O you young man, the air of God is gentle, warm and delicious. The grave is cold. The air of God is better than the cold grave in which the dead lie. Look at me ! I am so stalwart and majestic, and I am clad in steel armour. I am well-experienced in fighting too. I have fought in battles and slaughtered many. Never was the battle lost in which I took part, nor the enemy spared. O Sohrab, why are you rashly running the risk of death ? Be advised by me : leave the Tartar army and come to Persia, and be as a son to me, and fight under my flag until I die. In Persia there are no young men as brave as you are."

291. *Rustum......advanced*—Rustum moved forward until he stood in front of the Persian army.

292. *Arm'd*—armed himself ; put on his armour. Note that Arnold describes in detail Rustum's arming, and that to avoid repeating the scene, he simply says that Sohrab armed in Haman's tent. *Haman*—See above. *Came*—came forward (to meet Rustum).

293. *Afield*—in a field. *Swath*—a line or ridge of grass or grain, cut and thrown together by a scythe or mowing machine ; hence the track cut by a scythe or mowing machine in

one course. This word is not often used to-day, but in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* Nestor describes the "strawy Greeks" as falling before the sword of Hector "like the mower's swath" (V. v.) A. S. *swaeth, swathu*, footprint, track.

294. *Corn*—wheat plants.

295. *Squares*—*i.e.*, square patches. *Standing corn*—corn that has not been cut down.

296. *Stubble*—"stumps of grain left sticking up after harvest (*C. O. D.*). Stubble has to be ploughed in before another crop can be sown. Sometimes cattle are put out to graze on grass or clover growing among the stubble. *Short*—because they are cut low *Bare*—because they bear no grain.

293-296. *And as a field......bare*—**N.B.** This is the second corn-simile in Arnold's poem. The first one occurs in lines 154-156. It is the picture of a corn-field on a June morning, when the dew-drops glisten on the ears of corn like pearls—after all a picture of the country-side in England. In this simile is the picture of the harvesting operations—a picture of the English country-side again. These rural scenes add the effect of contrast to the background of war.

297. *On each side*—on each side of the bare space of sand. *Squares of men*—*i.e.*, square-formations of the men.

298. *Bristling*—with their ends pointing upwards. The roundish, glossy hairs on the back and sides of the hog and wild bear are bristles ; as a verb it means to *stand up like bristles*, and applied to spears, it will suggest a thick mass of spears with their points upwards.

299-300. *Cast......eyes*—looked.

301. *Come forth*—appear. *Eyed*—observed. *Came*—advanced.

303. *Curtains*—bed-hangings. *Drudge*—one who toils hard and constantly. The drudge here is the maid.

304. *Number*—benumbed ; chilled or deprived of sensation by cold. *Blacken'd*—stained with coal. *Her*—*i.e.*, the rich woman's.

305. *Cock-crow*—dawn when the cock crows. *Starlit winter's morn*—early hours of the winter morning when the stars

have not yet gone out of the sky. It suggests a frosty morning, and no mist on the horizon.

306. *Frost*—tiny crystals of frozen vapour. **N.B.** Arnold thinks here of white frost or hoar frost (*'whiten'd window-panes'*) which covers trees and other objects with a coating of frozen dew or rime. *Flowers*—(i) covers as with flowers; (ii) forms shapes of flowers on. *Whiten'd*—whitened by the frost. A proleptic use (the window-panes are not white, but are whitened by a coating of frost). *Window-panes*—glasses in a window.

307. *How she lives*—what kind of life she leads.

307-308. *Windows.........be*—is curious about the life the drudge leads, and about the thoughts she thinks. A drudge is one who toils at uncongenial work and is ill-paid.

309. *Unknown adventurous youth*—Sohrab whom Rustum does not know, and who is full of enterprising spirit—bold and reckless. There is unconscious irony here: the son is an 'unknown adventurous youth' to the father. *From afar*—from a distant country. Rustum does not know Sohrab's parentage, nor his country, but imagines that he must have come from a distant country.

310. *Seeking Rustum*—wanting to meet Rustum in combat. Gudurz told Rustum that Sohrab wanted to meet Rustum in combat (*ll.* 244-245). There is irony here again. Sohrab indeed sought to meet Rustum, but not in combat.

310-311. *Defying......chiefs*—challenging all the brave leaders to come forth and meet him in combat.

302—311. *As some rich woman......chiefs*—**Expl.** As soon as Rustum saw Sohrab, Rustum became interested in Sohrab. Rustum took pity on Sohrab, seeing his youth, and felt a mild wonder, not unmixed with curiosity, in that Sohrab should have challenged all the brave Persian leaders (including himself). ***Rustum's feeling of pity is illustrated by a simile.*** On a winter morning some rich woman may watch through her silk curtains the maid making her fire. It is the early hour of the morning in winter, and the stars have not yet gone out of the sky, and the frost covers the window-panes with designs of flowers. The rich woman notices the frozen and coal-stained fingers of the maid who has such a hard life, and

begins to wonder how she takes life and what she thinks. The rich woman, conscious of her comfortable position, begins to feel pity for the maid. Similarly Rustum, conscious of his own superior strength, began to feel pity for the rash and youthful Sohrab.

Perused—studied ; examined closely.

312. *His spirited air*—Sohrab's bold, fearless mien. *Wonder'd......was*—became curious about him.

313. *Tenderly*—with gentle care. *Rear'd*—brought up.

314. *Cypress*—A genus of cone-bearing, evergreen trees. The Cypress is noted for its tall, straight and slender shape. It has slender stems and slender leaves, growing in a thick mass. Several varieties are cultivated in Britain for ornamental purposes.

The tree receives its name from *Cyparissus*, a youth who grieved so much for a stag that the gods changed him into a cypress tree ; hence the association of the cypress with death and mourning **N. B.** In the *Shah Nama* Rustum speaks of Sohrab as

"In stature perfect, as the cypress tree."

In the *Shah Nama* the cypress is a favourite object of comparison, particularly in describing physical appearance.

Dark—because of its dark green leaves. *Tall......straight*—The cypress is an image of gracefulness.

315. *Secluded*—lonely and unfrequented (rather reserved for the private use of the queen). L. *secludare,* to shut off, from *se-*, apart, *clandere,* to shut.

316. *Slight*—delicate. *Moonlit*—lighted by the moon. *Turf*—grassy plot.

317. *To*—in accompaniment to. *Bubbling*—gurgling.

314—317. *Like some young cypress......sound*—**N.B.** The simile is elaborated by some interesting details. First, the cypress grows in *a queen's secluded garden* ; secondly, it throws its shadow on the moonlit grass ; thirdly, the fountain spouts forth musically. All these details are introduced for a picturesque effect. What Arnold wants to bring out is Sohrab's delicacy of features and gentle up-bringing.

318. *Slender*—delicate in features. *Softly*—with tender care. *Rear'd*—brought up.

314-318. *Like some......rear'd*—**Expl.** Rustum was impressed by Sohrab's fine physical appearance and his gentle grace. Sohrab might very well be compared to a young cypress tree—he is tall, straight, graceful like the cypress tree. The cypress tree is tall, dark (because of its dark-green leaves), and straight. But there must be something more of grace and refinement in it when the cypress grows in a queen's lonely garden, and throws its delicate shadow on the moonlit grass at midnight, to the music of a fountain that plays. All this suggests that Sohrab was brought up with tender care, and that he possessed grace and refinement which set him apart from other men—just as the cypress in the queen's garden has a grace and distinction of its own.

319. *A deep pity......soul*—Rustum's soul was pervaded by tenderest compassion.

321. *Beckon'd*—made signs.

322. *The air of Heaven*—(i) the air which is sent from heaven ; (ii) the air which is the gift of God to man. The air also implies here the breath of life.

322-323. *Is......pleasant*—*i.e.*, is associated with all that is tender, living and delightful—is symbolical of the very joy of living. *But......cold*—The grave is contrasted with the air of Heaven which stands for all that life is.

324. *Dead grave*—(i) the grave in which there is no life ; (ii) the grave in which the dead lie. *Heaven's air......grave*—Heaven's air symbolizes life ; the grave symbolizes death.

325. *Vast*—large-limbed. *Clad in iron*—protected by steel armour.

326. *Tried*—well-tested (in war).

326-327. *Flood of blood*—*i.e.* battlefield where men were killed and blood flowed.

328. *Never...lost*—never was that battle, in which I took part, lost. *That foe saved*—the enemy, whom I fought, spared.

329. *Wherefore*—why. *Rush on death*—incur death of your own will. Rustum warns Sohrab of the risk of fighting with him (Rustum). No battle, in which Rustum fought, was ever lost ; no enemy, whom he fought, ever escaped.

330. *Be govern'd*—take my advice. *Quit*—leave.

331. *Iran*—Persia. *Be .....me*—Note that Rustum's fatherly affection is stirred by Sohrab. Similarly we find below Sohrab's heart crying out to Rustum as to a father. Nature calls unto nature.

332. *Banner*—flag. *Beneath my banner*—as a follower of mine.

333. *There......thou*—the most genuine praise that comes from one hero to another hero.

Lines 334—363

Substance—Sohrab noticed Rustum stand there, towering in his height. He ran forward, and clutching hold of his knees, asked whether he was not Rustum. Rustum suspected him to be up to some trick—suspected that this Tartar boy (*i.e.* Sohrab)would go about boasting that he had exchanged fair gifts with Rustum, and parted from him on equal terms.

Paraphrase—Thus Rustum finished in a gentle tone. Sohrab listened to his voice, Rustum's solemn and majestic voice, and saw also the stalwart figure of Rustum rooted to the sandy tract, all by himself, like some lonely tower which a chieftain has built in a barren and wild place against robbers. Sohrab saw his hair partly gray. He was elated by hope. He ran forward and clutched his knees, and held his (Rustum's) hand within his, and said : "O, I appeal to you in the name of your father, I appeal to you for your own soul, tell me whether you are not Rustum. Are you not he ? Own your identity and ease my anxieties !" But Rustum looked suspiciously at the kneeling youth, and turned his face away and thought within himself :

"Well, I think I know what this cunning fellow is after. These Tartar boys are faithless, tricky and boastful. If I reveal my identity which he is anxious to know, he will not acknowledge me his superior, nor leave the enemy (Tartars). He will find some excuse to avoid fighting, sing praises of me and do me honour by offering me gifts—a belt or perhaps a sword, and then he will take leave of me. And on a day of feasts in Afrasiab's hall, in Samarcand, he will get up from the table and proclaim, "When the Tartar and Persian armies encamped

by the Oxus, I challenged all the Persian lords to meet me in single combat. They held back in fear; only Rustum came forward. Then he and I exchanged gifts, and we parted, each being admitted to be the equal of the other." So he will boast perhaps, and men will burst into praising him. Then the Persian leaders would be humiliated through me."

334. *Mildly*—in a gentle tone. *Heard his voice*—The pitch and volume of Rustum's voice must have impressed Sohrab.

335. *The mighty...Rustum*—a rolling and solemn voice such as a hero like Rustum might possess.

336. *Giant*—stately. *Planted*—firmly established. Suggests massive strength. *Sand*—sandy tract.

337. *Sole*—all by himself. Rustum, as he stood there, seemed to dominate the scene. *Single*—lonely. *Chief*—chieftain; the head of a tribe or clan.

338. *Builded*—archaic for 'built.' *Waste*—a barren and dreary tract. *In......years*—in the past.

339. *Against the robbers*—as a means of defence or protection from robbers.

340. *Streak'd*—dotted. *Streak'd......hairs*—It means that Rustum was beginning to grow old. *Hope......soul*—His heart was elated by hope that he might be Rustum, his father.

341. *Ran*—rushed. *Embraced his knees*—caught hold of his knees.

342. *Clasp'd*—grasped. *His own*—his own hand.

343. *By*—I appeal to you by. *Thy......head*—*i.e.*, the gray hair of your father. *By.........head*—if you respect the gray hair of your father. *By .....soul*—if you care for the safety or saving of your soul. **N.B.** This is more or less like Christian adjuration—an alien note in an Oriental poem.

344. *Speak*—confess. Note the earnestness of Sohrab's appeal.

345 *Eyed*—observed. *Askance*—sideways; obliquely—and therefore with suspicion. *Kneeling youth*—*i.e.*, Sohrab who knelt by his side.

346. *Turn'd away*—This was the effect of his suspicion (it meant also the withdrawal of his sympathy from Sohrab). *Spake*—spoke. *Spake......soul*—thought within himself.

347. *Ah me*—it is a pity (that I see through him). *Muse*—wonder. *Young fox*—a young fellow as cunning as a fox. *May mean*—may be getting at ; (what) his object may be.

348. *False*—faithless. *Wily*—full of tricks.

349. *Confess...asks*—reveal my identity which he is anxious to know.

350. *Rustum......here*—I am Rustum.

351. *Yield*—give in ; acknowledge my superiority. *Quit*—leave. *Our foes*—the Tartars. *He will......foes*—Note that Rustum's vanity (that Sohrab should acknowledge his superiority) and selfish motive (that Sohrab should leave the Tartars) prevail over his fatherly feeling.

352. *Pretext*—excuse. *Not to fight*—to avoid meeting me in combat.

353. *Praise my fame*—*i.e.*, flatter me (which will show how 'wily' he is). *Proffer*—offer. *Courteous*—out of courtesy (as the polite custom is).

354. *Go his way*—take leave of me and depart.

355. *Feast-tide*—time of festivities. *Afrasiab*—See above.

356. *Samarcand*—See above. *Arise*—get up from the table. *Cry*—proclaim.

357. *Two armies*—the Tartar and the Persian armies. *Camp'd*—encamped ; lay in camp.

358. *Oxus*—See above.

359. *Cope with*—encounter. *Single fight*—hand-to-hand fight.

360. *Shrank*—held back in fear. *Dared*—had the courage to accept my challenge.

361. *Changed*—exchanged. *Changed gifts*—"in the Oriental style of parting courtesy. So in Homer Glaucus and Diomede separate with gifts from the conflict"—*Leask*. *Went......away*—parted, each acknowledging the other to be his equal.

362. *So*—thus (boastfully). *Applaud*—praise loudly. The term is used especially of approval displayed by making a noise, such as clapping the hands, stamping or cheering. L. *Applaudere*, from *ap* = *ad*, *plaudere*, to clap hands in approval.

363. *Were*—would be. *Chiefs of Iran*—Persian nobles. *Shamed*—humiliated. *Through me*—by my action.

Lines 364—397

Substance—Rustum refused to disclose his identity, and called upon Sohrab either to give in or to fight. He said that if Rustum were here there would have been no fighting. Sohrab replied that he was not afraid of his opponent and admitted that if Rustum had been here, there would have been no fighting. Though young, he hoped that he might be a match for the veteran hero.

Paraphrase—And then Rustum turned his face to Sohrab, and said in a clear, emphatic tone: "Get up! Why do you ask in vain for Rustum? You have challenged the Persian lords, and I am here to answer the challenge. Fulfil your boast, or give in. Would you fight with Rustum only? You are a mere impulsive boy. Men look on Rustum's face and run away! I know well that if Rustum stood here to-day, and in his own person, you would not have talked of fighting any more. But not being Rustum as I say let me tell you this—have no doubt in your soul: either you must give up your boast and yield, or your bones shall lie scattered on the sand till the winds whiten them, or Oxus, as it rises in flood in summer, washes them away." Rustum finished. Sohrab, getting to his feet, answered, "Are you so terrible? By mere words you shall not frighten me! I am no girl, to be frightened by words. Yet what you say is true: If Rustum stood here to-day, there would be no fighting. But Rustum is far from here, and I and you stand here to fight it out. Let us begin. You are more stalwart and dreadful than I am. You are well-tested, I know, and I am young. Yet victory depends upon the will of God. Though you may imagine that your victory is certain, yet you cannot be too sure of it. We are all like swimmers in the sea—we are upborne on the top of a large wave of fate, which towers high uncertain which way to fall; and it may push us to land or it may carry us out into the sea, and finally to the abyss of death. We do not know what is going to happen and no scrutiny or prying will reveal it to us. Only the result will enlighten us in its due time."

364. *Turn'd*—turned his face to Sohrab. *Sternly*—in an angry tone. *Spake*—spoke.

365. *Rise*—Sohrab was kneeling. *Wherefore*—why. *Vainly*—since Rustum will not fight with you. *Question*—ask questions.

366. *I am here*—I, not Rustum, am here (to answer your challenge).

367. *By challenge forth*—to come forward in answer to your challenge. *Make good*—fulfil; accomplish. *Vaunt*—boast. *Yield*—give in; acknowledge my superiority.

368. *Is it......fight*—said rather in a mocking tone.

369. *Rash*—impulsive. *Rash boy*—There is a touch of returning tenderness in these words. *Men......flee*—The very face of Rustum strikes terror into the hearts of men, and they run away.

370. *Did......stand*—if Rustum stood.

371. *Were reveal'd*—had not concealed his identity; had made himself known.

372. *There...more*—you would have refused to fight. There is unconscious irony in these words. Rustum speaks these words in one sense, and Sohrab takes them in another sense. Rustum means that if Rustum had been present now, Sohrab would not have dared to meet him in combat. Sohrab implies that if Rustum had been present now, Sohrab would have claimed him as his father, and that there would have been no fighting.

373. *Being......am*—*i.e.*, being other than Rustum.

374. *Record*—write. *In most*—*i.e.* innermost. *In......soul*—at the very botton of your soul. *Do thou......soul*—let yourself clearly understand this; make no mistake about it.

375. *Renounce*—give up. *Vaunt*—boast

376. *Else*—otherwise. *Strew*—lie scattered on.

377. *Bleach*—whiten. *Oxus...summer floods*—Oxus when it rises in flood in summer. *His*—The Oxus is personified—and is treated as masculine.

378. *Oxus in summer*—Epic repetition.

379. *On his feet*—*i.e.*, getting to his feet.

380. *Fierce*—terrible. *Fright*—frighten. *So*—by mere words.

381. *To......pale*—to be frightened.

382. *Yet*—in spite of your boasting. *This...well*—You have said one true thing.

383. *Were*—would be.

384. *But......hence*—Sohrab remembers Peran-Wisa's words (see *ll.* 81-82). *Hence*—from here. *We......here*—you (not Rustum) and I stand here, facing each other.

385. *Begin*—let us begin in stead of wasting time on words. *Vast*—of immense proportions ; massive and stalwart. *Dread*—*i.e.*, dreadful. A surviving instance of the Elizabethan interchange of parts of speech (*i e*, noun being used as an adjective or a verb, or a verb being used as a noun, etc.).

386. *Proved*—tested in valour.

385-386. *Thou......young*—Sohrab implies that in spite of all odds against him—his opponent (Rustum) being vaster and more dreadful—he is prepared to fight him.

387. *Success*—victory. *Sways*—moves to and fro. *Breath of Heaven*—Will of God is compared to a wind. *Success...Heaven*—Victory depends on the will of God.

388-389. *Knowest......victory*—know it for certain that victory will fall to you. *Yet......know*—yet you cannot be too confident. *And though......know*—Sohrab, like all ancient heroes, believes in fate. Fate is supreme over everything else, and the bravest hero cannot be too sure of his success—this is what Sohrab feels, and he is one of the bravest heroes.

391. *Poised*—balanced. *Huge......Fate*—Fate is compared to a high wave.

392. *Hangs uncertain*—rises high, but no one knows which way it will break (whether towards the shore, or towards the sea). *To......fall*—whether it will break towards the shore, or towards the sea.

393. *Heave......land*—push us towards the shore.

394. *Roll......sea*—carry us away into the high seas.

395. *Deep......death*—the high waves that will drown us. *Back......death*—Epic repetition.

396. *We......not*—We do not know what the future has in store for us. *Search*—inquiry, or prying into the future. *Make......know*—reveal the future to us.

397. *Event*—result. Compare: "Mark his condition and the *event*,'—*Tempest*, I. ii. 117. *Teach*—enlighten. *In...hour*—in its proper time (*i.e.*, when the thing happens).

390-397. *For we are all......hour*—**Expl.** These are the words, spoken by Sohrab, in answer to Rustum's boasting (though of course, Sohrab does not know that he is speaking to Rustum). His opponent (*i e.*, Rustum) seems to be too confident of success (see *ll.* 374-378). Sohrab says that none, not even the greatest of heores, can be too confident of success. He compares the combatants (those who fight) to swimmers, who are suspended on the top of a high wave—now when the *wave* topples down, it may push the swimmers towards the shore, or it may carry them far out into the sea, and drown them in the midst of high waves. So, Sohrab implies, the result of a fight is uncertain as the direction of the high wave when it breaks. Sohrab further says that man does not know the future, and that no searching or peering will ever reveal the future—that one cannot know what is going to happen, until it happens. In other words, according to Sohrab, Fate decides a battle; and the physical strength or courage of the hero has very little to do with it. With Fate unfavourable the strong may be defeated in a battle. With Fate favourable, the weak may triumph.

Lines 398—447

Substance—Rustum hurled his spear, and Sohrab stepped aside and avoided it. Sohrab's spear struck right into Rustum's shield. Rustum now seized his club and aimed a blow, but Sohrab avoided it. The club flew away from Rustum's hand, and Rustum followed it too. While Rustum was down, Sohrab did not draw his sword. Sohrab again appealed to him to say whether he was Rustum.

Paraphrase—Sohrab finished speaking, and Rustum did not answer, but threw his spear. It came down from his shoulder as a hawk that has long hovered above, comes down with the quick motion of a plummet on some partridge in the corn. Sohrab saw it come, and stepped aside as quickly as a flash of lightning. The spear made a whistling sound and struck into the sand which it scattered far and wide. Then Sohrab in his turn threw his spear and it struck right into Rustum's shield.

The iron plates with which Rustum's shield was covered, clanged, but turned aside the spear. Rustum then caught hold of his club, which none but he could wield. It was the trunk of a tree, branch and all. It was very big and rugged—like those collected by men of the country which grows no trees to build boats as they float down the Sutlej or Jhelum in flood, when at their sources high up in the Himalayas the wind in winter had uprooted the trees and strewn the river-bed with torn branches. So immense was the club that Rustum now raised and struck one blow. Again Sohrab stepped aside as briskly as a gleaming snake, and the club fell to the earth with a crash, and flew away from Rustum's hand. And Rustum could not keep his balance, and fell to his knees, and dug his fingers into the sand. Sohrab might have now drawn his sword and stabbed Rustum while he lay stunned, down on his knees and blinded by the sand. But he watched, smiled and did not draw his sword. Sohrab stepped back politely and said: "You strike too violently. Your club will float on the summer flood, and will not come in contact with my bones. But get up, do not be angry, nor am I angry. No, when I see you, all anger is gone from my heart. You say that you are not Rustum. Let it be so then. Who are you then that can thus call forth the tenderness of my heart? Though I am young, I have fought many battles—have been the first to wade through blood, and heard the sad groans of the dying. But never was my heart so deeply moved as now. Are these tender feelings prompted by God? O, old warrior, let us obey these impulses that are sent by God. Come, let us plant here the spears that seem to blaze with our anger, and make peace, and sit upon the sand, and drink to each other in red wine, like friends, and you shall talk to me of Rustum's brave deeds. There are many among the Persians whom I may fight and kill without remorse. Afrasiab has many warriors whom you may fight. Fight then when they meet you. But oh, let there be peace between you and me!"

398. *Hurl'd*—threw.

400. *Partridge*—A game-bird of the order *Gallinæ*, especially the common gray partridge. *Hawk*—a bird of prey, smaller than an eagle. Like falcons, hawks are trained to pursue and capture other birds in the air, and the game is called *hawking*.

401. *Tower'd*—flown above. 'Tower' is a term in *falconry*, meaning to mount up, as a hawk, so as to be able to swoop down on the quarry, often to rise in circles of flights. Compare :

"A falcon, towering in her pride of place"

—*Macbeth*, II. iv. 12.

In......clouds—in the blue depth of the sky. *That long...... tower'd*—that has hovered above for a long time, preparatory to coming down upon the partridge.

402. *Plummet*—a weight attached to a line, used for measuring depths. *Like a plummet*—*i.e.*, with the quick motion of a plummet. A very expressive simile.

403. *Sprang*—leapt. *Aside*—out of the way of the spear. *Quick*—as quickly. *Flash*—flash of lightning.

404. *Hiss'd*—whistled ; made a hissing sound. *Quivering*—thrilling ; trembling. *Went... ......sand*—flew shivering and fixed itself into the sand.

405. *Sent......wide*—scattered far and wide. *Threw*—threw his spear.

406. *In turn*—in his turn. *Sharp*—with a shrill sound. *Rang*—resounded.

407. *Iron plates*—The shields were covered with iron plates or sheets. *Rang sharp*—Epic repetition. *Turn'd*—turned away.

408. *But he*—if 'but' is a preposition, then 'he' should be 'him.' We can construe in a different way : *which none could wield, but he could.*

409. *Wield*—handle or lift. *Unlopp'd*--with the small branches sticking on. To *lop* is to cut. *Trunk*—the stem of a tree. *Huge*—large.

410. *Rough*—*i.e.*, shaggy (with branches). *Treeless plains*—plains which grow no trees. The idea is that trees that grow on the mountain, are uprooted by the winds in winter and carried down to the plains by rivers.

411. *Them*—for them. Ethic dative. *Fish*—collect. *Flooded rivers*—The uprooted trees come floating down the rivers when they are in flood.

412. *Hyphasis*—Greek name of the Sutlej, eastmost of the five rivers of the Punjab. It rises in Tibet and joins the Indus at Mithankot, south of Multan. *Hydaspes*—Greek name of the Jhelum, one of the rivers of the Punjab. It rises in the mountains of Kashmir. *High up*—*i.e.*, high up in the mountains.

413. *Dark springs*—sources in the recesses of mountains—hence *dark*.

414. *Hath*—has. *Wrack*—destruction. Compare :

"He labour'd in his country's *wrack*."

—*Macbeth*, I. iii. 114.

Shakespeare also used 'wrack' in the sense of a shipwreck as *the direful spectacle of the wrack*—*Tempest*, I. ii. 26. *Wrack* and *wreck* are but variants. A. S. *wraec*, misery, exile, what is driven from *wrecan*, to drive. *Hath......wrack*—has caused destruction or ravages in the Himalayan forests (by uprooting trees).

415. *Strewn*—scattered. *Channels*—the river-beds. *Boughs*—branches.

410-415. *Like those......boughs*—It is a simile, drawn from a phenomenon in the Himalayas. Note the diversity of the similes, used by Arnold—they are drawn from so many different sources, and are suggestive of different scenes and landscapes. *So huge*—as huge as one of the trees on the Himalayan uplands, uprooted by the wind and floating down the rivers.

416. *Lifted*—raised.

417. *Stroke*—blow.

418. *Lithe*—nimble ; brisk ; swift. *Glancing*—(i) gliding off sideways (as a snake does) ; (ii) gleaming or sparkling because of the scales with which a snake's body is covered.

419. *Thundering*—with a crashing noise. *Leapt*—slipped or flew away.

420. *Follow'd......blow*—could not resist the impetus of his blow. The idea is that as the club flew away from his hand, he fell headlong, carried away by the sheer weight and force with which he struck the blow.

421. *Fell......knees*—*i.e.*, fell on his knees. *Clutch'd*—caught hold of. *With......sand*—*i.e.*, he came down on his knees and on his palms.

422. *Unsheath'd*—drawn.

423. *Pierced*—run through.

424. *Dizzy*—stunned—therefore, with his head in a whirl. *Choked*—blinded ; stiffled.

425. *Look'd on*—watched (of course with a sense of superiority). Sohrab did not take a mean advantage of Rustum. Sohrab exemplifies in him the high ideals of chivalry. *Smiled*—from a sense of triumph. *Bared*—drew.

426. *Courteously*—politely. *Drew back*—stepped backward.

427. *Thou......hard*—You strike your blows too violently. There may be a touch of sarcasm in these words.

427-428. *Float......floods*—be carried away by the Oxus when it rises in flood in summer. *Not my bones*—(1) not float upon my bones—my bones will not have the *feel* of that club ; (2) my bones will not float upon the summer floods.

429. *Wroth*—angry. A. S. *wrath*, perverted, angry, from *writhan*, to twist, writhe ; but the noun *wrath* (anger) as in l. 430 is from A. S. *wraeththu*, an abstract noun from A. S. *wrath* (angry).

430. *Forsakes*—leaves. *Wroth......soul*—I forget all anger.

431. *Thou......Rustum*—Sohrab's filial instinct still seems to draw him to his unknown opponent. *Be......so*—let it be so !

432. *Touch*—affect. *Touch...soul*—fill my heart with tenderness. *Who......soul*—Sohrab now begins to wonder what it must be that draws him to Rustum.

433. *Boy......am*—though I am young. *I have......too*—I have been through many battles like yourself.

434. *Waded*—walked through (*e.g.*, water, snow, mud, etc.). *Foremost*—first (*i.e.*, leading the army). *Bloody waves*—waves of blood (he shed blood of the enemy). "Bloody waves" is not a happy expression as it suggests an incongruous image. 'Pools of blood', 'rivers of blood,' 'seas of blood' are quite all right.

435. *Hollow*—(i) dismal ; (ii) "from the general meaning of 'without body' *hollow*, as applied to sound, comes to mean weak or not full-toned"—*Egerton Smith*. *Roar*—groans.

437. *Are......from heaven*—Are these impulses sent from heaven ? *These......heart*—the tender feelings of the heart.

Are they......heart—Sohrab's heart cries out to his unknown opponent (*i.e.*, Rustum); he does not know why, and begins to suppose that it must come from heaven.

433-437. *Boy as I am......heart*—**Expl.** Sohrab appeals to Rustum again (without knowing that he is speaking to Rustum his father). When Rustum seizes his club, and strikes a blow, the club slips from his hand and he comes down on his knees and palms. Sohrab might have killed him with his sword at this moment; but he feels his heart being drawn again to this unknown warrior. Rustum has already denied that he is Rustum. Sohrab cannot account for this tender feeling of his heart for his opponent. Though young, he has been through many battles, waded through rivers of blood, heard the sad groans of the dying, and yet his heart has not been moved that way. Something draws him to the unknown warrior; Sohrab does not know what it is; he supposes it to be an impulse, sent by God. Sohrab implies that God wishes that they (Sohrab and his opponent) should be friends, and not enemies.

438. *Thou......warrior*—Rustum is addressed. *Let...Heaven*—Let us obey the impulse, sent by God. God wishes that we should not fight each other, and let us obey God. *Yield*—give in. *Heaven*—*i.e.*, the wish of God expressed through the cravings of our hearts.

439. *Come*—*i.e.*, let us not waste any more time—let us be quick about it. *Plant*—fix firmly. *Angry spears*—'angry' is a transferred epithet; the wielders of the spears are angry.

440. *Truce*—ending of hostilities; peace.

441. *Pledge ...other*—drink to each other; drink each other's health. Drinking of health is a sign of friendship and good fellowship. *Red wine*—'Red' particularly reminds one of blood. They drink their health in red wine, but 'red' is symbolical here—it means a mingling of their blood into one (of which health-drinking is but symbolical). *Like friends*—Let us celebrate the peace between us by drinking each other's health.

442. *Thou shalt........deeds*—Sohrab thinks thus: This unknown warrior seems to know much about Rvstum; Sohrab

will be delighted to hear him talk of Rustum—and this will be a bond of friendship and admiration between them two.

443-446. *There are enough......spear*—**N.B.** The sentiments recall such as were expressed between Diomede and Glaucus, when they parted in friendship (Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. VI.). *Pang*—*i.e.*, pain of remorse. *Champions*—warriors. *Confront*—face.

447. *But oh*—I appeal to you. *'Twixt*—between.

Lines 448—469

Substance—Rustum got up and caught hold of his spear, and called upon Sohrab to fight, scornfully rejecting Sohrab's offers of peace and friendship.

Paraphrase—Sohrab stopped. In the meantime Rustum had got up, and stood upright, trembling in anger. He did not pick up his club, but caught hold of his spear. As he grasped the spear in his right hand covered in the gauntlet, its glittering point shone brighter still and looked destructive, like the autumn-star, Sirius, which exercises evil influences and indicates the outbreak of fever. His proud plume and his bright armour had been covered with dust. His chest rose and fell; his lips were covered with froth, and twice his voice was arrested by anger; at last these words came forth: "Girl, quick with your feet, not with your hands (not a fighter)! A curly-haired fop, dancer, framer of honeyed speech! Fight, I do not want to hear you speak any more! Remember that you are not in Afrasiab's gardens now, dancing with Tartar girls, but that you are on the sandy shore of the Oxus and if you dance, you must dance to the measure of battle. I have no patience with making a play of battle—I fight it to the finish and at close quarters. Do not talk to me of peace and drinking of health. Summon all your courage; make use of all your tricks and ruses. All the pity I felt for you is now gone. You have humiliated me before the Persian and Tartar armies by means of your dancing tricks and the artifices that a girl practices."

448. *Ceased*—stopped. *Spake*—spoke.

449. *Erect*—upright. *Rage*—anger. *Trembling......rage*—*i.e.*, he could not control his anger.

450. *Left to lie*—did not pick up. *Regain'd*—seized again.

451. *Fiery*—glittering. *Mail'd*—gauntleted. The armour for the hand is known as *gauntlet*, a glove covered with plate-metal.

452. *Blazed*—shone brightly. *Bright*—brightly. *Baleful*—balefully (menacing death). A. S. *bealu*, evil. *Autumn-star*—Sirius, also known as the dog-star. Sirius is the brightest star in the heavens, being thirty times as luminous as the sun. Sirius is situated in the constellation *Canis Major*, and lies in a line with the three stars in the belt of Orion. "Homer calls it 'the evil star', and 'the star of late summer', hence Arnold's epithet "autumn," though it really rises with us about the middle of July."—*Tomlinson*.

The appearance of Sirius, as the ancients supposed, always caused greal heat on the earth (*Virgil's Æneid*, III. v. 141). Milton alludes to it :

"Gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the *swart star* sparely looks."
—*Lycidas*.

453. *The baleful......fevers*—In astrology Sirius was connected with the outbreak of fevers. *Soil'd*—smirched.

454. *Stately*—proud. *Crest*—the plume in the helmet (see above). *Dimm'd*—darkened. *Glittering*—bright. *Arms*—armour.

455. *Heaved*—swelled with anger (was deeply agitated by anger). *Foam'd*—was covered with froth (saliva). *Voice*—speech.

456. *Chocked*—arrested. *Rage*—anger. *Broke way*—issued.

457. *Girl*—a term of reproach to be cast at a warrior. Sohrab is called a girl because of his swift-footed movement in avoiding Rustum's blows. *Nimble*—quick. *Nimble......hands*—Rustum implies that Sohrab is quick in avoiding blows by his swift movement, but not quick in delivering blows. This is not, however, true : Sohrab is as quick in delivering his blows.

458. *Curl'd*—with curly hair. *Minion*—favourite (of a prince) ; fop or dandy (which is implied by 'curl'd') ; rather a foppish pet of a prince here. F. *mignon*, a favourite.

In olden times kings often had advisers, who retained their places only by being willing to do anything, however foolish and unworthy, to serve their masters. In this sense, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, may be said to have been the minion of James I.

Dancer—Sohrab is contemptuously called a dancer with reference to his swift and light movement. Rustum sarcastically suggests that Sohrab possesses feminine accomplishments. *Coiner*—framer. *Coiner......words*—one who can frame soft and sugary words to please the ears of his hearer.

459. *Hateful voice*—the voice that I hate ; hated voice, and not a voice *full of hate* (therefore passive sense). *Let......more*—I hate you, and I do not want to hear you talk any more.

460. *Thou......now*—Rustum implies again that the best place for Sohrab is Afrasiab's gardens, and not the battle-field, for in a pleasure-garden Sohrab can best show his skill in dancing.

461. *Wont*—accustomed. A.S. *wunod*, p.p. of *wunian*, to dwell, to be used to, from *ge-wuna*, custom.

462-463. *In...battle*—You will have to dance to a different measure here ; remember that you are not in Afrasiab's gardens, but on the sandy shore of the Oxus.

463-464. *Make......war*—do not make light of battle as if it were a play ; take battle seriously. *With......war*—I want you to take the game of battle more seriously ; it must be played with blows, not with words. *Fight...out*—fight it to the bitter end. *Hand to hand*—at close quarters so that blows will be given and received.

460-464. *Thou.........hand*—**Expl.** Rustum cannot forget the humiliation that he suffers at the hands of Sohrab. When Rustum tries to strike Sohrab with his heavy club, Sohrab quickly springs aside and skilfully avoids the blow. Rustum, carried away by his own force, comes down on his knees and palms. Sohrab again appeals to him for peace and friendship. But Rustum trembles with anger, and abuses Sohrab. Rustum contemptuously calls Sohrab a dancer (because of his swift movements), whose place is in Afrasiab's gardens. Rustum refuses to hear Sohrab talk again, and calls upon him to fight. He bids Sohrab remember that he is not in Afrasiab's gardens

with Tartar girls, but on the sandy shore of the Oxus. He implies that here he is to dance to the measure of battle, and that battle is a serious thing, and cannot be turned into play. Rustum says that it is his custom to fight to the bitter end and at close quarters where blows must be given and taken.

465. *Pledge—i.e.*, making friendship fast by drinking health. *Wine—i.e.*, wine for health-drinking.

Speak......wine—I do not want to hear you offer peace and friendship.

466. *Remember.........valour*—summon all your courage. Rustum implies again that battle is a serious thing, and must be taken seriously. *Feints*—tricks. F. *feinte,* feminine past participle of *feindre,* to feign, used as a noun.

In football a goalkeeper *feints* by catching the ball and pretending to take a step in one direction, as an opponent rushes at him, and then turning immediately in the opposite direction.

Try......feints—make use of all your tricks.

467. *All......had*—all the pity I felt for you.

468. *Shamed*—humiliated. *Both the hosts*—both the Persian and Tartar armies.

468. *Skipping*—moving with short, light steps. *Skipping tricks*—dancing tricks. Rustum repeats the accusation of Sohrab's being a dancer. *Wiles*—artifices. *Thy in wiles*—the artifices that a girl employs.

Lines 470-526

Substance—Enraged by Rustum's taunts, Sohrab drew his sword, and rushed upon Rustum. And they rained blows upon each other. Suddenly a cloud darkened the sky and hid the sun ; and a wind rose, and wailed through the plain. They fought in a circle of darkness while the rest of the plain gleamed in the sun. Rustum struck with his spear, but failed to get at Sohrab. Sohrab, then with his sword, hacked away Rustum's plume ; and Rustum bowed his head under the stroke. The horse, Ruksh, who stood by, gave a terrible yell. Sohrab rushed on again : Rustum bowed again, and Sohrab's sword went to pieces on his helmet. Rustum now seized his spear, and cried out "Rustum." The cry of "Rustum" disarmed

Sohrab. Sohrab was surprised on hearing the name Rustum as he had not expected Rustum on the battle-field ; and in his surprise Sohrab forgot to defend himself. Rustum's spear pierced Sohrab's side and Sohrab fell back to the earth. The cloud and the wind now dispersed, and the sun shone forth again.

Paraphrase—Rustum finished. Enraged by Rustum's mocking words, Sohrab, like Rustum, drew his sword. Then they rushed upon each other, as two eagles, one from the east and one from the west, come sweeping down on one prey. Their shields clashed and resounded, and the noise that rose was like that made by the muscular woodcutters, felling the trees with their axes in the centre of the forest in the morning. Such blows Rustum and Sohrab rained upon each other. One might think that the sun and stars took part in that combat between father and son ; for a cloud suddenly appeared in the sky, and hid the sun over the heads of the fighters, and a wind rose under their feet, and blew across the plain in a wail, and enveloped the pair in a whirlwind of sand ; but the two armies who watched from either side, stood in the broad light of the sun, and the sky above them was clear and bright, and the sun blazed on the Oxus. They alone fought in a circle of darkness ; their eyes were red and their breath came fast and heavy. First Rustum struck the shield which Sohrab held out rigidly ; the steel-pointed spear penetrated the iron plates of Sohrab's shield, but could not get at his skin. Rustum pulled it out with a growl of anger. Then Sohrab with his sword struck Rustum's helmet. He could not cut through the steel of Rustum's helmet, but he hacked away his plume. The stately horsehair plume, not till now soiled, now fell to the earth. Rustum bent low his head. Then the darkness grew thicker ; thunder rolled, and lightnings crashed through the sky. Ruksh, Rustum's horse, who stood by, gave a piercing scream. No horse's cry was like that. It resembled the roar of a desert-lion in an agony of pain, who has all day carried the hunter's spear sticking in his side, and comes at night to die upon the sand. The two armies heard the cry, and trembled in fear, and the Oxus, as it flowed. seemed to go hard and solid. Sohrab heard the cry, but did not shrink. He rushed on and struck again. Again Rustum bent down his head, but this time Sohrab's sword broke to a thousand pieces like

glass as it came down upon Rustum's helmet ; and in his hand only the handle remained. Then Rustum raised his head ; his terrible eyes flashed fire, and he shook above his head the threatening spear, and shouted "Rustum !" Sohrab heard the name 'Rustum' and stepped back in surprise (Sohrab had not expected Rustum on the battle-field ; hence his surprise). He drew back one step, and watched with half-closed eyes Rustum rushing upon him. He stood in perplexity. (In his surprise Sohrab did not try to defend himself). He dropped the shield that protected him, and the spear of Rustum struck in his side. He staggered, and dropped down to the earth. Then the darkness melted away, and the wind dropped, and the bright sun shone again, and dispersed all the cloud. The two armies saw the pair. They saw Rustum standing, unhurt, and Sohrab lying wounded in a pool of blood on the sand.

470. *Kindled*—was enraged. *Taunts*—words of insult and mockery.

He too—like Rustum Sohrab also.

471-472. *Rushed together*—made an onset upon each other. *One prey*—a single object of prey.

473. *Rushing down*—descending with great speed. *From ......clouds*—from high up in the air.

472-474. *As two eagles......west*—In lines 400-402 Arnold has the simile of a hawk coming down on a partridge in the corn. It is the same simile over again ; the only difference is that the two eagles came from opposite directions, and pounced upon one prey. *One......west*—As the eagles come from opposite directions, the clash must be terrible.

475. *Dash'd*—came together. *With a clang*—with a hard, metallic sound (such as the iron plates of the shields must have made). *Din*—noise.

476. *Sinewy*—muscular.

477. *In......heart*—in the centre of a forest. *At morn*—in the morning.

478. *Hewing axes*—axes that cut down trees. *Crashing trees*—trees making a cracking and tearing noise as they fall. *Such blows*—heavy and resounding blows like those of the wood-cutters felling trees in the midst of a forest.

479. *Hail'd*—poured down like hail (frozen rain falling in showers).

480. *You......say*—one might think.

481. *Unnatural combat*—a deadly fight between father and son—so *unnatural.*

482. *Grew......Heaven*—appeared suddenly in the sky. *Dark'd*—darkened.

483. *Over......heads*—over the heads of Sohrab and Rustum who were fighting.

480-483. *And you could......heads*—Compare :

"Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend ; and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
So *frown'd the mighty combatants that Hell*
Grew darker at their frown."

—Milton : *Paradise Lost*, II. 710-720.

The idea is that heaven was shocked at the deadly combat between father and son, so unnatural it is. Then heaven's re-action to it was the cloud that spread over and darkened the sun. Nature seemed to have sickened at the sight of the un-natural combat between father and son ; so there appeared a cloud in the sky and the wind wailed.

484. *Moaning*—uttering a sad murmur ; sobbing. *Swept the plain*—blew right across the battle-field.

485. *Sandy whirlwind*—a winding storm of sand. *Wrapp'd*—enveloped. *Pair*—Sohrab and Rustum.

486. *Gloom*—darkness. *Twain*—two. *They alone*—They only were enveloped in darkness, while the light of the sun was upon the rest of the plain.

487. *On-looking*—watching. *Both......hosts*—both Persian and Tartar armies who watched the combat. *On either hand*—on each side.

488. *In......daylight*—in the full light of the sun. *Pure*—bright and clear.

489. *Sparkled*—shone.

480—489. *And you would say......stream*—**Expl.** Arnold describes here the deadly fight between Sohrab and Rustum. It was an unnatural fight,—this fight between father and son. Nature seemed to have been shocked by it. Suddenly a cloud overspread the sky and hid the sun over the heads of the two fighters. A wind stirred under their feet, and blew through the plain with a sad murmur, and enveloped the fighters in a circling storm of sand. Sohrab and Rustum were girt round by darkness. The two armies on either side watched them. But there was no darkness upon them ; the sky above them was bright and clear, and the sun too shone full brightly on the Oxus.

N.B. Arnold describes the reaction of Nature—the encircling darkness and the wailing wind—to the unnaturalness of the fight between father and son. *Nature was shocked, and as a result the sky darkened and the wind wailed.* Then the full blaze of the sun upon the two armies, who stood watching, the bright and clear sky above them, and the Oxus, smiling in the sun, are contrasted with the darkness that encircled Sohrab and Rustum.

490. *Bloodshot*—When the whites of the eyes are tinged with blood, they are said to be bloodshot.

491. *Labouring*—drawn in gasps ; violently drawn in and drawn out.

492. *Held......out*—stretched forth stubbornly.

Stiff—stiffly or rigidly. *Steel-spiked*—steel-pointed.

493. *Rent*—split open. *Tough*—hard. *Plates*—sheets of iron with which the shield was covered. *Failed...skin*—did not penetrate Sohrab's body.

494. *Pluck'd......back*—drawn it out. *Angry groan*—a growl of anger.

495. *Smote*—struck. *Helm*—helmet.

496. *Clove......through*—cut down into the steel of the helmet. *Crest*—the horsehair plume.

497. *Shore away*—hacked away. *Horsehair plume*—See above.

498. *Defiled*—soiled ; disgraced. *Sank...dust*—dropped to the earth.

499. *Bow'd*—bent. *Gloom*—darkness.

500. *Blacker*—darker. *Rumbled*—boomed.

501. *Rent*—crashed through.

499-501. *But then the gloom......cloud*—**N.B.** Nature is painted here as a scenic background to the human mood or action ; so there is a visible movement in Nature in perfect accord with all the fluctuations of human destiny in this unnatural contest between father and son.

502. *At hand*—close by. *Dreadful cry*—a terrible yell.

503. *No......that*—It was an unearthly cry that came from the horse. The animal mind too seems to have been affected by the unnatural combat between father and son. The horse responded to the shiver of horror that ran through the heart of Nature. *Most like*—resembling most.

504. *Pain'd*—in an agony of pain. *Desert-lion*—a lion that inhabits a desert.

505. *Trail'd*—dragged along. *Javelin*—a light spear thrown by the hand. The javelin was a very common weapon in ancient warfare, and was used by both horsemen and infantry. It is no longer carried by soldiers, but hunting javelins are still used in parts of Europe. *In......side*—sticking in his side.

506. *To die......sand*—because it is a desert-lion.

507. *Quaked*—trembled.

508. *Curdled*—thickened ; went hard and solid. *Oxus curdled*—an instance of Pathetic Fallacy. *It*—*i.e.*, the cry. *Cross'd......stream*—passed along its surface. *Oxus......stream*—The river too responded to the cry of horror that broke from the horse.

509. *Quail'd*—shrank in fear.

511. *All the blade*—the whole of the blade (*i.e.*, the thin cutting part of a sword).

512. *Sprang*—broke. *Shivers*—pieces. *Helm*—helmet.

513. *Hilt*—handle of the sword.

515. *Glared*—shot fire. *On high*—above his head. *Menacing*—threatening. In line 439 Arnold says "angry spears."

516. *Shouted : Rustum*—The cry of "Rustum" held Sohrab spell-bound.

517. *Shrank*—held back. *Amazed*—in bewilderment. *Recoil'd*—shrank.

518. *Scann'd*—watched ; examined. *Blinking*—half-closed ; peeping. *The advancing Form*—*i.e.*, Rustum rushing on him.

519. *Bewilder'd*—perplexed.

520. *Covering*—protecting. *Pierced*—penetrated.

519-520. *He dropp'd...side*—The cry of "Rustum" conquers Sohrab, and not the physical strength of Rustum. The contrast between the two should be noted : When Rustum was down on his knees and palms, Sohrab might have easily killed him with his sword ; Sohrab in his chivalrous generosity did not attack Rustum then ; but Rustum was not influenced by any such generous feeling.

In the *Shaha Nama* Rustum gets the worst in the second day's fight, but Sohrab spares his life at his (Rustum's) request. When Rustum is down, and Sohrab kneels on his breast, ready to cut off his head, Rustum cries out, "According to the custom of my country, the first time a combatant in wrestling is thrown, his head is not severed from his body, but only after the second fall."

521. *Reel'd*—swayed to and fro. *Staggering*—reeling. *Sank...* *...ground*—dropped down to the earth.

522. *Dispersed*—melted. *Fell*—dropped to a calm.

523. *Broke forth*—shone again. *Melted*—dissolved ; scattered.

524. *Pair*—Sohrab and Rustum.

525. *Safe......feet*—*i.e.*, unhurt.

526. *Bloody*—blood-stained.

Lines 527—553

Substance—Rustum boasted to Sohrab that he (*i. e.*, Sohrab) had been killed by an unknown man, and thus deprived of his chance of meeting Rustum with the idea of pursuading him (*i.e.*, Rustum) to accept a gift of friendship. Sohrab replied that the name of 'Rustum' disarmed and conquered him, and said that Rustum was his father.

Paraphrase—Then Rustum, with a taunting smile, began: "Sohrab, you planned to kill a Persian lord to-day and rob him when he is dead, and carry the tokens of victory to Afrasiab's tent, or you expected that Rustum himself would come down to fight you, and that you would be able to trick him into accepting a gift and letting you go. So all the Tartar army would praise your courage or your cunning, and make your fame widely known, to make your father's heart rejoice in his old age. Fool, you have been slain by an unknown man. You shall be left to be devoured by jackals, and your friends and your old father will hear no more of you." Sohrab replied fearlessly, "You are unknown; yet your loud boasting will be for nothing. Proud and boastful man, you have not been able to slay me. It is the name of "Rustum" that slays me, and it is my affection for my father that slays me. If I were to fight ten such men as you are and I were none other than what I was till to-day, they should be lying dead on the sand here, and I, standing triumphantly over there. But the dear name of "Rustum" deprived me of all strength. (I was surprised by that dear name of Rustum and did not defend myself). That name, and I own something in your manner or bearing that haunts me, and made me drop my shield (kill me, and not you). Your spear pierced an unarmed enemy. Now you boast and insult me in my misfortune. But let me tell you this, savage warrior—and it will make you tremble to hear: the mighty Rustum shall take vengeance for my death. He is my father whom I have been seeking through all the world. He shall avenge my death and punish you."

527. *Bitter*—malicious; sarcastic.

528. *Thoughtest......mind*—planned; intended.

529. *Strip*—remove everything from. *Corpse*—dead body. *Strip his corpse*—**N.B.** In ancient Greek warfare, described

by Homer, the dead body of a fallen enemy becomes a prize to the victor and a violent contest follows for possession of the dead body—the friends of the fallen man fight to save the dead body from dishonour and the enemies try to get hold of it and strip it. Stripping the dead body of a fallen enemy has continued to be a practice from very ancient times.

530. *Bear*—carry. *Trophies*—*i.e.*, tokens of victory (here helmet, shield, flag, sword, etc., stripped from a dead body). A *trophy* is anything captured from the enemy or taken in hunting, and preserved as a memorial of victory ; in ancient Greece, a pile of arms, etc., taken from the enemy and set up in a battle-field, etc., to commemorate a victory ; in ancient Rome, a more permanent memorial of victory imitating this, decorated with the spoils of war. In modern usage a shield, cup, or other token of success, skill, etc., in atheletic and other contests, is called a *trophy.*

531. *Or else, etc.*—Connect it with 'thoughtest' in *l.* 528. *Else*—otherwise.

531-532. *That the great Rustum......fight*—said in a sarcastic tone. *Wiles*—tricks. *Move*—persuade.

533. *Take a gift*—accept a friendly gift (and not insist on fighting). *Let...go*—let you go without engaging you in single combat.

534. *Then that*—Connect with 'thoughtest' in *l.* 528.

535. *Craft*—policy or cunning. *Spread thy fame*—make your fame widely known.

536. *Glad*—gladden.

537. *Fool......man*—Rustum knows that it would embitter Sohrab's feelings to know that he had been killed by an unknown man when he (*i.e.*, Sohrab) was so eager to meet Rustum. Rustum adds insult to injury. *Unknown man*—a man of no fame ; no celebrated warrior.

538. *Red jackals*—Jackals are rather brownish. Does Arnold mean jackals with blood-stained mouth and paws as the result of having fed on the dead body ? Then 'red' is a proleptic use.

530-589. *Dearer......old*—You shall be left to be devoured by jackals, and your friends and your old father shall know

nothing of your fate. Also the idea is this : living and earning fame, you could have been dear to your friends and your old father ; and dead and without fame you mean nothing to them—but are food to jackals.

540. *Mien*—appearance. Origin doubtful ; probably a shortened form of obsolete *demean* (n.), behaviour ; influenced by F. *mine*, look, aspect of the face.

541. *Fierce*—savage ; heartless. *Vaunt*—boasting. *Is vain*—Sohrab implies that the "unknown man," who kills, him will not live long to boast that he has killed Sohrab, for his father Rustum will avenge the death.

542. *Thou.........me*—You have little credit for killing me. At the cry of 'Rustum', Sohrab dropped his shield and stood bewildered ; when he was thus disarmed, Rustum fell upon him.

543. *Rustum*—the cry of "Rustum." *Filial heart*—my heart yearning in love and affection for my father. *Rustum slays me*—Note the unconscious irony.

542-543. *Thou dost.........filial heart*—**Expl.** Sohrab falls, pierced by Rustum's spear. Rustum boasts that he (Sohrab) expected to fight Rustum, and is now killed by an unknown man. (Rustum has not yet disclosed that he is Rustum). Sohrab replies that the unknown man has little credit for killing him. He points out that the cry of "Rustum" disarmed him and that the unknown man has but killed a defenceless warrior. Sohrab makes his yearning affection for his father, Rustum, responsible for his death. He means to say that his affection for his father has killed him ; as he heard the name of his father 'Rustum', he dropped his shield in surprise and did not defend himself ; and so his opponent has little credit in wounding and killing him.

544. *Match'd with*—opposed to.

545. *I were......was*—I were no more than what I was till to-day—I were but simple Sohrab as I was till now.

546. *They......here*—They would be lying there wounded and dying. *Should*—equivalent to 'would.' *I standing there*—I standing unhurt and in triumph.

547. *That beloved name*—the name of "Rustum." *Unnerved......arm*—took away all my strength ; held me spell-bound.

548-549. *Something......heart—i.e.*, something in your appearance, which stirs my filial affection and devotion—which draws me to you. *Confess*—admit. *Troubles......heart*—perplexes and pains me. The natural craving of Sohrab's heart turned to his opponent (Rustum) as to a father. Rustum denied that he was Rustum. So in Sohrab's heart there went on a conflict between his instinctive recognition of his father and doubt. *All my heart*—The force of 'all' is that the doubt and yearning have taken entire possession of Sohrab's heart.

550. *Transfix'd*—pierced. *Unarm'd foe*—On hearing the name 'Rustum', Sohrab in surprise dropped his shield, and did not return to the attack, when Rustum rushed upon him.

551. *Insult'st my fate*—insult me when fate has laid me low. **N.B.** Sohrab attributes Rustum's victory, not to the latter's superior strength, but to his own misfortune. Fate has mocked and baffled him. Sohrab has been seeking his father. Instead of giving him his father, Fate mocks him with the cry of "Rustum" and deals him death through that cry.

552. *Fierce*—savage.

553. *Avenge my death*—take vengeance for my death.

554-555. *My father......thee*—Epic repetition.

Lines 556—601

Substance—Rustum knew not the loss he had suffered by the death of his son (Sohrab). He told Sohrab that Rustum never had a son. Sohrab replied that he was Rustum's son, and that Rustum was bound to avenge his (Sohrab's) death. He felt most for his mother who would grieve to know that her son had fallen in battle with a nameless foe.

Paraphrase—As when some hunter has found a mother eagle sitting on her nest on some rocky island in a hill-lake, and shot her with an arrow as she flew up, and tried to trace her where she had fallen far away ;—and soon her mate comes flying back from a search for prey and spies from a distance his young ones left alone and crowding together in fear ; and stops his flight, and wheels above his nest uneasily and calls his mate back with loud cries, while she lies dying, pierced by the arrow, in some rocky cleft out of his sight—a mere bundle of quivering feathers—never more shall the lake mirror her in

flight on its surface, never more shall the dark and moist rocks resound with her tumultuous cries as she flies by—as that unfortunate eagle flies and is yet ignorant of his loss, so Rustum did not know his loss, but stood over his dying son, and did not recognize him. Indifferently, and hardly believing what Sohrab said, Rustum replied : "What do you talk of a father and revenge ? Rustum never had a son." With a voice growing feebler, Sohrab replied, "I say, he had a son. I am that lost son. Surely one day the news of my death will reach him where he now stays and does not appear to me. I know not where he is, but he must be far from here. The news of my death will prick him like a sword-stab to haste, and he will jump into his armour, and call down vengeance upon you. Savage man, remember that I am an only son, and imagine how terrible the grief and vengeance for the death of an only son will be. Oh, I wish I could live to see that grief. Yet I do not pity my father so much as my mother, who lives in Ader-baijan with the old king (of Samengan), her father, who is growing older, and who rules over the fearless Khoords. I feel for her most. She shall no more see Sohrab returning from the Tartar army, covered with glory and enriched with booty, when the war is finished. A vague report of my death will reach her ear, spreading from one tribe to another. And then that helpless woman will learn that Sohrab will gladden her sight no more, but that he has fallen in battle with an unknown foe by the shore of the distant Oxus.

557. *Breeding eagle*—a mother eagle looking after her young ones.

558. *Craggy*—rocky. *Hill-lake*—a hill-lake is called a *tarn*. There are tarns in Wales, Cumberland, and in Scotland. Arnold might be thinking of Cumberland particularly.

559. *Pierced......arrow*—shot her down with an arrow. *Rose*—flew up.

560. *Follow'd......fell*—*i.e.*, hunted or searched for her.

561. *Far off*—The mother-bird must have been whirled off by the arrow to a great distance. *Anon*—presently. A. S. *on-an*, in one (minute). *Her mate*—the male bird. *Winging*—flying.

562. *Hunting*—*i.e.*, search for prey. *A great......off*—*i.e.*, from a great distance. *Descries*—sees.

563. *Huddling*—keeping close together in fear. *Young*—young ones. *Sole*—alone; unattended by the mother-bird. *At that*—on his discovery that his young ones have been left alone. *Checks*—stops the movement of.

564. *Pinion*—wing. *Short uneasy sweeps*—flight in short circles, and marked by anxious thoughts. 'Uneasy' is a transferred epithet.

565. *Circles*—wheels. *Eyry*—spelt also as *eyrie* and *aerie*. The nest of a bird of prey, especially of an eagle; also its young. Formerly it was believed that such birds of prey as golden eagles and peregrine falcons built their eyries on a ledge of some inaccessible cliff. It does not seem to be true as modern naturalists have often taken photographs of such eyries. *Screams*—cries.

566. *Chiding......back*—calling back the mother bird in a scream that seemed to reproach her for her carelessness. Shakespeare uses *chide* of sounds which suggest angry vehemence. Compare:

"the sea
That chides the banks."—*I Henry IV*, III. i. 45.

So in *As You Like It*, II. i. 7, he speaks of the "chiding of the winter's wind."

567. *With...........side*—with the arrow sticking in her side.

568. *Stony*—rocky. *Gorge*—cleft; opening. *Ken*—range of sight or knowledge. A. S. *cennan*, to make known. *Out......ken*—beyond the range of his sight.

569. *A heap.........feathers*—a bundle of quivering feathers. An instance of word-painting—the very picture of the mother eagle, writhing in the death-agony, when all her feathers are ruffled and are quivering with the motion of her body, is called up to our eyes. *Fluttering*—moving restlessly.

570. *Glass her*—reflect her image. Compare:

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow"
—*Wordsworth.*

It—the lake.

571. *Black*—of the colour of rock. *Dripping*—moist with dew or frozen vapour. *Precipices*—steep and high cliffs.

572. *Echo*—resound with. *Stormy*—tumultuous. *Scream*—cry. *Sails by*—flies past.

573. *Poor*—unfortunate. *That poor bird*—*i.e.*, the male bird. *His loss*—*i.e.*, the fact that his mate lies dying elsewhere.

574. *So Rustum.........loss*—So Rustum was ignorant of the fact that his son lay dying there before his eyes.

556-574. *As when some hunter.........loss*—**N.B.** One of the most elaborate similes in Arnold's poem—an epic simile or Homeric simile. *It is developed for its own sake—much beyond the limits of comparison. Two things are compared and illustrated :* The mother eagle that lies dying in some rocky cave and Sohrab who lies dying by the Oxus ; and secondly, the male bird's ignorance of the dying agony of his mate, and therefore of his loss, and Rustum's ignorance of the identity of Sohrab (his son), and, therefore, of his loss. First the male bird comes back to the nest, and sees from a distance the young, unattended by the mother-bird. Then he circles uneasily above the nest, and screams for his mate, while he is ignorant of her fate. These details are quite justifiable by the nature of an epic simile. But Arnold adds more pictorial details about the mother bird being no more reflected on the surface of the lake, and about the cliffs resounding no more with her cry.

568-575. *In some.........not*—**Expl.** Arnold speaks here of Rustum's ignorance that he has killed his own son, Sohrab, (Sohrab lies dying and Rustum stands over him). This is illustrated by a simile. A mother eagle is killed by a hunter, and lies dying in a mountain passage. She is now no more than a mass of quivering feathers as she writhes in agony. The lake will no more reflect her image, as it did when she was alive, and flew over it. The mountain will no more echo her cries as it did when she returned home. The point is that her mate knows nothing of her fate, as he returns home and sees the young left alone. Similarly Rustum, as he watched Sohrab dying, did not know that he had killed his own son.

576. *Cold*—indifferent (*i.e.*, taking but little interest in Sohrab then dying). *Incredulous*—unbelieving.

577. *Prate*—idle ; meaningless talk. *What.........revenge*—You talk of a father and revenge. What do you really mean ? Rustum thinks that the lying Sohrab is raving.

578. *The mighty Rustum.........son*—Rustum was told that his wife had borne a daughter lest he would take away the son from her to bring him up to arms (see above).

579. *Failing*—getting feebler or fainter.

580. *Ah............had*—I say he had a son. *That lost son*—'lost' son because father and son had never met, and therefore the son was lost to the father.

581. *News*—*i.e.*, the news of my death.

582. *Sits*—*i.e.*, leads an inactive life. Sohrab remembers what Peran-Wisa has told him, *viz.*, that Rustum is living now in retirement with his old father Zal. *Tarries*—lingers ; delays.

Tarries long—The idea is that Sohrab has been expecting his father to set forth in search of his son, and that now he is impatient at his delay.

583. *Somewhere................where*—Rustum is leading an inactive life somewhere, though I do not know where it is.

584. *Pierce*—the news of my death will pierce. *Stab*—thrust of the sword.

Pierce.........stab—go deep into his heart (and at once impel him into action).

583-584. *Leap to arms*—arm himself hurriedly. *Cry.........thee*—threaten to take revenge upon you.

585. *Fierce*—savage. *Bethink thee*—just pause and think. *For*—in the case of.

586. *What.........be*—how terrible will the grief and vengeance for an only son be !

587. *Could.........live*—I wish I could live. *Oh.........seen*—This wish of Sohrab is fulfilled. He lives long enough to see the violent grief of his father.

588. *Him*—my father. *Yet.........her*—Yet I do not feel so much for my father as I do for my mother (he means to say that grief for him will be killing to his mother). **N.B.** In the

Shah Nama when Tahmineh, Sohrab's mother, heard of his death, she set fire to her palace, and was going to leap into the flames, but was prevented by her attendants. She mourned her son one full year, and then her own death terminated her grief for her son.

590. *Ader-baijan*—See above.

591. *Old King*—King of Samengan, a Turanian city in Ader-baijan. **N.B.** Rustum was drawn to Samengan by the theft of his horse, Ruksh. It appears later that Tahmineh had the horse carried off that Rustum might follow him to Samengan. So he met Tahmineh who had already fallen in love with him, and married her.

591-592. *Who.........age*—who is getting older day by day. *Valiant*—brave. *Koords*—people of mixed stock in the upland region, called Koordistan, between Armenia and Mesopotamia. "A slender, straight-nosed, moustached, long-headed people—the last feature emphasised by head-deformation in the cradle—they descend from the neolithic Mediterranean brown race."

595. *Spoils*—plunder. *Done*—ended.

596. *Dark*—vague. *Rumour*—report. *Bruited up*—noised abroad. It is a word (both *n.*, and *v.*) that occurs frequently in Shakespeare. Compare :

"I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited"

—*I Henry VI*, II. iii. 68.

A noun it means *rumour* or *report* in Shakespeare.

597. *From.........tribe*—passing from one tribe to another. It should be noted that the Tartars did not make one composite nation, but were divided into tribes or clans, each under a chieftain of its own.

598. *Defenceless*—(i) helpless ; (ii) left without defence by the death of her son.

599. *Rejoice*—gladden.

600. *Nameless*—of no fame.

600-601. *In battle.........slain*—In that heroic age which is portrayed in the *Shah Nama*, it was a great disgrace to die at the hands of an unfamed enemy.

Lines 602—648

Substance—Rustum pondered over what Sohrab had said. He remembered to have had news of a daughter being born. He, therefore, imagined either that Sohrab wanted to boast by calling himself Rustum's son or that people gave him the title to add to his fame. Yet he mused and tears gathered in his eyes in recollecting the days of his youth, and Sohrab's mother, and that old king, her father—and the sports and games that he had pursued in Ader-baijan. Rustum then told Sohrab that Rustum had but a daughter, and no son.

Paraphrase—As Sohrab finished, he sobbed loudly, thinking of his mother, and how his death would afflict her. While Rustum heard him, he began to ponder on what Sohrab said. Nor did he yet believe that it was his son who was speaking to him, though he (*i.e.*, Sohrab) recalled names that were familiar to him. Rustum had reliable information that the baby who was born had been a mere girl, and not a boy at all. It was thus that the poor mother informed him lest Rustum should take away the boy to bring him up to arms; and so Rustum imagined either that Sohrab boasted by calling himself Rustum's son or that people added this title to him to honour him. Yet Rustum seemed to be musing, and his heart was invaded by grief, as the shore is flooded by the waves of the sea at the full moon. Tears stood in his eyes, for he now recalled the days of his youth and the wild joys of those days. As at daybreak the shepherd from his mountain-cottage beholds a distant, bright city, caught in the rays of the sun, through the haze of floating clouds, so Rustum beheld the days of his youth. He recalled the vision of Sohrab's mother in her youth, of that old king, her father, who was so kind to the stranger (*i.e.*, Rustum) and gave him his lovely daughter in marriage. He recalled the happy life that they three had led in that long past summer-time. He recalled the castle, the dew-sprinkled woods, the chase and morning on those pleasant hills in Ader-baijan. He looked at Sohrab, who, judged by age and looks, might have been his own dear son. Sohrab lay on the sand, a pathetic and lovely sight, like some luxuriant hyacinth which has been cut down by a clumsy gardener with his scythe, while trimming the garden grass-plots near it, and which lies, a huge heap of sweet-smelling red flowers, on the cut and dying grass

—so Sohrab lay, beautiful in death, upon the plain sand. Rustum looked upon him with sorrow, and said : "O Sohrab, Rustum would have been proud of such a son as you are, if you had been his son. Yet you make a mistake here, Sohrab, or people have misinformed you, for Rustum had no son. He had but one child, and that was a girl. She with her mother now performs some light work, fit for a woman, nor thinks of us, nor of battle and bloodshed."

602. *Ceased*—finished speaking.

603. *Her he left*—the mother who was left behind to mourn him. *His own death*—(thinking) how his own death would almost kill his mother with grief. **N.B.** Sohrab seems to have a mysterious foreknowledge of his mother's violent grief on hearing his death. As a matter of fact, when Tahmineh, Sohrab's mother, heard of his death, she set fire to her palace and was going to burn herself to death.

604. *He spoke*—Epic repetition. *Plunged*—absorbed. *Plunged in thought*—musing ; lost in himself ; busy thinking within himself.

605. *Nor......believe*—He was far from yet believing.

606. *Call'd back*—recalled. *Names*—such names as Aderbaijan, Koords, etc. *He*—*i.e.*, Rustum.

607. *Sure*—positive (about which he could make no mistake). *Tidings*—news. Of Scandinavian origin. M. E. *tithing*, Late A. S. *tiding*, altered from O. Norse *tithindi*, things that happen. *Babe*—baby.

609. *Puny*—small or weak. *A puny girl*—In a warlike age like that a father could not be very much interested in a daughter ; so Rustum took no further notice of the news that a girl had been born to him.

610. *Sad mother*—'sad' in fear that the boy would be taken away from her to be brought up to arms. *Sent......word*—informed Rustum. *For fear*—lest.

611. *Seek*—want. *To train in arms*—to bring him as a soldier.

612. *So*—because Rustum was given to understand that a daughter, and not a son, had been born to him. *Deem'd*—thought. *Took*—assumed.

613. *By......boast*—in order to boast idly. *Style*—title.

614. *Swell*—increase. *Swell his fame*—add to his honour.

615. *So deem'd......thought*—Epic repetition.

616. *Set*—moved. Generally used in this sense of wind, tide, etc. *Vast tide*—An in-coming tide is meant.

617. *Racking*—in motion. *Sets to shore*—flows towards the shore.

616-618. *As the vast tide......moon*—**N.B.** The water of the ocean is attracted towards the moon so that it forms a peak, or outward bulge, on a line passing from the moon through the centre of the earth. As the earth rotates, its surface passes beneath this outward bulging mass—which is held on the central line, by the moon's attraction, so that the peak line itself seems to move—producing thereby the rise and fall of tides. At new and full moon (when the sun is in line with the moon and earth, and their effects are in the same direction) there are *spring tides*, which are higher than normal. Arnold speaks of the spring tide here. *Full moon*—It is full moon when we see the whole of it. *Tears......eyes*—tears filled his eyes. A human touch.

616-618. *And his soul......moon*—**Expl.** After Sohrab had spoken of his mother and of Ader-baijan, Rustum's heart was deeply shaken by grief. It is illustrated by the simile of *spring tide* at the full moon. Rustum's heart was invaded by a great wave of grief, just as the shore is flooded by the rising tide of the sea at full moon. The simile appropriately describes the on-rushing of grief into Rustum's heart.

619. *His ......youth*—the days of his early youth. *For he...... youth*—Note that Rustum, though a savage warrior, is open to tender emotion. The recollections of his days of youth touch him into sadness.

620. *Bounding rapture*—wild, irrepressible joy. The expression is reminiscent of Wordsworth. Compare :

"That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures."

—*Lines on Tintern Abbey.*

619-620. *For he remember'd......rapture*—**N.B.** Thoughts of the past awaken sorrow in Rustum's heart. The perception of joys and scenes that have vanished, is a most potent source of melancholy in later days. So Byron says,

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay."

621. *Mountain-lodge*—a small hut on the slope of a mountain. *Describes*—beholds.

622. *Bright city*—a city gleaming in the sun. *Smitten*—struck. *Smitten......sun*—caught in the rays of the sun.

623. *Through......clouds*—through the haze of vapoury clouds that move through the air.

620-623. *As at dawn......clouds*—A very appropriate simile. The memories of the past came back to Rustum. The memories were dim and hazy. Just as a shepherd, dwelling on a mountain slope, beholds a distant, bright city, caught in the rays of the sun, through the haze of clouds, so Rustum caught the memories of his early youth through the misty haze of the past. As the clouds obscure the vision of the distant city, so in the case of Rustum the past obscured the memories of his early youth.

624. *In......bloom*—in the beauty of youth.

627. *His wandering guest*—*i.e.*, Rustum who came to Samengan in search of his missing horse (Ruksh). *Gave him*—gave (his daughter) in marriage. *His fair child*—*i.e.*, Tahmineh.

626-629. *Gave......joy*—In the *Shah Nama* we are told that

Joyous the monarch smiled, and gave his child
To that brave champion (*i.e.*, Rustum).

The king was delighted to give his daughter in marriage to a celebrated warrior like Rustum. *Pleasant life*—gay and happy life following the marriage.

628. *They three*—Rustum, his wife and her father. *Long-distant*—long past.

629. *The castle etc.*—*i.e.*, saw (in his mind's eye) the castle, the dewy woods, etc. *Dewy*—dew-sprinkled.

629-630. *Hunt......hound*—*i.e.*, hunting with dogs. *The castle ......hills*—A picture of the English countryside in the morning. Compare :

"Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill."
—Milton : *L'Allegro*.

631. *Saw......youth*—looked at Sohrab lying on the sand.

632. *Of......son*—who, judged by his age and appearance, might have been his son.

633. *Piteous*—pathetic. *Piteous and lovely*—Sohrab looked piteous and lovely as he lay on the sand.

634. *Rich*—luxuriant ; abundantly loaded with leaves and flowers. *Hyacinth*—a flowering plant of the order Liliaceæ. The hyacinth is a very popular spring flower. With its spike of bell-shaped and sweet-scented blooms it makes a fine show in gardens and parks. The wild hyacinth (*Scilla nutans*) is the bluebell that paints the woods in England in spring with a haze of blue.

N.B. In the old Greek story Hyacinthus was a beautiful Spartan youth whom the god Apollo killed by accident while teaching him to throw the discus, a round plate of stone or metal like the quoit. From the blood of the youth grew the flower which the ancient Greeks called a hyacinth. It bore on its petals the letters AI, AI (the Greek for 'alas'). Marks like these can be seen on the larkspur, but not on the hyacinth. *Scythe*—a long curved blade with a crooked handle used for mowing or reaping.

625. *Unskilful*—raw and clumsy.

636. *Mowing*—cutting grass. *Its bed*—the bed of the hyacinth. 'Bed' is a plot of ground in a garden.

637. *A fragrant......bloom*—a huge mass of sweet-smelling and red flowers. The phrase illustrates Arnold's close and accurate observation. First, the flowers of the hyacinth grow

in a mass and in abundance ; hence the significance of 'tower.' Secondly, the flowers are sweet-smelling and yellowish-red in colour ('*purple bloom*').

638. *Mown*—cut. *Dying*—withering.

634-638. *Like some rich hyacinth......lay*—In lines 314-318 Sohrab is like a cypress, tall, and dark, and straight, which grows in a queen's secluded garden. Sohrab's tallness, slenderness and delicacy of features are emphasized there. Now when he lies dying on the sand, he is compared to a mass of hyacinth flowers. Here too his beauty, grace and tenderness are emphasized.

639. *Common*—plain. *Upon......sand*—A contrast between the lovely, graceful body of Sohrab and the plain sandy shore of the Oxus.

640. *Gazed on*—looked upon. *With grief*—The tender feeling, the fatherly yearning which first entered Rustum's soul when he saw Sohrab, now came back to him.

642. *Wert......his*—if you had been his son.

641-642. *O Sohrab......loved*—Rustum would have been proud of such a son as you are, if you had been his son.

643. *Yet......errest*—yet here you make a mistake.

644 *Told......false*—wrongly informed you.

646. *But*—only.

647. *Plies*—goes through ; works at. 'Ply' is an aphetic form (involving loss of the initial unaccented vowel) of *apply*. 'Ply' is used here of domestic work. Similarly in Gray's *Elegy* :

"Or busy housewife *ply* her evening care."

Light—easy to perform ; not requiring much physical toil. *Female task*—a work that is fit for a woman, as cooking, sewing, etc. *Dreams......us*—has any thought to give to warriors like ourselves.

648. *Of us......war*—She does not think of us, nor does she care to think of battle and bloodshed.

Lines 649—689

Substance—At the doubt expressed by Rustum, Sohrab lost his temper, and said that he bore the mark of Rustum's

seal on his arm. And he showed it to Rustum. It was a sign, pricked in red—the sign of a griffin that brought up Zal, Rustum's father.

Paraphrase—But Sohrab answered him in anger; for now the pain, caused by the spear that had gone deep into his flesh, grew worse, and he wanted to pluck it out, and let the blood flow freely which might hasten his death. But first he must prove to his obstinate enemy that he was Rustum's son. And so supporting himself on one arm, he said: "Man, who are you that contradict my words? A dying man has no reason to tell a lie. While I lived, I had nothing to do with falsehood. I tell you, traced upon this arm I bear the mark of the seal that Rustum gave to my mother, so that she might mark with it the baby, she bore." When Sohrab had said this, Rustum's face went pale, and his knees trembled, and he hit his chest with his hand, his gauntleted hand, so that the stiff coat of mail resounded, and he pressed the other hand to his heart, and he spoke in a broken and hoarse voice. "Sohrab, that would be a proof which I could not deny. If you show me this, then I shall say that you are Rustum's son." Then, quickly, with his trembling fingers, he unfastened the belt, and uncovered his arm near the shoulder and showed a sign, traced in light red points; as a skilful workman, in Pekin, traces a design in red on a transparent porcelain vase, which is meant to be presented to an emperor—he paints in the early morning and all day long and, when night approaches, the lamp illumines his tense, knitted brow and his delicate hands—so nicely traced the sign appeared on Sohrab's arm. It was the mark of Rustum's seal. It was the figure of the griffin (a fabulous creature, half lion, and half eagle), which in ancient times brought up Zal, Rustum's father, when he was exposed to die, an unprotected baby, on the mountain cliffs, whom the griffin found, and brought up. Rustum adopted it for his emblem, and Sohrab showed it traced on his arm. Then Sohrab examined it long sadly, and then he touched it with his hand and said: "What do you say now? Is that the right sign of Rustum's son, or is it a sign belonging to some other than Rustum?"

649. *Wrath*—anger.

650. *Anguish*—pain. *Deep fixed spear*—spear that had penetrated far into the flesh. *Fierce*—severe.

651. *Draw forth*—pluck out. *The steel*—the steel point of the spear.

652. *Let......free*—If the steel point of the spear is drawn out, the blood will gush forth. *So*—as the result of bleeding.

653. *Convince....foe*—make his unbelieving enemy (Rustum) believe. *Stubborn*—obstinate (in disbelieving what Sohrab said).

654. *Sternly*—angrily. *Rising......arm*—being angry, and raising himself on one arm.

655. *Deny*—disbelieve. *Who......words*—who are you that dare to disbelieve my words ?

656. *Truth............men*—a dying man does not tell a lie. Compare :

"O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony ;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain."

—Shakespeare : *Richard II.* II. i. 5-8.

657. *Was......mine*—had nothing to do with me.

658. *Prick'd*—traced. *Upon this arm*—Sohrab points to the arm on which the sign is pricked.

659. *Seal*—the mark of the seal.

659-660. *The seal which......bore*—In the *Shah Nama* Rustum gave Tahmineh an amulet of onyx, and bade her fasten it on the arm of a son that might be born, or place it in the hair, if it were a girl. *That*—so that. *Prick it*—trace or draw the sign.

661. *All the blood......cheeks*—Rustum turned pale.

662. *Totter'd*—trembled. *Smote*—struck.

662-663. *Smote...breast*—a sign of grief. *Mailed*—gauntleted (see above).

664. *That*—so that. *Corslet*—defensive covering for the body. As applied to armour, this word is used for a complete suit of armour, for body armour as distinguished from armour for the limbs, and for a breast-plate. Here the breast-plate is meant. *Clank'd*—resounded. *Aloud*—loudly.

665. *And to his heart......hand*—He pressed the other hand to his heart to still its heaving emotion.

666. *Hollow*—broken or made hoarse by emotion. *Spake*—spoke.

667. *Were*—would be. *Which......lie*—which could not be challenged.

668. *Then......son*—then I shall admit that you are Rustum's son.

669. *With......finger*—As he was getting weaker, he made haste to loosen the belt with his trembling fingers. *Loosed*—untied.

670. *Bared*—uncovered.

671. *Faint vermilion*—light red. *Points*—dots.

672. *Prick'd*—To prick is to make a dot, point or mark with a pointed instrument (*e.g.*, a needle). *Cunning*—skilful. Original sense of the word. *Pekin*—capital of China.

673. *Porcelain*—a fine kind of earthenware, thin and usually translucent.

The Chinese were the first to make porcelain, probably in the T'ang Dynasty (618-907). Their porcelain factories were visited by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. The introduction of porcelain articles from China—hence the name of China for this kind of pottery—stimulated Europeans to imitate it. *Vase*—a vessel of pottery, alabaster, metal etc., of various forms but usually circular and greater in depth than width, used for various, chiefly ornamental purposes.

674. *An emperor's gift*—a gift for an emperor.

675. *Lights up*—illumines. *Studious*—fixed in concentration. *Thin*—delicate.

674-676. *At early morn......hands*—These details are added for a pictorial effect, but have nothing to do with the original comparison.

677. *Delicately*—nicely ; with rare skill.

669-678. *Then with weak......Rustum's seal*—**Expl.** Arnold points out here how Rustum recognizes his son, Sohrab. Sohrab had the sign of a griffin (a fabulous animal, partly a lion and partly an eagle). The griffin was the emblem that Rustum bore. Sohrab now showed Rustum the sign of the griffin, traced on his arm. Sohrab hastily unloosed his belt,

and bared his arm up to the shoulder. The sign of the griffin appeared to be traced on his arm in faint red dots. It was very neatly and delicately traced. This is illustrated by a simile. A skilled Chinese workman in Pekin works day and night, when painting a porcelain vase, which is intended to be presented to an emperor—he will work at it even at night when the lamp lights up his pale, concentrated features. The sign of the griffin on Sohrab's arm is as delicately wrought as the design of the Chinese artist on the porcelain vase.

679. *Griffin*—A fabulous animal with the legs and body of a lion and the wings and head of an eagle. N.B. The griffin in ancient times was supposed to be sacred to the sun and to keep guard over hidden treasures. The ancient Persians and later the Greeks used the griffin in decoration, especially in sculpture, and the Teutonic and Latin races have used it as a device in heraldry and woven it into their legends. *Of old*—in ancient times. *Which......Zal*—See above.

680. *Whom......die*—Zal was born with snowy hair, and it was considered a bad omen, and so he was exposed on Mt. Elburz.

681. *A helpless babe*—a baby, unable to protect itself. *Among ......rock*—on Mt. Ellburz.

602. *That kind creature*—*i e.*, griffin. Similarly Romulus and Remus (the traditional ancestors of the Romans) were nursed by a wolf. *Rear'd*—brought up.

683. *Took*—adopted. *His glorious sign*—his heraldic emblem.

684. *Bared*—uncovered. *Image*—print.

685. *Himself*—*i.e.*, Sohrab. *Scann'd*—examined. *Mournful*—sad.

686. *Touch'd......hand*—a gesture of certainty.

687. *Proper*—distinctive ; one's own. Compare :

"......men hang and drown
Their *proper* selves'—*Tempest*, III. iii. 59-60.

"My *proper* son"
—*2 Henry IV.* V. ii. 109.

How.........thou—what do you say to that ?

688. *Some other man's*—*i.e.*, some other man's son. There is a sarcastic note in these words.

Lines 689—725

Substance—Rustum cried out to Sohrab when all his doubt had been dispelled, and sank down to the earth. Sohrab crept nearer to him, and caressed him. Rustum threw the dust over his head (as a sign of grief), and when he drew his sword to kill himself, Sohrab stopped him, and comforted him by saying that what Fate decreed, had happened.

Paraphrase—Sohrab stopped. Rustum long gazed at him, and stood dumb. Then he uttered one agonizing cry, "O boy, I am your father !" His voice failed him. His eyes rolled in a mist : his head seemed to spin round, and he fell down to the earth senseless. Sohrab crept to him where he fell, and threw his arms round his neck, and kissed his lips. He patted his (Rustum's) cheeks fondly with his trembling fingers, trying to bring him back to his senses. Rustum revived and opened his eyes. And his eyes stared in speechless horror. He took the dust in both his hands and threw it on his head, soiling his hair, face, beard and bright armour. He was seized in a fit of groans, and struggled with his sobs. He clasped his sword to draw it and to put an end to his life. But Sohrab, foreseeing his purpose, caught hold of his hands, and spoke words of comfort : "Father, stop ! for what Fate decreed for me, is fulfilled to-day, and you are but an unknowing agent of Fate. My heart indeed yearned for you as my father, when I first saw you, and I know that your heart responded to mine. But Fate cruelly stifled those instinctive yearnings of our hearts. Fate summoned us to the combat, and Fate pointed my father's spear to my heart. It is no good speaking of it any more. It is a great satisfaction to me that at last I find my father. Let me feel it in the fulness of my heart. Do please sit beside me on this sand, and clasp my head between your hands, and kiss my cheeks, and bedew them with your tears, and say, "My son !" Do not lose a moment. My life is ebbing away. I came as swift as the flash of lightning, and I pass away like the wind. It has been all so sudden and swift like a wind that passes away. But it was pre-ordained that it should be so."

689. *Gazed......gazed*—long looked wistfully at Sohrab.

690. *Speechless*—dumb. Rustum's emotion was now too deep for words. *Sharp cry*—a cry of pain.

691. *O boy—thy father*—O boy, I am your father ! *His voice ......there*—He could utter no more words.

692. *Then......eyes*—It is the approach of unconsciousness. First, everything seems to go round and round before the eyes. Then there is a blur or mist before the eyes.

693. *His head swam*—His head seemed to spin round. This is the effect of dizziness. *Sank......earth*—fell down to the ground senseless.

694. *Crawl'd*—crept. *Cast*—threw.

695. *Fond*—affectionate. Transferred epithet. *Faltering*—trembling. *Stroked*—patted.

697. *Call......life*—bring him back to his senses. *Life*—*i.e.*, consciousness.

693. *Oped*—archaic for 'opened.'

699. *Stood wide*—*i.e.*, stared wildly. *With horror*—as the effect of his realization of his horrible deed (in killing his own son).

699-701. *And he seized......head*—sign of mourning in the East. Compare :

"And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice, and wept ; and they rent every one his mantle, and *sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven*". —*Job*, II. 12.

Smirch'd—soiled ; stained.

702. *Glittering*—shining.

703. *Strong*—deep. *Convulsive groanings*—*i.e.*, groans which were emitted in gasps. *Shook*—agitated.

704. *Sobs*—violent weeping, in which the breath is caught in a convulsive manner. *Choked*—suffocated. *Clutch'd*—seized.

705. *Draw*—pull out of its sheath. *For......out*—kill himself.

706. *Saw*—foresaw. *Thought*—intention. *Held......hands*—caught hold of his hands.

707. *Soothing*—comforting.

703-707. *And strong......said*—**Expl.** Arnold describes here the violent grief of Rustum, when he realizes that he has killed his own son. Rustum's groans came in quick gasps. His whole body was shaken by these groans. Rustum wept, and his weeping seemed to suffocate him. He seized his sword to draw it, that he might put an end to his life. Sohrab foresaw Rustum's intention; and caught hold of his hands, and spoke to him words of comfort.

708. *Forbear*—stop. *But*—only.

709. *Doom*—fate.

709-710. *Which......Heaven*—The idea that a man's course of life and the manner of his death are all fixed in heaven as soon as he is born, prevails in the East; and it is believed that what is so pre-ordained, cannot be shunned. But *fatalism* in some form or other existed everywhere.

N.B. "The Turk, who believes his doom is written on the iron leaf in the moment when he entered the world, rushes on the enemy's sabre with undivided will. The Turk, the Arab, the Persian, accepts the foreordained fate.

"On two days, it steads not to run from thy grave,
The appointed, and the unappointed day;
On the first, neither balm nor physician can save
Nor thee, on the second, the Universe slay."

The Hindoo, under the wheel, is as firm. Our Calvinists, in the last generation, had something of the same dignity. They felt that the weight of the Universe held them down to their place. What could *they* do? Wise men feel that there is something which cannot be talked or voted away,—a strap or belt which girds the world.

"The Destiny, minister general,
That executeth in the world o'er all,
The purveyance which God hath seen before
So strong it is, that, though the world had sworn
The contrary of a thing by yea or nay,
Yet sometime it shall fallen on a day
That falleth not oft in a thousand year;
For, certainly, our appetite here,

Be it of war, or peace, or hate, or love,
All this is ruled by the sight above."

Chaucer: *The Knight's Tale.*

The Greek Tragedy expressed the same sense: "Whatever is fated, that will take place. The great immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed."

Heaven's......hand—*i.e.*, the unknowing agent of God's will. *Thou......hand*—you did not kill me of your own will, but Fate employed you as its agent, and directed your hand.

711. *My heart......thou*—My heart instantly recognized you, and yearned for you.

712. *Thy heart......too*—Your heart too responded to mine (you felt fatherly affection for me as I was drawn to you by my filial instinct).

713. *Trod*—trampled. *These promptings*—the cravings of the heart (that a son feels for his father, and a father feels for his son).

714. *Under......heel*—*i.e.*, most ruthlessly. *Engaged*—summoned us to.

715. *Strife*—combat (between father and son). *Hurl'd*—threw. *Hurl'd......spear*—let me be killed by my father's spear.

711-715. *Surely my heart......spear*—**Expl.** These are the words of comfort that the dying Sohrab speaks to Rustum. (Sohrab has been mortally wounded by his father Rustum). Sohrab points out to him that he (*i.e.*, Rustum) could not be blamed for his death, for he was but the unknowing agent of Fate. Sohrab makes Fate responsible for all that has happened. Sohrab yearned for Rustum as a father, when he first saw him. So Rustum too felt the *father* (fatherly feeling) rising in his heart. Just as Sohrab was drawn to Rustum by his filial instinct, so Rustum too felt fatherly affection for him. But, as Sohrab points out here, these natural cravings of their hearts were stifled and killed by Fate. Fate willed otherwise than that father and son should meet and know each other. Fate summonded them to the fight, Fate, as Sohrab says, directed the point of Rustum's spear to his heart. So with Fate unfavourable, the father Rustum killed his son, Sohrab—not knowing that Sohrab was his son.

716. *But........this*—But we should better drop this unpleasant matter.

716-717. *I find......father*—It is a far more pleasant thing to think of, and that is that I have found my father. *Let......found* —Let me have the pleasure of realizing that I have found my father. *Feel*—*i.e.*, feel in the fulness of the heart. *That*—equivalent to 'that which.'

719. *Betwixt*—between.

720. *Wash*—bathe.

721. *Quick*—do not waste a minute, but caress me at once. *Number'd......life*—I have but a few moments to live. The metaphor is from a sand-glass. The sand-glass was once used for measuring time. It consists of two glass balls, connected by a narrow neck, through which sand, contained in one, trickles to the other. Here the idea is this : the sands in the upper glass ball are now a few grains or particles, and will soon trickle down into the lower glass—and thus life will soon run out like the sands.

722. *And swift*—*i.e.*, swifly running out. To be taken with 'sands of life.' *Like...lightning*—like a flash of lightning. *This field*—this field of battle.

722-723. *For like......came*—The idea is that this encounter between father and son was sudden and abrupt, and passed off so quickly. Sohrab might be thinking of his sudden decision to challenge the Persian lords to single combat—and what followed, the fight between himself and his father, resulting in his fall, happened so quickly. *Go away*—depart (from life). *Like......away*—A Biblical simile. Compare :

"For he remembered that they were but flesh ; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again"—*Psalms*, LXXVIII. 39.

722-723. *For like the lightning......away*—Shortness of life is a recurrent *motif* in an epic poem.

724. *Passing wind*—a wind that passes away and never comes back.

725. *Writ*—written, *i.e.*, preordained. *That......be*—that I should die by my father's hand.

Lines 726—766

Substance—Comforted by Sohrab's words, Rustum threw his arms round his neck and kissed him. Ruksh now drew

near, and seemed to feel their grief, and shed tears. Sohrab patted the horse's head, and comparing himself with the horse, said that the horse was more lucky than himself, for the horse had been in Seistan, and had been fed by Zal.

Paraphrase—Thus spoke Sohrab. His words of comfort greatly relieved Rustum's heart. Tears streamed down from his eyes. Rustum threw his arms round his son's neck, and wept loudly, and kissed him. When the two armies saw Rustum's grief, they were filled with fear and reverence. Ruksh, the horse, drew nearer with his head bent to the ground and his mane trailing through the dust. And in silent grief he put in his head first to the one and then to the other, as if he wanted to know what they mourned. From his dark, kindly eyes big and hot drops of tears trickled down, and formed the sand into a lump. But Rustum rebuked him sternly, and said, "Ruksh, now you are in grief; but, O Ruksh, your feet should have been dislodged from their joints before they had brought your master to this battle-field." But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said, "Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in the past, my mother told me of you, you brave horse, a horse befitting my father, and said that I should one day find you and your master. Let me stroke your mane (the long hair on the neck of a horse). O Ruksh, you are more lucky than I, for you have been where I shall never go, and breathed the air of my father's home. You have walked over the sandy plain of Seistan, and seen the river of Helmund, and the lake of Zirrah. The old Zal himself has often patted your neck, and has given you food—corn moistened with wine in a gold dish, and said, "O Ruksh! carry Rustum safely." But I have never seen my grandfather's wrinkled face, nor have I seen his big house in Seistan, nor quenched my thirst at the bright Helmund stream. I have dwelt among the enemies of my father, and seen Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, and lonely Khiva in the desert, and the black Tartar tents, and have drunk only from the desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend, Kohik, and where the Kalmuks graze their sheep, the northern Sir, and this great Oxus, the yellow Oxus, by whose shore I die."

726. *His voice*—*i.e.*, the words of comfort that Sohrab spoke. *Released the heart*—*i.e.*, set free the tears. Rustum's grief seemed to be choking him; now tears relieved him.

727. *Broke forth*—started flowing. *Cast*—threw.

729. *Awe*—both fear and reverence. *Hosts*—armies.

731. *Bowing*—bent. *Mane*—long hair on the neck of a horse.

732. *Sweeping*—trailing through ; brushing along. *Mute*—dumb ; speechless. *Woe*—misery.

733. *Moved*—shoved or pushed.

734-735. *What......mean*—what had so upset them. *Compassionate*—kindly.

736. *Warm*—burning. *Roll'd down*—trickled down. *Caked*—formed into a hard mass.

737. *Chid*—rebuked. *With......voice*—harshly.

738. *Now......grievest*—now you are full of sorrow.

738-739. *Thy feet......joints*—Thy feet should have broken loose from their joints which give them strength and speed. *Nimble*—brisk ; quick.

740. *Or ere*—*i.e.*, before. The phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare. In the early editions 'when' first stood for 'or ere.' *Thy master*—Rustum. *This field*—This fatal field where Sohrab falls.

743. *Steed*—horse.

744. *My terrible......horse*—horse as celebrated for courage as my father, therefore, a horse befitting my father.

745. *That I should ......thee*—Sohrab recalls the past. Those reminiscences of the past connect him with his mother in his dying moments. *Lord*—master.

746. *Lay......mane*—stroke your mane. *Mane*—the long hair on the neck of a horse.

747. *Thou......I*—The horse is more lucky than Sohrab because the horse has seen Seistan, and has been stroked by the old Zal.

748. *Where*—Sohrab thinks of Seistan, his father's home.

749. *Snuff'd*—breathed. *My......home*—*i.e.*, Seistan.

750. *Trod*—walked over. *Sands*—sandy plain.

751. *River of Helmund*—flows through Afghanistan and part of Seistan into Lake Zirrah.

752. *Zirrah*—in Seistan.

753. *Stroked*—patted.

754. *Platter*—a large shallow dish or plate. *Soak'd......wine*—steeped in wine.

755. *Bear......well*—carry Rustum safe and sound.

756. *Furrow'd*—wrinkled.

757. *Lofty*—high.

758. *Slaked*—quenched. *Clear*—transparent.

756-758. *Have......stream*—In this dying moment Sohrab thinks of Seistan and its neighbourhood with a wistful yearning. He has never been to Seistan, but he has heard his mother talk of it often, and he can picture it in all its details. Now his heart pines for it—a sort of homesickness.

759. *Lodged*—dwelt. *My......foes*—*i.e.*, the Persians.

760. *Samarcand*—See above.

761. *Bokhara*—See above. *Lone*—lonely (*i.e.*, thinly peopled). *In the waste*—On the south of Khiva is the Kara-kum desert; on the east is the Kizil-kum desert, from which it is separated by the Oxus. Khiva is a sort of oasis in the midst of a desert.

762. *Toorkmun*—See above. *Drunk*—*i.e.*, drunk from.

763. *Desert rivers*—rivers that lose themselves in the desert. *Moorghab*—a river that rises in the Hindu Kush mountains and ends in the desert surrounding Khiva. *Tejend*—another river that rises in the Hindu Kush mountains, and loses itself in the desert.

764. *Kohik*—another desert river. *Kalmuks*—See above.

765. *Northern Sir*—the river called Sir Daria (or ancient Jaxartes), rising in the Tian Shan mountains and flowing into the Aral Sea.

766. *Yellow Oxus*—'Yellow' because of the sand precipitated in it. *Brink*—margin ; shore.

Lines 763—826

Substance—Rustum wished that he had been drowned in the Oxus. Sohrab begged him to live and win fresh fame in his old age. He made a double request to Rustum—(i) to

spare the Tartar army and let it cross the Oxus and (ii) to bury him (Sohrab) in Seistan and erect a lofty tomb to him. Rustum promised to fulfil this double request. Rustum now expressed a yearning for a life of peace.

Paraphrase—Then in a tone of sad moaning Rustum wailed, "I wish that the waves of the Oxus had been flowing over me, that I had lain at its bottom and the grains of yellow sand had been deposited in my hair." But protesting Sohrab replied mildly, "Do not entertain such a desire. You must live, for some are born to achieve great deeds as some are born to die unknown. May you accomplish the deeds that I am prevented from accomplishing by my early death, and win fresh fame in your old age. You are my father, what you gain (*e.g.*, new fame) is a gain to me also. But I have a request to make to you. You see this large body of men (Tartars) who follow me. Do spare them. They have done no harm to you. They followed me—they attached themselves to my fortunes. I beseech you to let them cross the Oxus back in peace. But you must not send me with them. You must carry me with you to Seistan, and place me on a bed and mourn for me. Let the white-haired Zal and all your friends join in that mourning. You must bury me in the dear soil of Seistan, and build a lofty tomb over my remains and erect a pillar that can be seen from a great distance, so that a rider across the desert may see my tomb from far off and say, "Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies buried there, whom his father killed unknowingly, and so then I may be remembered after death." Sadly Rustum replied, "Set your mind at ease. As you desire, Sohrab, my son, so it will be done. I will burn my tents, leave the Persian army, and carry you away with me to Seistan, and place you on a bed, and mourn for you with the white-haired Zal and all my friends. And I will bury you in the dear earth of Seistan, and raise a lofty tomb and set up a pillar that can be seen from a distance—and so men shall remember you after death. I will also do no harm to the Tartars, but let them cross the Oxus back in peace. What is the good of killing any more people? I wish that all whom I have ever killed, were restored to life, including my bitterest enemies and those who were called heroes in their days, and through whose death I made my fame. I wish that I were nothing but an ordinary man—a poor soldier,

without fame, so that you were alive, my son. Or still better I wish that I, even I myself, might now be lying on the blood-stained sand mortally wounded by you unknowingly, in stead of you lying there, wounded to death by me. I wish I might die, in stead of you, and I, not you might be carried to Seistan, and Zal might mourn me, and not you, and say, 'O son, I do not weep bitterly for you, for you came by your death willingly.'' My youth was spent in battle and bloodshed. And my old age is hardly different—it is steeped in blood. It seems that my career will ever be through blood till the end."

767. *Heavy groan*—a deep moaning sound. *Bewail'd*—lamented.

768. *Its waves*—the waves of the Oxus. *Oh.........me*—I wish I were drowned in the Oxus.

769. *Grains*—particles. *Silt*—sediment.

770. *Roll.........head*—be heaped up on my head by the stream.

771. *Mild*—gentle.

772. *That*—your death. *Thou.........live*—you shall have to live.

773. *Some.........deeds*—It is the destiny of some to achieve renown by performing heroic deeds. *For some.........deeds*—An echo of Shakespeare's lines :

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." —*Twelfth Night,* II. v. 157-8.

Live—(i) they are spared by fate so that they may achieve fame, and then rest on their laurels ; (ii) live in the memory of others—become immortal by their fame.

774. *To be obscured*—to remain undistinguished. *Die*—(i) die physically, being cut off early in life ; (ii) leave no name behind (die and be forgotten). *As some.........die*—This applies to Sohrab, who is cut off early in life. The pathos of his futile life and destiny is well expressed in this single line.

775. *Deeds*—heroic deeds. *I die.........do*—which I cannot perform because I am cut off too early in life.

776. *Reap ....glory*—gather in the harvest of fresh fame; win new laurels. *Age*—*i.e.*, old age.

777. *Thy gain*—the fame you win (in your old age). *Thy ....mine*—The fame you win in your old age will reflect on me too—is a gain to me too.

776-777. *And reap.........mine*—Note that Sohrab handles his sorrow-stricken father very tactfully. Sohrab knows that nothing will appeal so much to Rustum as martial fame, and Sohrab harps on that string. He points out to his father that it is not yet time for him to die, that he has yet to win fresh fame which will do credit to the son too.

773-777. *For some are born.........mine*—**Expl.** Rustum has mortally wounded Sohrab—not knowing that Sohrab is his son. Now he knows. So Rustum wishes that he had been drowned in the Oxus. Sohrab seeks to comfort him. Sohrab says, "Do not yet talk of death. You are destined to win great fame still. Some are born to be great and live in the memory of others. You are one such. Some are born to remain undistinguished and die and be forgotten. You must perform the heroic deeds that I should have performed, if I had not been cut off early in life. You must win fresh fame in your old age. And the fame that you win, shall be mine too." Sohrab mainly appeals to Rustum's love of glory, and points out to him that he (Rustum) has still much glory to win—the glory that remains unwon by the son. Finally Sohrab insists that Rustum should win fresh fame for his (Sohrab's) sake.

778. *This......men*—the Tartar army.

779. *Follow me*—*i.e.,* follow me as their leader. *Slay*—kill. *I......these*—I pray you to spare these Tartars.

780. *Entreat*—beseech. *For them*—on their behalf. *What ......done*—they have done no harm to you.

781. *My hope*—*i.e.,* they identified themselves with my ambition. *My star*—refers to the astrological belief that a man's life is influenced by the star which is in the ascendant at the time of his birth. 'Star' stands for 'fortune'—Fig. *Metonymy.*

N.B. In Shakespeare there are frequent references to this belief. Compare :

"It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions."

—*King Lear*, IV. iii. 34-35.

Compare also the Latin proverb—"Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus" (*i.e.*, the stars rule men, but God rules the stars).

783. *But...hence*—but you must carry me away to Seistan.

785. *Place.........me*—Sohrab desires to be mourned ceremonially and elaborately.

786. *Snow-hair'd Zal*—See above.

787. *That lovely earth*—*i.e.*, the beloved soil of Seistan.

788. *Heap*—throw up. *Stately*—imposing. *Mound*—a raised mass of earth, stones, etc.

Mounds, heaped up artificially over a burial place, are the only traces that remain of some civilizations. An aboriginal race of North America called the mound-builders, has left great earth-works in many parts of the country. The largest of these mounds, in Illinois, is about a fifth of a mile long and a hundred feet high, and is surrounded by many smaller mounds.

Bones—remains.

789. *Plant*—set up. *Far-seen pillar*—*i.e.*, a pillar that would be seen from a great distance. 'Far-seen' is a proleptic use.

790. *That so*—that being so. *Waste*—desert.

791. *A great......off*—from a great distance.

792. *Lies*—lies buried.

793. *In ignorance*—unknowingly.

794. *Be not*—may not be.

796. *Fear not*—you need not worry.

796-797. *As......be*—As you desire, my son, so shall it be done. *Burn......tents*—He means that he will bid farewell to arms.

798. *Quit*—leave. *The host*—the Persian host.

800. *Place......thee*—*i.e.*, Rustum promises that Sohrab will be mourned ceremoniously as he desires.

802. *Lay*—bury. *That...earth*—the beloved soil of Seistan.

805. *Men.........grave*—When men will see the lofty pillar standing on your grave, they will talk of you, and so you will not be forgotten after your death.

806. *Spare......host*—do no harm to the Tartar army which follows you as leader.

808. *What.........more*—I have no more interest in killing men on the battle-field.

809. *Would*—I wish. *All...slain*—all men that I have ever killed.

810. *Might......alive*—might be restored to life. *Bitterest foes*—deadliest enemies. I wish my deadliest enemies were restored to life.

811. *Champions*—heroes. *In.........time*—when they were alive. *They......time*—*i.e.*, those who were known as heroes in their days might be once more alive.

812. *Through......death*—by killing whom.

813. *I were nothing*—I wish I were nothing. *But*—except.

814. *A poor......soldier*—a soldier without any fame or distinction. *Renown*—fame.

815. *So*—provided that. *Thou......too*—you were alive also.

816. *Rather would*—still better I wish.

817. *Bloody sand*—sand, stained with blood.

818. *Near death*—at the point of death. *Ignorant......thine*—a blow of yours given without knowing that I am your father. 'Ignorant' is a transferred epithet.

819. *Not......mine*—not you, (wounded) by an ignorant stroke of mine. *I......thou*—I wish I might die, and not you.

822. *Sore*—bitterly. *I......sore*—I do not mourn you too bitterly.

823. *Willingly*—deliberately ; of your free will. *Met'st...... end*—came by your death.

824. *But......youth*—My youth was spent in battle and blood-shed.

825. *Full......age*—In my old age too I am still pursuing the same life of violence.

826. *And I......blood*—And it seems that I shall go on like this—revel in blood-shed—till the end of my life.

N.B. This yearning for a life of peace in the mouth of Rustum seems to be out of place in a heroic poem. Of course

it is partly justified by the circumstances—it is, in the case of Rustum, the reaction of the horror of having killed his own son. It is partly Arnold's own yearning for peace.

Lines 827-864

Substance—With his dying voice Sohrab prophesied the day when Rustum would have peace. It was the day when he would return home by the sea after laying his master (Kai Khosroo) in the grave. Sohrab then drew forth the spear-point from his side, and the blood streamed, and with the blood his life ebbed away. Rustum kept sitting by his dead son.

Paraphrase—Then, as Sohrab lay dying, he replied: "Indeed, dreaded man, your life has been full of blood; yet time will bring you peace. But peace cannot be yours immediately; it is not yet time. You shall have peace on the day you sail in a lofty ship, you and other courtiers of Kaikhosroo, —peace shall be yours returning home across the sea after laying your beloved master in his grave." Rustum looked wistfully at Sohrab and then said, "May that day come soon, and may the sea be deep! Till then I must drag on my miserable life, if fate so desires." Rustum finished, and Sohrab smiled on him. Sohrab then pulled out the spear from his side, and thus relieved the extreme pain he had been suffering. The blood then streamed from the wound and his life ebbed away with the blood. The blood flowed from his side, dark and discoloured now, like the pale petals of white violets that have been gathered by children, and suddenly left on the bank where they grew as the children have been called home by their nurses to protect them from the growing heat of the sun. Sohrab's head sank low; his limbs relaxed. He lay motionless, and pale, with eyes closed. He opened his eyes only when he was shaken by deep, convulsive groans, (which seemed to recall him to life now and then), and fixed them unsteady on his father's face. At last all his strength left him, and the spirit parted from his body, and it must have felt regret when it left the warm body, its dwelling-place, and parted from youth, tenderness and the pleasant world. So on the blood-stained sand Sohrab lay dead. Rustum drew his cape down over his face and sat by his dead son. As Rustum reclined by his son, they resembled the black granite pillars

that once erected by Jemshid in Persepolis, to support his house, lie broken and uprooted on the mountain slope.

827. *At the point......replied*—**N.B.** Sohrab prophesies the end of Rustum. The gift of prophecy comes to the dying. Compare :

"From hence, no question, has sprung an observation······ ...confirmed now into a settled opinion that some long-experienced souls in the world, before their dislodging, arrive to the height of prophetic spirits."

—Old Translation of Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*.

828. *A life of blood*—*i.e.*, a life spent in violence and bloodshed. *A life......man*—Sohrab himself seems to shudder at the unending prospect of warfare—of hands ever stained with blood—that faces Rustum.

829. *But.........peace*—yet sometime this life of blood will end and you shall have peace and repose. The 'peace' of which Sohrab speaks here is the peace of death, the idea being that death alone can put an end to his career of blood. *Only... ...now*—not immediately, but sometime in future.

830. *Not yet*—The time is yet to come when your career of blood will cease.

831. *High-masted ship*—a ship having a high mast ; therefore a large ship.

832. *Peers*—nobles. *Kai Khosroo*—See above.

833. *Returning home*—*i.e.*, returning home Rustum and the nobles of Kai Khosroo will perish in the sea.

834. *Thy dear master*—*i.e.*, Kai Khosroo. *Laying......grave*—burying Kai Khosroo.

830-834. *But thou......grave*—Sohrab prophesies Rustum's end. But the prophecy is after all vague, and, according to the *Shah Nama*, Rustum dies in a different manner. In the *Shah Nama* Kai Khosroo, in his old age, divides his kingdom, and takes to the mountain solitude, accompanied by all his chief nobles, Rustum among them. He arrives at a fountain (which he had seen in a dream). He steps into the fountain and disappears. Some of his nobles, when returning home, perish in a snow-storm. But Rustum is not among them.

Later Rustum falls a victim to treachery. Arnold, for the sake of imaginative effect, varies the story. He supposes that Rustum and the other nobles of Kai Khosroo (after Kai Khosroo disappears in the fountain) return by sea (such as the Aral Sea) and perish in a storm. However, the vagueness of Sohrab's prophecy makes it so effective.

835. *Gazed......face*—looked earnestly at Sohrab's face.

836. *Soon......day*—May that day, which will bring peace to me, arrive soon ! *Deep.........sea*—May the sea (in which I drown) be deep !

837. *Till then*—until that day arrives. *If......wills*—if fate wishes that I should live on. *Let......endure*—I shall have to drag on a miserable existence.

838. *Sohrab......him*—Sohrab kept cheerful on the eve of his death. He met his death heroically. *Took*—caught hold of.

839. *Eased*—gave relief to.

840. *Imperious anguish*—the pain that could not be otherwise relieved than by the drawing forth of the spear ; the pain that demanded instant relief—was almost unbearable.

841. *Welling*—spouting. *Gash*—a deep, open cut.

841-842. *Life......stream*—As the blood flowed off, his life also ebbed away with it. *Stream*—*i.e.*, the stream of blood. *Cold......side*—'Cold' because his life was ebbing away ; 'white' because the blood flowing out left him white.

843. *Crimson torrent*—the red stream of blood. 'Crimson torrent' is an unhappy expression—it smacks too much of the poetic diction of the eighteenth century. *Dim*—dark, because the blood was becoming clotted. *Soil'd*—discoloured.

844. *Soil'd tissue*—fading petals. 'Tissue' otherwise means any fine woven material. *White violets*—Violets may be blue, purple or white. Shakespeare speaks of "daisies pied and violets blue."

845. *Gather'd*—plucked. *Native bank*—the ridge of earth where the flowers grew.

847. *Indoors......eye*—within the house from the blazing rays of the sun. *Sun's eye*—The sun is supposed to be staring down on the earth, and the rays are the looks of the sun. *Droop'd low*—sank downwards.

846-847. *By children......sun's eye*—Another reading is:

"By romping children when their nurses call
From the hot fields at noon."

Romping—playing roughly.

848. *Grew slack*—*i.e.*, Sohrab was dying. *White*—pale and bloodless.

849. *Heavy gasps*—*i.e.*, breath which came in deep gasps. Sohrab's end was near.

850. *Quivering......frame*—shaking his body.

851. *Convulsed......life*—recalled him to life momentarily by the movement, caused by his struggle to get the breath out. *Open'd them*—opened his eyes.

852. *Feebly*—dimly; with an unsteady motion.

847-852. *His head......face*—**Expl.** Arnold describes here the approaching death of Sohrab. After Sohrab had said all that he wanted to say to comfort his father, and expressed his last wishes regarding himself, he drew forth the spear from his side. As soon as the spear-point was drawn out, blood streamed forth, and Sohrab's life also ebbed away. His head now sank downwards; his limbs began to grow stiff. Sohrab lay still and pale, his eyes closed. Only when his breath came in deep gasps that shook his whole body, he opened his eyes, and fixed them with a dim, blurred vision on Rustum's face.

853. *Was ebb'd*—declined; ran out. *From.........limbs*—from his body.

854. *Unwillingly*—because Sohrab was too young to die. *Spirit*—soul. *Fled away*—parted. *Unwillingly.........away*—In *Enoch Arden* Enoch's soul was glad to part from the body, because Enoch was sick of life.

"For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the grey skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all."

—*ll.* 824-828.

But in the case of Sohrab it is different: he is young and drunk with the joy of living—and so his spirit is unwilling to part from his body.

855. *Warm mansion—i.e.*, the living body which is the house of the spirit (soul). 'Mansion' is a large dwelling house, usually the residence of a squire or landowner; in poetry it is sometimes used for a dwelling house. O. F. *mansion*, L. *mansio* (acc. *mansionem*), a stay' a dwelling place, from *mansus*, p.p. of *manere*, to stay, dwell.

Regretting.........left—Compare:

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"
—Gray's *Elegy*.

856. *Bloom*—freshness of feeling or sensibility. Freshness of feeling or sensibility fades away as one grows older. Compare:

"'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past."
—*Byron*.

Delightful—pleasant. *And youth.........world*—This is essentially a Greek note—this joy of living.

853-856. *And from his limbs.........world*—**Expl.** Arnold describes here Sohrab's death. Sohrab was young, and he was certainly unwilling to die. His spirit, therefore, parted from his body with regret. Life had been nothing but a joy to Sohrab. He had the tender sensibilities of youth, which made him enjoy life. It was not time for him to die. Naturally, therefore, when he died, he seemed to yearn for life.

858. *Horseman's cloak*—See above.

859. *Sate*—archaic for 'sat.'

860. *Granite*—A hard, unstratified crystalline rock, composed of quartz, feldspar, and mica. It is generally greyish or reddish in colour and is very hard and durable, being used for sea-walls, large buildings, kerb-stones, etc. *High-rear'd*—erected high.

861. *Jemshid*—founder of Persepolis. *Persepolis*—ancient city, former capital of Persia, situated in Kur valley, about 40 miles from Shiraz ; now a great series of ruins, finest being those of Takhti Jamshid, or Throne of Jamshid ; behind Takhti Jamshid and at Nakhsi Rustum, some miles distant, are sepulchres cut out of rock—buildings thought to have been begun under Darius I. *Jemshid......Persepolis*—Compare :

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."
—Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam.*

Bear—support.

862. *Broken......steps*—series of steps now in ruin.

863. *Prone*—with the face downward (see above). *Enormous*—huge.

860-864. *As those black granite......son*—**Expl.** Sohrab lay dead on the sand. Rustum kept by him all night. He drew his horseman's cloak down over his face, and reclined by his side. It is illustrated by a simile. The granite pillars, which once supported the throne of Jemshid in Persepolis, have now fallen down. They lie huddled amid the broken steps on the mountain slope. As Rustum lay by the side of Sohrab, the two great heroes looked like these fallen pillars. Sohrab is dead, and Rustum is broken by his grief ; hence the appropriateness of the comparison of fallen pillars. The pillars that once stood high and supported the throne of Jemshid, are now fallen and in ruin ; so both Sohrab and Rustum. Great heroes once standing high,—now one dead and the other broken by grief—present the spectacle of death and desolation.

Lines 865-892

Substance—Night came upon the sandy plain where Sohrab and Rustum lay, and a fog arose from the Oxus. The camp fires were lit, for now the two armies moved to camp. The river Oxus flowed on and passed through the Chorasmian

desert—and flowed right towards the north, past Orgnuje; then its currents are clogged by sands, and for a long distance it toils on in slender streams till at last it expands into a wider bulk as it falls into the Aral Sea.

Paraphrase—And night slowly decended on the sandy plain, and swallowed up the watching armies, and the lonely pair, Sohrab and Rustum. Then a chilly fog rose from the Oxus. Soon a murmur arose as of a great crowd dispersing, and fires began to gleam through the fog. Now both armies began to retire to their camp, and ate their meal. The Persians ate their meal, on the bare sandy plain towards the south, and the Tartars, by the shore of the river. And Rustum and his son were left undisturbed. The stately Oxus flowed on out of the fog and murmur of that sloping land into a region where the stars shone clear and bright in a still colder sky, and there briskly rippled through the silent Chorasmian desert, under the lonely moon. It flowed right on towards the Polar region, past Orgunje, in its broad and majestic sweep. Then sands begin to clog and intercept its currents, so that for a long distance the Oxus, much shrunk from its original width, struggles on through sandbeds and patches of tangled reeds. The Oxus, robbed of its lively motion and sweep when it issued from its source in Pamere, now straggles on in a sluggish, winding course. till at last it expands into a roaring volume of waves, gleaming and calm, from whose surface the stars rise, looking newly washed, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

865. *Came......over*—descended upon. *Solemn waste*—the desert plain which seemed to be awed and hushed in the silence of night. 'Solemn' is a proleptic use.

866. *Gazing*—watching; on-looking. *Hosts*—armies. *Sole*—lonely. *Sole pair*—Sohrab and Rustum who were left by themselves.

867. *Darken'd all*—*i.e.*, wrapt all in darkness. *With night*—*i.e.*, with the apppoach of night.

868. *Crept*—rose gradually. *Hum*—murmur.

869. *Assembly*—crowd. *Loosed*—dispersed. *As......loosed*—as the armies now retired to camp.

Fires—*i.e.*, camp fires which were then lighted.

870. *Twinkle*—faintly gleam. *Twinkle......fog*—Through the fog these camp-fires glowed like mere dots of flame.

871. *Moved to camp*—entered their tents.

872. *On......sands*—on the sandy plain in the open air.

873. *Marge*—margin or shore.

875. *Majestic*—stately. *Majestic river*—*i.e.*, the Oxus. *The majestic......floated on*—**N.B.** A contrast is drawn between the river Oxus and the human tragedy enacted on its bank. The river seems to be unaffected by the tragedy of Sohrab and Rustum. It flowed on its destined course as it does every day, whatever may happen to men on earth. Two points emerge from this passage—(i) *indifference of Nature to human destiny* and (ii) *calm and repose of Nature*, which seem to rebuke man's puny strife on earth. Interwoven with these two ideas is the idea of the *eternity of Nature's life*—the same theme as in Tennyson's *The Brook* :

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Arnold best expresses the idea in the following lines :

"We, O Nature, depart,
Thou survivest us : this,
This, I know, is the law.
Yes, but more than this,
Thou who seest us die
Seest us change while we live ;
Seest our dreams one by one,
Seest our errors depart :
Watchest us, Nature, throughout,
Mild and inscrutably calm."

876. *That low land*—It has been pointed out above that this plain is under water in summer (*ll.* 12—14).

877. *Frosty starlight*—*i.e.*, a colder region (farther up in the north) where frost makes the stars clearly visible. The stars look brighter in a frosty air. *Moved*—flowed.

878. *Rejoicing*—with a brisk and lively motion. *Hush'd*—still; empty of any sound. *Chorasmian*—named from the people of Sogdiana, who inhabited the banks and islands of the lower course of the Oxus. *Waste*—desert. *Rejoicing, etc.*—Prof. Egerton Smith sees in the course of the Oxus an image of human life: "the bright joyousness of young days, the weary stress of life in the busy world with its divisions and soul-clogging cares, and at last the peace for which Matthew Arnold so ardently longed."

879. *Under......moon*—because the desert is uninhabited.

880. *For the polar star*—*i.e.*, towards the north.

Orgunge—a small town near the mouth of the Oxus.

881. *Brimming*—full to the brim (bursting with the volume of water).

882. *Hem*—enclose. *His watery march*—*i.e.*, the course of the Oxus. *Dam*—choke.

883. *Split*—divide. *For......league*—for a long distance. An English *league* is equivalent to 3 miles.

884. *Shorn*—shrunk. *Parcell'd*—divided (into many slender streams). *Strains*—struggles.

885. *Matted*—tangled. *Rushy isles*—patches of rushy growth. *Rush* is a marsh plant with naked tapering stems or leaves. The long stems and hollow stem-like leaves or rush are used for making mats, baskets, etc.; they are also used for thatching and for making ropes.

886. *Bright speed*—brisk and lively motion.

887. *Mountain cradle*—source in the mountain gorge. *Pamere*—See above.

888. *Foil'd*—defeated; hampered in its course. *Circuitous*—winding its way (through sand-beds). *Wanderer*—because it straggles about in the sandy stretch, in stead of following a straight path.

889. *Long'd-for*—wished-for. *Dash of waves*—the rise and swell of its waves.

890. *Luminous*—bright; gleaming. *Homer of waters*—*i.e.*, the broad mouth of the Oxus. *Opens*—expands.

891. *Tranquil*—calm. *Floor*—surface. *New-bathed stars*—the stars looking so fresh and bright as if they have bathed in the sea.

892. *Emerge*—come up.

875-892. *But the majestic river......Aral Sea*—**Expl.** Arnold speaks here of the Oxus on the shore of which Sohrab was killed, and at last recognized (as his son) by Rustum. Arnold draws a contrast between the tragic death of Sohrab and the unaffected, calm flow of the Oxus. The low-lying land on the banks of the Oxus, where the combat between Sohrab and Rustum took place, was covered in mist and hummed with the murmur of the living. After the Oxus had left it, it entered a colder region, and flowed briskly through the silent Chorasmian desert under the lonely moon. It flowed right on towards the north past Orgunje, where it was a broad, full and gleaming river. For part of its course its flow was checked by a sandy stretch, which cuts it into many smaller streams. For miles the Oxus struggled on through the sand-beds and thick masses of reeds. It forgot the livelier motion which it had when it issued from a mountain in Pamir, and was no more than a poor stream, winding its way through sandy stretches. Not until it approached the Aral Sea did it expand again into a broder sheet of water. It finally merged into the Aral Sea, and the Aral Sea appeared calm and gleaming, and the stars seemed to rise out of it as if newly bathed.

891-892. *From whose.........sea*—**N.B.** The image of "the new-bathed stars" is essentially classical,—but symbolically expresses the dawning joy beyond the world. *The poem closes* also *on a note of peace and tranquillity while it points to hope beyond. Eternity of Nature's life, peace which is the secret of Nature—peace unaffected by human strife and human ambition, the healing and tranquillizing power of Nature* that covers up all traces of human agony on the surface of the earth—all these are brought home to the reader in the closing lines of the poem.

Questions and Answers

Q. 1. *Write a note on the date and source of "Sohrab and Rustum."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 2. *Show in what points Arnold's poem differs from the Persian poem, "Shah Nama." How do you justify these differences ?*

Ans. See *Introduction* ("Comparison of the Poem with the Original").

Q. 3. *What do you know of the early history of Rustum ?*

Ans. See *Introduction* (Introductory portion of the Story").

Q. 4. *Point out and discuss fully the epic qualities of "Sohrab and Rustum."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 5. *Write a note on Fatalism in "Sohrab and Rustum."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 6. *Quote some of the similes of "Sohrab and Rustum," and write an appreciation of them.*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 7. *How are Arnold's poetic theories illustrated in "Sohrab and Rustum ?"*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 8. *Tell briefly the story of "Sohrab and Rustum."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 9. *Sketch the character of Sohrab.*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 10. *Contrast the characters of Sohrab and Rustum.*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 11. *Why does Sohrab pass a sleepless n'ght and seek Peran-Wisa in the morning ? What is the result of the interview ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 1—149).

(i) Sohrab passes a sleépless night, thinking of his father, Rustum, whom he has been seeking. At last a plan comes into his mind. He will challenge the Persian lords to single combat. If he wins, his fame will certainly reach Rustum's ears. And Rustum will come forward to own him. The plan keeps him awake all night.

(ii) Early in the morning he leaves his tent, and goes to see Peran-Wisa, who commands the Tartar army. Sohrab looks upon Peran-Wisa as father. Peran-Wisa also takes a fatherly interest in Sohrab. Sohrab tells him his plan.

(iii) Peran-Wisa warns Sohrab of the risk he is running. He wishes that he should seek his father in peace, and not through fight. But Sohrab will not hear of it. So Peran-Wisa at last grants his prayer. But all the same something in his heart tells him that Sohrab is going to death.

(iv) Peran-Wisa summons his herald and goes forth. He skirts his way through the Tartar troops, which are now filing out in battle-order. He comes to the foreground, and delivers Sohrab's challenge, and calls upon Ferood, the Persian commander, to find a champion for Sohrab.

Q. 12. *Describe the arrangement of the Tartar troops in battle-order.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase (ll.* 104—134).

Q. 13. *What effect is produced by Sohrab's challenge upon the Persians ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 154—183).

Q. 14. *What steps are taken by the Persians to find a champion for Sohrab ? What part does Gudurz play in this matter ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 170-262).

(i) Sohrab's challenge, delivered by Peran-Wisa, spreads terror through the Persian ranks. The Persian chiefs—Ferood, Gudurz, Zoarrah, Feraburz, consult together. Gudurz takes the lead in the matter. He undertakes to go to Rustum who is holding aloof, and persuade him to take up the challenge. Ferood now goes back to Peran-Wisa to say that the Persians will find a champion for Sohrab.

(ii) Gudurz now goes to Rustum. Rustum has then just finished his breakfast, and invites Gudurz to eat something. But Gudurz excuses himself, and at once speaks of Sohrab's challenge, and begs Rustum to come and help the Persians.

(iii) Rustum refuses to have anything to do with it. He has a grievance against the Persian King, Kai-Khosroo. Kai-Khosroo favours the young, and lets the old moulder to their

graves. Let the young fight his battles. Rustum wishes that he had such a son as Sohrab so that he might have retired, and lived in Seistan with his old father, Zal.

(iv) Gudurz now goes to work upon Rustum's vanity. He says that people will naturally think that Rustum hoards his fame like some old miser. Rustum is kindled by this taunt. He is prepared to meet the challenge now, but he wants to fight unknown and in plain armour.

Q 15. *How does Gudurz persuade Rustum to take up Sohrab's challenge ?*

Ans. See Q. 14.

Q. 16. *How is Rustum impressed by Sohrab ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 302-320).

Q. 17. *Why does Rustum's pity for Sohrab turn into suspicion ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 321-378).

Q. 18. *Describe the fight between Sohrab and Rustum. In which qualities of an ideal warrior Rustum seems to be inferior to Sohrab ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 364-555).

(i) When Rustum sees Sohrab first, his heart is filled with pity, and he bids Sohrab quit the Tartar army, come to Iran and be as a son to him. Sohrab too feels his heart drawn to him, and kneels to him and begs him to say whether he is not Rustum. This rouses Rustum's suspicion. He fears that Sohrab will offer him (*i.e.*, Rustum) gifts and part from him on terms of friendship, and boast about it to the Tartars. So he puts away all pity from his heart, and sternly calls upon Sohrab to fight.

(ii) Sohrab answers him mildly. Rustum boasts that he will beat Sohrab and that his bones will lie on the sandy shore of the Oxus until they are washed away by the summer flood. Sohrab replies that victory is after all a matter of chance, and that no warrior, however famous, can be too sure of it. Here it may be noted that Rustum is boastful and arrogant, and Sohrab is courteous and modest.

(iii) Then the fight begins. Rustum hurls his spear. It comes down as a hawk that has long flown above, comes down on some partridge in the corn. Sohrab steps aside quickly and avoids it. Then in his turn he throws the spear, but

Rustum's shield turns it away. Now Rustum seizes his unwieldy club, and strikes a blow—but he again misses, and pitches forward on his knees and palms. Sohrab might have now easily killed him with his sword, but spares him. The filial instinct again rises in him, and he appeals to Rustum to make peace.

(iv) Rustum has now got up. He trembles in rage. He clutches his spear. He bids Sohrab fight again, and trust no more his skipping tricks which are fit for a girl. Both now rush upon each other with drawn swords. A terrible din arises from the blows they rain upon each other. The sky above them darkens; a wind blows under their feet with a moaning sound, and sweeps across the plain. They fight in the dark, while the sun shines upon the rest of the plain. First Rustum strikes with his spear. The iron plates of Sohrab's shield are cut through, but the spear cannot reach his skin. Then Sohrab smites Rustum's helmet with his sword and cuts away his horsehair plume. The darnkess thickens; thunders roll and lightnings crash—and suddenly, Ruksh (Rustum's horse) utters an unearthly cry. The Oxus seems to stand still. Sohrab strikes again, and Rustum bows his head. But this time his sword breaks to pieces Rustum lifts his spear and cries "Rustum." The very name seems to paralyse Sohrab. He stands still, and drops the covering shield. Rustum advances upon him, and transfixes him with his spear. Here again the contrast may be noted. When Rustum goes down on his knees and palms on the sand, Sohrab spares him. Now when Sohrab stands unarmed, Rustum strikes him mortally. Sohrab possesses a high sense of honour, fairness and courtesy. It is in these qualities that Rustum is inferior to Sohrab. Rustum hits Sohrab against the rules of honour.

(v) Rustum adds insult to injury. After Sohrab goes down, thus unfairly hit, Rustum boasts and triumphs. Rustum throws at him the taunt that he (who expected to fight Rustum) has been killed by an unknown man.

Q, 19. *How does Sohrab establish his identity to Rustum? Describe its effect upon Rustum.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 550-710).

(i) When Rustum boasts to Sohrab that he (*i.e.*, Sohrab) has been killed by an unknown man, Sohrab answers that his

death will be avenged by his father, Rustum. Rustum can make nothing of it. Rustum tells Sohrab that Rustum has no son. Sohrab repeats that Rustum has a son, and claims to be Rustum's son. Then he talks about his mother in Ader-baijan, for whom he feels most. Rustum is perplexed. He knows, as he has been informed, that a girl was born to him in Ader-baijan. His pity again for Sohrab wells forth. But he still doubts Sohrab's words. Sohrab then loses his temper and offers to show the mark of Rustum's seal on his arm.

(ii) Rustum is satisfied when he sees this mark. It is the figure of the griffin that reared Zal, Rustum's father. Rustum can have no more doubt now. He cries out, "O Boy—thy Father!" He falls on the sand in a swoon. When his senses return, he throws dust over the head (a sign of mourning). Sobs and groans shake him. Then he clutches his sword to draw it, and kill himself. But Sohrab foresees his design and stops it. Then Sohrab speaks to him words of comfort. He does not blame his father for the act. He but meets the doom of fate. His father has been an unconscious instrument of Fate.

Q. 20. *Sketch the last scene between Sohrab and Rustum by the side of the Oxus.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 726-892).

(i) The words of comfort that Sohrab spoke release Rustum's heart, and tears break forth from him. He casts his arms round Sohrab's neck, and weeps aloud and kisses him.

(ii) Moved by an unknown impulse, Ruksh, Rustum's horse, comes up to them and joins in their grief. Sohrab feels inclined to envy Ruksh, for Ruksh has been to Seistan where Sohrab shall never be, for Ruksh has been fed by Zal, Rustum's father, whom Sohrab shall never see.

(iii) Rustum wishes now that he had been drowned in the Oxus. Sohrab bids him live and do the deeds that he dies too young to do, and reap a second glory in his old age. But Sohrab makes two requests to him : (i) that Rustum should let the Tartars depart in peace ; (ii) that he should carry his (Sohrab's) remains to Seistan where he wishes to be mourned

elaborately and then to be buried. Rustum at once promises to fulfil these last wishes of his son. Rustum wishes that he had been a poor, mean soldier so his son had been alive, or that he had been killed by an unknown stroke of Sohrab. He now yearns for peace and retirement. Sohrab prophesies Rustum's end, which is not to come until he sets forth with the Persian King, Kai-Khosroo, on his last journey.

(iv) Night soon draws round the two figures by the Oxus—the dead son and the sorrowing father. The armies break up and retire to camp. The Oxus flows on, as if nothing had happened on its shore—it flows on through a varied course until it falls into the Sea of Aral.

Q. 21. *Explain the following with reference to the context :—*

(i) Dim is the rumour......speaks clear (60-62).

(ii) But who can keep......ravening (91-92).

(iii) As when, some grey November......stream'd (111—116).

(iv) But as a troop......breath with fear (160-169).

(v) Thou knowest......myself (251—254).

(vi) As some rich woman......youth (302—309).

(vii) But yet success......fall (387—392).

(viii) Like those which men......stroke (410—417).

(ix) No, when I see thee......soul (430—432).

(x) He left......sign of fevers (450—453).

(xi) No, Rustum......heart (543).

(xii) Yet he listen'd......moon (515—618).

(xiii) Truth......mine (656—657).

(xiv) And he seized......chok'd him (699—704).

(xv) For I but meet......unconscious hand (708—710).

(xvi) For some are born to do......die (773-774).

(xvii) A life of blood......grave (828—834).

(xviii) And from his limbs......delightful world (853—856).

(xix) As those black granite pillars......son (860—864).

(xx) Till at last......Aral Sea (888—892).

Q. 22. *Annotate the following* :—

Grey dawn ; girt his sword ; horseman' cloak ; clustering bee-hives ; low flat strand : scrapes ; dome of laths ; felts ; thick-pil'd carpets ; Ader-baijan ; conquering Tartar ensigns ; well-fought field ; man to man ; unquiet heart ; battle's common chance ; incurring single risk ; truce ; fray : abhorr'd approaches of old age ; forebodes : ravening ; ruler's staff ; fleece of Kara-kul ; lusty prime ; long files of horse ; Casbin ; Arabian estuaries ; frore Caspian reed-bed ; ferment the. milk of mares ; temperate Toorkmuns ; lances of Salore ; acr[1]d milk of camel ; wandering horse ; more doubtful service ; Jaxartes ; Kipchak ; unkemp'd Kuzzaks ; Kirghizzes ; shaggy ponies ; light cloud of horse ; Ilyats of Khorassan ; marshall'd battalions ; threading ; squadrons ; champion ; pearled ears ; Indian Caucasus ; slake their parch'd throats ; in single file ; dislodge the o'erhanging snows ; haply ; strode back ; glittering gay ; pavilion ; charg'd with food : stand at gaze ; Iran's chiefs ; Kaikhosroo ; moulder to their graves ; vaunts ; snow-hair'd Zal ; clip his borders short ; fence ; slaughterous hands ; dares our bravest forth ; hoards his fame ; valiant or craven ; men of nought ; clad himself in steel ; device ; helm ; inlaid with gold ; fluted spine ; scarlet horsehair plume ; nois'd through all the earth ; foray ; a colt beneath its dam ; bright bay ; lofty crest ; dight ; broider'd green ; crusted with gold ; ground ; beasts of chase ; sandy Bahrein ; tale of precious pearls ; swathe ; stubble ; spears bristling ; drudge ; numb blacken'd fingers ; starlit winter's morn ; whiten'd window panes ; perus'd ; secluded garden ; streak'd with its first grey hairs ; askance ; wily ; courteous gifts ; feast-tide ; cope ; make good thy vaunt ; more dread ; prov'd ; sways with the breath of Heaven ; pois'd on the top of a huge wave of Fate ; heave ; event ; tower'd in the airy clouds ; plummet ; quick as a flash ; quivering ; unlopp'd trunk ; Hyphasis ; Hydaspes ; wrack ; channels ; lithe as the glancing snake ; wroth ; bloody waves ; hollow roar of dying men ; these softenings of the heart ; angry spears ; pledge each other in red wine ; confront thy spear ; mail'd right-hand ; baleful ; autumn Star ; the baleful sign of fevers ; stately crest ; curl'd minion ; wont ; dance of battle ; try thy feints ; light skipping tricks : sinewy ; unnatural conflict ; morning swept the plain ; labouring breath ; shore away :

trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side; curdled; qual'd; shivers; glar'd; menacing spear: blinking eyes, staggering back; strip his corpse; trophies; fearless mien; filial heart; unnerv'd my arm; breeding eagle: craggy isle; hill lake; his huddling young left sole; pinion; short uneasy sweeps"; eyry; stony gorge; out of his ken; a heap of fluttering feathers; dripping precipices; stormy scream: incredulous voice; prate; tarries; valiant Koords: bruited up; plung'd in thought; to train in arms; style of Rustum's son; to swell his fame; set to grief; bounding rapture; in her bloom, a fragrant tower of purple bloom; plies some light female task; stubborn; corselet; cunning workman; studious forehead; Griffin; of old; glorious sign; his head swam; stood wide with horror: smirch'd; convulsive groanings; Heaven's unconscious hand; numbered are my sands of life; mute woe; oak'd the sand; nimble joints; snuff'd; furrow'd face; the northern Sir: yellow Oxus: reap a second glory; my star; stately mound; ignorant stroke of thine; peers of Kai Khosroo; his wound's imperious anguish; open gash; crimson torrent; soil'd tissue; convuls'd him back to life; warm mansion; black granite pillars; Jemshid; Persepolis; prove; great assembly loos'd; river marge; frosty starlight; Chorasmion waste: Orgunje; shorn and parcell'd Oxus; strains; matted rushy isles; mountain cradle; a foil'd circuitous wonderer; luminous home of waters; emerge.

Tennyson (1809-1892)

INTRODUCTION

Life and Works—Alfred Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809, in the rectory of Somersby, a sleepy hamlet in Lincolnshire. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Harrison Tennyson, was the rector of Somersby. He was a man of superior character, culture and attainments. Alfred was the fourth son. His two elder brothers, Frederick Tennyson and Charles Tennyson Turner, had considerable poetical abilities. In 1820 Charles and Alfred published a small volume, *Poems by Two Brothers*, with a few contributions from Frederick. These poems attracted little attention.

Alfred first went to the Grammar School of Louth, whence in 1828 he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. At the University he met highly gifted men as Trench, Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Alford, Lushington, his future brother-in-law, and above all, Arthur Hallam, whose friendship and early death were to inspire his greatest poem, *In Memoriam.*

In 1829 he won the Chancellor's Medal by a poem on *Timbuctoo,* and in the following year he brought out his first independent work, *Poems chiefly Lyrical.* It was not in general favourably received by the critics. In 1832 he travelled with Hallam, and the same year saw the publication of *Poems*, which had not much greater success than the earlier volume. In the next year Hallam died, and Tennyson began *In Memoriam* and wrote *The Two Voices*.

He became engaged to Emily Sellwood, his future wife, but owing to various circumstances their marriage did not come off till 1850. It was not until 1842 that he appeared in print again, publishing *Poems* in two volumes. Now he received full recognition as a great poet. *The Princess* appeared in 1847, and added materially to his reputation. In the lyrics with

which it is interspersed, such as *The Splendour falls*, and *Tears, idle Tears*, he rises to the full mastery of his craft.

The year 1850 was the most eventful in his life. In 1850 took place his marriage which, as he said, "brought the peace of God into his life," his succession to the Laureateship on the death of Wordsworth, and the publication of his greatest poem, *In Memoriam*. In 1852 appeared his noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* ; and two years later *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

The publication of *Maud* in 1853 gave his rapidly growing popularity a perceptible set-back. But this was more than made up by the enthusiasm with which the first set of *The Idylls of the King* was received on its appearance four years later. *Enoch Arden*, with the *Northern Farmer*, came out in 1864 ; *The Holy Grail* and *Gareth* and *Lynette*, both belonging to the *Idyll* series, in 1869 and 1872 respectively.

Three years later in 1875 Tennyson broke new ground by beginning a series of dramas with *Queen Mary*, followed by *Harold* (1876), *The Falcon* (1879), *The Cap* (1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *Becket* (1884), and *Robin Hood* (1891). His later poems were *The Lover's Tale* (1879), *Tiresias* (1885), *Locksley Hall—60 years after* (1886), *Demeter and other Poems* (1889), including *Crossing the Bar*, and *The Death of Œnone* (1892).

Tennyson, who cared little for general society, though he had many intimate and devoted friends, lived at Farringford, Isle of Wight, from 1853-69, when he built a house at Aldworth, near Haslemere, which was his home until his death. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage. In 1886 the younger of his two sons died, a blow which told heavily upon him ; thereafter frequent attacks of illness followed, and he died on October 6, 1892.

CRITICAL ESTIMATE

Tennyson as a Poet.

A Poet of Slow Growth—Tennyson was born with the poetic gift—a gift which he shared with his two elder brothers. He cultivated this gift with unfailing cares, while his two brothers let it run to waste. He was the severest critic of his

own work. His earlier work failed to win recognition Not because he was too sensitive to criticism, but because he had his own standard of excellence, he set to perfect his poetic form and expression. His earlier poems had much of glitter and little of substance—defects that he resolved to remove in his subsequent work. By 1842 when some of his earlier poems reappeared, revised and recast, in addition to new pieces, his reputation had been securely established. From this time onward his life had been an unbroken record of success. After all, Tennyson was a painstaking and fastidious artist. He was never satisfied until he had created and developed a melodious and pictorial style of his own.

Melody of his Versification—Tennyson had a fine ear for delicate rhythms and cadences. The melody of his verse, unlike Shelley's spontaneous gift of song, was the outcome of conscious, deliberate efforts. He chose words for their melodious sounds. He chose words on the principle of *sound echoing sense*. By variety of measures and rhythms in which Tennyson boldly experimented, he sought to elaborate and enrich the music of his verse. He preferred mostly *vowel and liquid consonant sounds* (*e.g.*, words in which *l*, *m*, *n*, *r* occur frequently) which gave a free and smooth flow to his verse. Some of the musical effects are achieved by his use of repetition, alliteration (repetition of the same initial letter in different words), assonance (partial rhyme), a skilful blending of sounds. The following passage from *Enoch Arden* (*ll.* 602-608) may be taken as an illustration :

"The *b*abes, their *b*abble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the *l*eafy *l*anes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall.
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November *d*awns and *d*ewy-glooming *d*owns
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves
And the *l*ow moan of *l*eaden-coloured seas."

Note the alliteration in *babes* and *babbles*, *leafy* and *lanes*, *dawns*, *dewy* and *downs*, *low* and *leaden* ; note the assonance (partial agreement in sound or half-rhyme) in *babes* and *babbles* ; note also the frequency of liquid consonant sounds as l, m, n, r in the first two lines.

His Descriptive Power—Tennyson possessed wonderful descriptive power. He minutely observed anything striking in Nature or landscape. Nature was to him a rich storehouse of images and illustrations. Hence the aptness and felicity of his similes. One of his habits, as he tells us, was to note down beautiful thoughts, fine words or phrases, striking epithets and images of Nature, just as they occurred to him in the course of his reading, his country rambles, or his silent meditations, and to treasure them up until the moment came for using them in his poetry. Many of his best things, therefore, are of the nature of beautiful mosaics—mosaics, however, fitted with such an exquisite art into his pictures of Nature or of man, that they seem to rise spontaneously from his train of thought.

Secondly, **Tennyson was interested in the progress of science in his age**. His observation of Nature, therefore, unlike Wordsworth's, was made illuminating by his knowledge of science. His descriptive touches were consequently exact and confirmable to scientific facts. Sometimes his illustrations, drawn from Nature, embodied some scientific or physical fact or truth. The following examples may be given from *Enoch Arden*:

(i) "having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling."—*ll.* 177—179.

(ii) "Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea
Kept him a living soul."—*ll.* 797—800.

His Gift of Word-Painting—By words and phrases Tennyson could call up a picture. First he must have observed closely and realized intensely the thing he described. Secondly, his imagination fused it—gave it shape and body, colour and motion. In fact, Tennyson combined a shaping imagination with keen observation and vivid sense-impressions. But the gift of word-painting means something more. Tennyson commanded the living sources of language—the rich, concrete, colourful expressions, words and epithets that are pictures. His habit of forming expressive compounds, his preference of

Saxon words with their rugged picturesqueness to pale, colourless Latin expressions, his intense realization of a scene or landscape, contributed to this effect. The following examples may be given from *Enoch Arden* :

(i) "and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas."
—*ll.* 54-55.

(ii) "Thro' many a fair sea-circle day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows."
—*ll.* 538—540.

(iii) "but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices."
—*ll.* 587—589.

His Style—Tennyson created a poetic style of his own—rich, highly-coloured and elaborate. He preferred, as a rule, purely Saxon words to Latin vocabulary, and revived such words as had gone out of use. These words which he revived, and with which the reader is generally unfamiliar, give a touch of quaintness to his style. When we consider this peculiarity, and the elaborate means he adopts to make his verse musical, he appears to be somewhat *mannered.* The point is that his poetic style is a little *artificial,* for he has certain tricks of phrasing and expression and his melody is sometimes cloying. Tennyson's art is such as easily lends itself to imitation or parody—hence it is mannered.

Bagehot calls Tennyson's style an *ornate* style. He describes it thus : "The essence of ornate art is......to accumulate round the typical object, everything which can be said about it, every associated thought that can be connected with it without impairing the essence of the delineation." Bagehot instances particularly *Enoch Arden* as illustrative of *ornate* art. So he writes, "The story of *Enoch Arden,* as he has enhanced and presented it, is a rich and splendid composite of imagery and illustration. Yet how simple that story is in itself. A sailor who sells fish, breaks his leg, gets dismal, gives up selling fish,

goes to sea, is wrecked on a desert island, stays there some years, on his return finds his wife married to a miller, speaks to a landlady on the subject, and dies. Told in the pure and simple, the unadorned and classical style, this story would not have taken three pages, but Mr. Tennyson has been able to make it the principal—the largest tale in his new volume. He has done so only by giving to every event and incident in the volume an accompanying commentary. He tells a great deal about the torrid zone which a rough sailor like Enoch Arden certainly would not have perceived, and he gives to the fishing village, to which all the characters belong, a softness and a fascination which such villages scarcely possess in reality."

A Representative Poet of the Age—In his outlook and sympathies Tennyson belonged to his age. He shared in the limitations of his age too. In politics he was content to admire the English constitution as the best form of government on earth—he admired the peculiar brand of English freedom which

"slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

He was rather distrustful of the democratic forces as tending to undo freedom. In youth he was thrilled by "the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be," but gradually in his later years he relapsed into his conservative instincts. His patriotic poems such as *The Revenge*, *The Defence of Lucknow*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, etc., have but a narrow and selfish spirit. Nor as a thinker did he sound any depths that no average reader can explore. If the thoughts of his poetry were not mere common places, they were such as were in the air, and such as people easily understood and appreciated. The doubt and unfaith which troubled Clough and Arnold, clouded too Tennyson's mind. In *In Memoriam* which is a sort of spiritual autobiography, he revealed the long, weary, painful struggle and crisis of his soul—and he won but a doubtful way to faith. In none of his poems there was any thought or speculation that was too high for the average reader of his age. He concerned himself with issues and principles that were the common property of thought in his age. As a matter of fact, Tennyson was very much the child of his own age. "Since Shakespeare, there has been no poet so English

in his prejudices and in his love of the soil and scenery of England, her peasants and her great sailors and soldiers."

Opinions of Critics

"Among his most impressive qualities are an elevation of thought and purity of tone that sometimes give to his poems an almost sacramental grace and dignity. In the marvellous beauty of form and expression to which he attained, he has scarcely an equal among English poets. He was pre-eminently the poet of his time. It is difficult to see how any one else could have been to his age what he was. He reflects all its spirit. The yearnings and the doubts that fill the air he catches up into all beautiful modulations, not seeking rudely, or with sheer weight of authority, to crush them, but linking them on to a faith and hope that are in him servants of Love Supreme"

—*Richard D. Graham*.

"Tennyson still remains a great poet, even though he may not have been a great thinker, nor a master of passion, nor of character, nor of long narrative. For he has other gifts, supreme gifts, of eye and ear and tongue. He is a great landscape-painter, and a great musician. He wrote many bad things; calculated to please his own age and now perished with it—so, for that matter, did Shakespeare. But he had style; and style, though it may not at once win the day for a poet, can win him eternity. Tennyson is the poet of the perfect phrase. He could make moments immortal—a sudden gleam of sun, a gust of wind in the forest, the white breaking of a wave; it is these that in return will give him immortality. From the first humming of that lonely bee above the grave of Claribel to the last great tide that in *Crossing the Bar* goes sweeping back into the seaward gloom, there is hardly a sound or colour in Nature that he has not fixed in perfect words for ever"—*F. L. Lucas*.

"Nature had endowed Tennyson with certain qualities which defied the tendency of years to paralyse or dull. His ear preserved its almost inimitable refinement, and instinct of harmony. His heart kept fire to kindle The Revenge and The Victim. Brain and it maintained their alliance. In every line he still painted a picture. He never described without having made himself see the scene; and he makes the reader see it through his mind's eye. With these inestimable gifts

was conjoined, in an increasing rather than a diminishing degree, by experience, a judgment which waited, before intervening, for inspiration to play its primary part. Finally, born of unfailing self-respect first, and due regard for his public next, there was genius's infinite capacity for taking trouble."

— *William Stebbing.*

"It is not as a thinker or seer that Tennyson will live but as one of the most gifted and, with Milton and Gray, one of the few conscientious workmen among English poets. From *Claribel* to *Crossing the Bar*, the claim of his poetry is always the same, the wonderful felicity with which it renders in vivid picture, in varied but always dramatically appropriate metre, in language of the most carefully wrought euphony—no poet since Milton studied as Tennyson did the finer effects of well adjusted vowels and consonants—the single intense mood in which the poem has been conceived. He was not a great dramatist, he was not a great narrative poet. There is a more passionate, winged movement in the songs of other poets than his, songs that sing themselves more inevitably. His great achievement is in that class of meditative, musical, decorative poetry to which belong Milton's *L' Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, Gray's *Elegy*, Keats's Odes. This is the type towards which all his poems tend even when they take different forms and are lyrical or include an element of narrative. And, if Tennyson has written nothing so fine as Milton's or Keats's poems just named, he has given new qualities to the kind, and he has extended its range by his dramatic use of the idyll, the picture of a mood. Compared with Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats are poets of a single note, nature mystically interpreted, the sensuous delight of beauty, the 'desire of the moth for the star.' The moods to which Tennyson has given expression are as varied as his metres, and include a rare feeling for the beauty of English scenery, the mind of the peasant in many of its phases, humorous and tragic, the interpretation of classical legend, the reproduction of the very soul of some Greek and Roman poets, as Theocritus and Virgil, Lucretius and Catullus, the colour and beauty, if not all the peculiar ethical and religious tone, of medieval romance, complexities of mind and even pathological subtleties of emotion, the brooding of a sensitive spirit over the riddles of life and death and good and evil. Browning has a wider range, is less insular, more curious about

exotic types and more subtle in tracing the dialectics of mood and situation. But he does not enter more intensely into the purely emotional aspect of the mood, and he does not steep the whole in such a wealth of colour and melody."

—*Cambridge History of English Literature.*

ENOCH ARDEN

Introduction

Date of Publication—*Enoch Arden* was published in 1864.

"In the pause between the two groups of "Idylls"........... Tennyson issued a volume, itself one of his most popular, containing a poem which may well serve for an introduction to the group,.........which endeared him perhaps more than any to the hearts of the English people. "Enoch Arden" (1864)—written in about a fortnight—could scarcely have been told with less subtlety ; as the poet himself remarks, even the similes are all such as might have been used by simple fisher folk."

—*R. Brimley Johnson.*

Source of "Enoch Arden"—"In some manuscript notes for his son, on *Enoch Arden*, Tennyson wrote that *Enoch Arden* was founded on a theme given him by the sculptor Woolner, and that this particular story came out of Suffolk, though something like it is told in Brittany and elsewhere (*Tennyson : A Memoir*, vol. ii. 7). The story, indeed, with many variations, the tale of the return of a long-absent lover or husband (sometimes even in the form of a demon), is one of the commonest themes in ballad literature and dates as far back, at least, as the *Odyssey* itself. And the selection of a theme, which has thus been approved to be of such intense and enduring human interest, helps to give *Enoch Arden* a force and vitality lacking in some of its author's more ambitious efforts."—*Hugh Marwick.*

"Enoch Arden" as an Idyll—Webb calls *Enoch Arden* "a true idyll." "It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows ; not aspiring to the dimensions or the pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits, but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its

own. It fulfils all the conditions of the modern idyll ; which are, to depict the joys and sorrows of humble life—to describe those beauties of nature which, unperceived, enhance the former and soothe the latter—and (most important of all) to be brief and compact"— *Webb.*

The word '*idyll*' is derived from Greek *eidullion,* Latin *idyllium, i.e.*, a little image. The term was applied to a poem describing scenes of country life. Theocritus, the Greek poet, who flourished in the third century B.C., was the inventor of the idyll. Virgil (10-19 B.C), the Roman poet, imitated Theocritus in his *Eclogues,* which deal with scenes of country life. In connection with Tennyson the word 'idyll' is used in a more liberal sense. He calls his poems on Arthurian legends *Idylls of the King.* Certainly Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* have little to do with pastoral scenes or scenes of country life, as depicted in Theocritean or Virgilian idylls, in which shepherds and shepherdesses sing their *mild* woes of love. If *Enoch Arden* is an idyll, it is a far cry from Theocritus or Virgil. Taken in its widest sense, the idyll is a picture-poem—and *Enoch Arden* has sufficient pictorial elements (scenes that are described in picturesque details) to justify the title of an idyll. Perhaps in this sense too Tennyson calls his Arthurian poems idylls. But there is one thing in *Enoch Arden,* which separates it from an idyll— *the tragic note.* Rather the story depicts *the grim irony of life*—a story that might have been well written by Thomas Hardy. And the spirit is, therefore, alien to that of an idyll. When Webb speaks of *Enoch Arden* as "charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own," his criticism is wholly misplaced. The pathos of *Enoch Arden* is heart-rending ; the music of *Enoch Arden* is poignant.

Religious Atmosphere of "Enoch Arden"—*Enoch Arden* is the story of a tragedy in a sailor's life. A sailor has a sort of rough faith in the providence of God. So Tennyson speaks of Enoch "in sailor fashion roughly sermonizing on providence and trust in heaven." The expression of such faith is in lines 221—226. Such faith arises from sheer helplessness. A sailor, tossing on the high seas, realizes too truly that nothing but God's mercy can protect him. The constant risk of death that the sailor runs by his every voyage and the absolute helplessness of ever saving himself by his own efforts and devices, give

a stern and austere character to his faith. His life is one of warfare with the elements ; naturally, therefore, the mind of a sailor is led to brood on the dark things of life and inclined to superstition. In fact, superstition seems to colour and influence his faith in God. After all *Enoch Arden* pictures the life of a fishing folk in a seaport town. Familiarity with danger has given Enoch courage and fortitude and a sort of cheerless faith. But Annie who lives indoors and who has, therefore, more time to muse and brood alone, has more of superstition than faith in her. She can but respond little to the cheering words of Enoch, "roughly sermonizing on providence and trust in Heaven." When Enoch has been away for years, and Annie is wooed by Philip, she looks for signs from heaven (whether Enoch is dead or alive). Then after she marries Philip, she is haunted by superstitious fears. It is a hard, joyless life—a life always exposed to the perils of the sea, that is pictured in *Enoch Arden* ; and a stern, austere faith—a helpless dependence on God and a pathetic resignation to the calamities of life, seem to shine dimly through such life. Enoch breaks his leg by a fall from the mast, but he does not whine about it. Such things do happen in life—that is how he looks upon the accident. A thread of dark fatalism runs through his life—and the best virtue, therefore, is resignation, and Enoch's life is one of silent resignation to all that happens. So it has been held that the stern, unbending Puritan faith of the fishing folk gives such a character to the whole story. "The scene of the poem's action is laid in a secluded fishing port, where a stern creed had grown up under the changeful northern sky and then mysterious perils of the sea ; and where the traditional superstitions of a sailor's life were woven in with an intense and living belief handed down from a Puritan ancestry."— *Webb.*

Story of "Enoch Arden"—First, there is the picture of the childhood of Enoch, Philip and Annie. Enoch was the son of a sailor who had perished in a shipwreck. Philip was the only son of a miller. And Annie was the prettiest girl in the port. They played together. They built sand-castles on the sea-beach, and they watched the sand-castles, washed away by the waves. They played at keeping house in a narrow cave beneath the cliff. One day Enoch was host, and next day Philip was host and Annie was mistress to either. Sometimes Enoch would keep hold of Annie for a week, and Philip would quarrel with

him, and Annie would bring them together again by promising to be little wife to both. Thus their childhood passed.

When they (Enoch and Philip) began to grow up, they both loved Annie. Annie loved Enoch, but had affection for Philip. Enoch was resolved to win Annie. He served a year on board a merchant ship and became an experienced sailor. He thrice saved lives from drowning. But he pursued his trade as fisherman with a singleness of purpose that enabled him at the age of twenty-one to buy his own boat, and make a home for Annie.

On an Autumn evening people went nutting. Philip climbed the hill later, and found Enoch and Annie seated hand-in-hand in the wood. In their eyes, lit up with love, Philip read his own doom, and crept away and had his dark hour apart from the crowd in the wood.

So Enoch and Annie got married. Their life was quite happy and comfortable for seven years. First, a daughter was born to them, and then a son. All Enoch's care was now to save as much as he could that he might give his children a much better chance in life than his or Annie's had been. For days Enoch would be away from home in his fishing boat or while at home too he would go abroad to sell the fish he had caught. During these hours of loneliness the children were the joy and comfort to Annie.

Now a larger port was opened ten miles away to the north. Enoch used to go there now and then. On one occasion he fell down from a mast and broke his leg. His wife bore him another son, a sickly one, while he lay in bed. He lost his trade—another fisherman appeared on the scene as he thus lay in bed. Dark thoughts now came upon him. What would happen to his children and his wife ? They would daily get poorer and poorer, and their lives would be wretched. He prayed to God that his children and wife might be spared all misery, whatever might happen to him. It seemed as if in answer to his prayer, the master of the ship in which he had served, offered him the post of boatswain.

Enoch was now free from worries. But what about his wife when he was gone ? After thinking hard and long, he decided to sell his boat, and buy stores such as seamen or their wives needed, and let Annie trade in such stores. Thus Annie

would be able to keep the house while he was away. When Enoch told Annie his plan, she had a queer feeling that nothing good would come of it, and with tears, entreated Enoch to stay. But Enoch who cared all for his children and wife, did not change his mind. So he sold his boat, bought stores and fitted up the sitting-room to receive the stores. But Annie's heart was sick with fears all the time. Enoch cheered and comforted her in vain. He prayed to God ; he talked cheerfully of the future. But Annie felt that this parting was their last, and said that she would never look upon his face again. Enoch begged her to trust in God and remember that God would protect him on the high seas. So he caught his wife in his arms, kissed her and parted. Annie cut off a curl from her last-born baby and gave it to Enoch.

Left to herself, Annie could make little out of her trade. She did not know the trick of trade. For her failure she blamed herself, and anticipated Enoch's reproaches. She waited in vain for any news of Enoch. In the meantime her last-born child grew sicklier, and in spite of all that a mother could do—for she had not the means to call in a doctor, the child died. Now Philip, seeing her in distress, called on her. He begged her to receive his help to educate her children for the sake of Enoch who desired most to give his children proper education. Annie could not have the heart to refuse Philip's request. So Annie's children were put to school.

As days and months passed, Philip became dearer to the children, and Enoch began to fade away from their memory. Thus ten years were gone, and yet no news came of Enoch. One evening it happened that Annie's children wanted to go nutting to the wood. They got hold of Philip to accompany them. Annie also went with them. As Annie climbed the hill, she felt tired. She rested at the very spot in the wood where once she and Enoch had been found by Philip making love. Philip remembered now his "one dark hour" in the wood. The children broke away from them and filled the wood with their shouts as they gathered nuts. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, Philip requested Annie to marry him since there seemed little chance of Enoch ever returning. Annie prayed that God might bless him and reward him for his kindness to her, and told him that she could not love him

as she loved Enoch. But Philip was contented to be loved a little after Enoch. So Annie prayed him to wait a year. Philip readily agreed.

At the end of the year Philip appeared before Annie. Annie wanted a month more to make up her mind. Annie felt deeply for Philip, but put him off with some excuse or other until six months were gone. Then one night Annie prayed for a sign whether Enoch was dead or alive. She got up from bed, struck a light, opened the Bible, and came upon the text—"under the palm-tree." She could make nothing of it, and fell asleep; and then she dreamt of Enoch sitting on a height under a palm-tree. She imagined that Enoch was in heaven. Next morning she sent for Philip.

So Philip and Annie were married. Yet for a while after this, Annie was haunted by unknown fears. Then a child was born, and she was all right—the motherly affection bloomed in her, and cast out all her fears.

To resume the story of Enoch. At first he had a prosperous voyage in the ship, *Good Fortune*. On the Bay of Biscay the ship had the worst of times. Then she burst into the tropics. She tumbled long about the Cape of Good Hope and then anchored in a port in the East Indies. The return voyage proved disastrous. At first the ship met with fair weather. Then the winds suddenly dropped and the ship lay becalmed; and then came shifting winds. At last the gale broke, and the ship went down. Except Enoch and two others all perished. In the morning they were cast on a lonely island in the tropics. The island was quite fruitful; so they could easily get something to eat and live upon. The youngest of them, a mere boy, had been shaken to pieces on the night of the shipwreck. He died after lingering five years in pain Enoch's remaining companion, hollowing out a tree-trunk by fire in the sun, got a sunstroke and died. So Enoch was left alone on the island. The luxuriant beauty of the tropical wood, the colours of insects and birds, the glory of the sunshine could not satisfy his heart. He ever longed for "the kindly human face", and "a kindly voice," but instead he heard the shrieks of the sea-fowl, the boom and thunder of the waves, the whisper of trees as they branched and blossomed, the noise of the rushing water. He sat looking out to the sea and straining

his eyes to catch a sail. The sun blazed among the palms, ferns and rocks, and on the vast expanse of the sea. And at night the stars shone with a clear and steady light. As he thus brooded alone, sometimes the days of his past life in the English seaport town would come back to him He seemed to haunt the familiar scenes as a ghost, his recollection had grown so dim now ! Once he seemed to hear, in the ringing of his ears, the church-bell of the seaport town—a faint and far away sound, and he started. Then the island would return upon him, and crowd out the memories of his native town.

Thus year after year went until one day a ship, evidently driven by contrary winds, stood off the island, and the crew landed to get a supply of water. Enoch met them. He was long-haired, long-bearded, sun-burnt, and strangely clad—and he looked hardly human. He led the sailors to the fountains of fresh water. And when they had filled their casks with water, they took him aboard. He told them the story of his life. After a long and tedious voyage he landed at his port.

A heavy mist, rising from the sea, wrapt his native town as he moved like a ghost through it. His heart trembling with fear, he made for his home—the home where he had lived those seven happy years with Annie and his children. No light or murmur of human voice was there. A notice of sale stared at him. He returned to the wharf, seeking a tavern he had known in the past. The master of the tavern was gone, but it was now kept by his widow, Miriam Lane.

Miriam Lane could not of course recognize Enoch. Like an old woman who talks too much, Miriam Lane told Enoch all the history of Annie. Enoch now yearned to see her face again and know whether she was happy. One November evening he crept to the garden at the back of Philip's house, and watched unseen through the window the happy family group within. His heart writhed in pain. A shrill and terrible cry rose to his lips, but he kept it back. He dragged himself away from the garden, and prayed to God for strength that he might not do anything to ruin the happiness of Annie.

This resolve kept him up. In stead of depending on charity, he worked for his living, but there was little interest either in life or in his labour. When a year had gone, he fell

sick and grew weaker and weaker till he could go out no more. He now looked forward to death. One day he called Miriam Lane to his bed-side. He then told her the secret of his life and made her swear that she must not reveal it until he was dead. Lest he might fail in his purpose, he did not even want to see his children before his death. He gave Miriam Lane the curl of his last-born baby, which he had kept so long with him, and prayed her to return it to Annie as a sign. On the third night after this the sea heaved and roared, and the houses in the port rattled, when Enoch woke up and spread his arms and cried, 'A sail! a sail!' and fell back and breathed no more.

Character of Enoch Arden—*Enoch has a strong, passionate nature; he has firm determination, character and personality.* He falls in love with Annie and resolves to marry her. But he must earn enough to be able to maintain a family before he can marry Annie. So he puts all his heart and soul into his fishing trade. When he is twenty-one, he is able to buy his own boat and make a home for Annie.

For seven years he lives in happiness and comfort. First a daughter and then a son are born. Like a good father as Enoch is, all his care is now to save as much as he can to give his children a better start in life. Then misfortunes come. He breaks his leg by a fall from the mast. He loses his trade when he lies in bed as the result of the accident. Now his wife bears him a second son, a sickly one. He begins to worry about the future of his children and wife. He is a God-fearing man, but for a moment doubt and gloom dim his faith. He prays to God that his children and wife might be spared all misery, whatever happened to him. The post of a boatswain is offered to him, as if in answer to his prayer and he accepts it at once.

He might have listened to Annie's fears and entreaties, and stayed at home, but *all his care is for his children and wife.* It would have broken his spirit to see them in distress. He trusts in God and hopes that all would end well. And so he parts from his wife and children.

On his return voyage he is shipwrecked and cast on a lonely island. Here it is his lot to remain ten years or more, thinking often of his distant home in England, of Annie and

of his children. Enoch never breathes a word of complaint against God. It is his unfailing faith that sustains him in his sad and lonely life on the island *Resignation to the will of God, and a living faith in God are the most distinguishing traits in Enoch's character.*

"had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

He is finally rescued and returns to his native town. And now his wife belongs to another, and his children are no longer his—and it is for them he had suffered the worst. *Here comes the real test of his character—the test of his love and devotion.* He sees that Annie is quite happy, and that satisfies him. He resolves not to break in upon her happiness. This resolve he keeps to the end. It is not for an ordinary sailor to make this tremendous sacrifice to love. Enoch is transfigured as a hero —a hero, crowned with the spiritual glory. His love, his devotion, his duty triumph over every other consideration.

Dr. Bayne thus writer of Enoch : "Harder duty, however, has seldom fallen to any man than his......He had never accused God ; he had never unjustly upbraided man ; in the long role of Christian heroes there is not inscribed a truer hero than Enoch Arden."

Character of Philip Ray—*There is not so much of the hero in Philip Ray as in Enoch Arden. Philip's life is rather uneventful.* In his life there is nothing like the hardship of Enoch's earlier days, nothing like Enoch's disastrous shipwreck, nothing like Enoch's tragic sorrow and disappointment. Philip's father leaves him his mill, and he steps into a life of comparative ease and competence.

The sorrow in his early life is his disappointment in love when Annie marries Enoch. But he still continues to love her in secret His fine consideration prevents him from betraying it to Annie, or pressing it upon her during Enoch's absence. Only when there seems to be little chance of Enoch ever returning, does he speak of his love—that *"lifelong hunger" of his heart. It is a love that is part of his life—and he*

treasures it in secret. True to this love, he hastens to the help of Annie in her dark days, when he expects no return of his love. Annie feels for him, but cannot marry him until she is sure that Enoch is no more alive. Annie wants time again and again. Philip cries, "I have waited all my life ; I may wait as well a little again." His truth and sincerity stand the test well. He is even content to be loved a little after Enoch. So finally his reward comes, and he is quite happy.

Philip has no experience of poverty. *He is noted for delicacy of consideration and tenderness of feeling.* If he has not the heroic temper of Enoch, he has a softer grace and refinement which seem to set him apart from the fishing folk of the town.

Character of Annie Lee—*Annie Lee is the prettiest girl in the port. She has the gifts of beauty, gentleness, sympathy.* She is a playmate of Enoch and Philip. Enoch, strong, passionate and impulsive, domineers over the two. *When Enoch and Philip quarrel over Annie, Annie brings them together again by promising to be little wife to both. She dreams little then that she will in actuality be wife in turn to both :* Both Enoch and Philip love Annie, *Annie is naturally and unconsciously attracted to Enoch, the stronger of the two. But her affection and sympathy go to Philip :*

"Enoch spoke his love
But Philip loved in silence, and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch."

Annie marries Enoch, and they live in happiness and comfort for seven years. Enoch's accident (when he breaks his leg by a fall from the mast) marks the beginning of her misfortunes. With the true instinct of a woman whose senses are quicker to apprehend the coming evil, she fears the worst of Enoch's parting from her. She feels almost to a certainty that nothing but evil would come out of this venture of Enoch. She is not comforted by all that Enoch says of God and His providence. She cries :

"O Enoch, you are wise,
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

The coming event casts its shadow upon her mind. Her worst fears are justified : she never again looks upon the face of Enoch.

Annie's real trial begins when Enoch is away. Her shop-keeping proves a failure. Her last-born baby grows sicklier and dies,—and she feels that a doctor could have saved him, but she had not the means to fee a doctor. At this stage Philip comes to her help. The request is made by Philip with every consideration for her feelings. He begs to be allowed to put her children to school and that for the sake of Enoch who desired most that they should be properly educated. Annie cannot refuse such a kind and sympathetic request.

When years pass by, and there seems to be little chance of Enoch ever returning, Philip dares to breathe his love to Annie. And it is as delicately and tenderly made known as his offer to help her children is made. Annie has had always a soft corner in her heart for Philip. She replies, "Can one love twice ? Can you ever be loved as Enoch was ?" But Philip is content to be loved a little after Enoch. Annie cannot yet make up her mind. She begs Philip to wait a year more. A year and a half pass, and Annie has ever put off Philip. Her heart weeps for him :

"And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and long-sufferance.

At last one night she suddenly gets up from bed, and prays for a sign whether Enoch is alive or dead. And she strikes a light, and opens the Bible, coming upon the text, 'under a palm-tree.' She can make nothing of it and falls asleep again ; then she dreams of Enoch sitting on a height under a palm-tree. She imagines now that Enoch is in heaven. Next morning she sends for Philip—and the marriage takes place.

Yet for a while she is haunted by unknown fears. *It may be that she is superstitious. But it is more likely that her womanly intuition sees more than meets the eye*, and that a vague feeling that Enoch is still alive troubles her. It is not until she bears Philip a baby that the fears are dispelled :

"Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died."

When Enoch returns after years of absence, one night he steals to the garden behind Philip's house and watches unseen the happy fireside scene—his own Annie no longer his, quite happy and in comfort. He retires as stealthily, with an aching heart, but resolved not to dash that happiness of Annie to the ground.

Critical Appreciation of the Story—The story of *Enoch Arden* is *artistically told*. In the opening nine lines the setting, the background and even the very atmosphere of the poem are suggested. It is a story that might have been easily expanded into a full-sized novel. But Tennyson concentrates on a few points of the story to give the full effect of pathos and harmony.

The poem opens with the childhood of Enoch, Philip and Annie. No shadow of tragedy hangs on this scene. It stands almost apart from the rest of events. Then Enoch and Annie marry, and for seven years their life is quite happy and comfortable. Enoch's accident is the first hint of dark forces in life.

"Then came a change, as all things human change"—that line strikes the keynote of subsequent events.

The scene of domestic peace and happiness gives place to a hand-to-mouth existence for Annie and her children in the absence of Enoch, soon followed by the death of her last-born child The dark forces of life triumph—and permanently separate husband and wife, when Enoch is shipwrecked and cast on a tropical island.

For a period of ten years or more Annie suffers the worst agony of suspense, apart from a life of hardship and discomfort. During this period Philip appears as a good angel to her. The balance is but partly restored when Philip marries Annie. But what happens to Enoch is sheer tragedy, which is more than emphasized by the picture of Annie's happiness. The moral truth and grandeur of the poem, embodied in Enoch's high resolve, is a legitimate blossom of tragedy. *If the poem teaches anything, it teaches* that *Character can conquer Fate*. Tennyson points it in the following lines :

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore.

Prayer from a living source within the will
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

Opinions of Critics

" 'Enoch Arden" itself, on a theme suggested by Woolner, is entirely without that humour, racy of the soil, which enlivens "The Northern Farmer" and others of this group ; but it has all the force of direct narrative fired with sympathy and understanding. There are a thousand details which give the picture a tender reality wedded to a fine imagination that yet never carries us above the subject.

"The little wife" and her playmates grow up before us in that quiet "beach a hundred years ago" ;

Either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence.

Then follow the ordinary events of a fishing village, as the sailor and his young bride find a family around them and experience the ups and downs which constitute average daily life. The long voyage, undertaken against her will under stress of poverty ; her rather poor-spirited attempt at shop-keeping ; no news, and the long-delayed acceptance of Philip in place of Enoch—such events have no doubt been happening, and will happen, around us everywhere. The wanderer's return and his unselfish determination to leave wife and children in their prosperous and happy home attain the height of domestic pathos. His sacrifice is no less spontaneous and simple-minded than his wooing had been."

—*R. Brimley Johnson.*

"And, all supposed drawbacks notwithstanding, *Enoch Arden* is a noble poem by that highest test of a poem, the worthy presentment of ideal character. Robbed of all heroic accidents, the man Enoch Arden is a true hero, after the highest conception of a hero. *A man of unconquerable will, by the might of love and faith and duty*—this is the highest hero, and this is Enoch Arden. Through all his simple, homely life, the quality

of the man is to be seen, but he is proclaimed full hero only when the great ordeal has come. He is as great as King Arthur, none the less that, in his supreme hour, his task is to bear and abstain rather than to do. He is great by his unconquerable will, yet his strength is not the strength of dogged resistance, but a conscious and deliberate bowing before love and duty, by the underlying might of faith."

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

"It was much debated whether it was true art, first, not to let Enoch speak to his wife and children before he died, and, second, to make him, dying without seeing them, let them know that he had returned at all. To determine these points, it must be considered that the conception of Enoch is that of a man altogether noble. Any emotional satisfaction gained at the cost of making him less noble would have been false art, therefore. Now his appearance in the new family circle, whatever doubtful pleasure it might have afforded to him, would have caused utter consternation and pain to all others concerned. To Philip it would have meant a ruined life; while Annie would have found herself severed from both ties at once, and shocked beyond recovery by the discovery of her false position. A low-toned or morbid artist would have made them meet—the situation has been produced more than once in recent novels to the entire offence of all readers of refinement and sensibility. The most that could be permitted to Enoch, consistent with his nobility and with true art-feeling, was that terrible satisfaction he obtained when

"The dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,

And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love."

"Concerning the other point, it was sometime before I could arrive at a conclusion to my own satisfaction, if even I have yet done so. The affirmative answer, if that be the right one, comes out of the consideration that the conception of Annie is in no way that of an ideal character. She is a faithful, loving woman, as ordinary men and women go, but she is of the common, not of the highest type. This is seen all through the poem. Her long hesitation about marrying Philip is as much fear as fidelity. It was through her suggestion, half or wholly unconscious, it may be, that he first spoke of it to her."

" 'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary"

is the language, not of the desolation of faithful love, but of the longing for some present interest and sympathy. After she is married, an almost fear of Enoch's return seems to haunt her.

"A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, not ventured out alone
What ailed her then, that ere she entered often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter."

"In this state of mind the certainty of Enoch's death would be a comfort to her, perhaps even though accompanied by the pain and shame of knowing that he had been alive, when, before, she thought him dead. Therefore, that Enoch should leave word for her to be told may be true art, upon the conception of the ideal type of Enoch's character, and the common type of the character of Annie.

"In accordance with this is the passage—

" 'This miller's wife,'
He said to Miriam, 'that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'

'Ay, ay, poor soul,' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort.'"

"The weakest portion of *Enoch Arden* is, I think, the three last lines. After the completeness of the ending in the words—

"There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more,"

those three extra lines chill one. To *name* him "strong heroic soul" seems so entirely unnecessary, after the living presentment of his strength and heroism; and though the kind of funeral his friends and his town gave him was important for their own sakes the record of it here has yet to my mind the effect of an anti-climax"—*E. C. Tainsh.*

"There is not much of natural description in the poem. But Tennyson sets the *scenery of the action in the first nine lines*—

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm, etc.

They cannot be called a description of Nature. They make, as it were, the scenic background before which a drama is to be played, and this is all the poet intends them to represent. Two other scenes are laid, one where the wood feathers down to the hollow filled with hazels, where both Enoch and Philip tell their love to Annie; and the other, the room in the cottage where we see Philip and Enoch's wife, and the garden without in the dark, when Enoch looks through the window with a breaking heart. *One other scene is set in the tropic isle where Enoch sits among the palms, gazing on the separating sea.* This is the one distinct description of Nature in the poem, and, though *it is good, it is not as good as another poet who sympathised more with that type of Nature would have made it.* Tennyson......was out of his element when he was away from England. And this description, with which he seems to have taken great pains, is not fused together by any feeling for the Nature described, *there is no colour in it but scarlet; and the*

one line in it which is first-rate might have been written in Cornwall from sight:

The league-long roller thundering on the reef

"*It is instructive to compare its emotionless verses to those that follow, when Enoch in his hungry-hearted reverie sees in vision his native town, his native land. These are full of the very breath and passion of England* :

The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Nor can I omit the exquisite sentiment which sighs through Enoch's first sight of England, when all the quintessence of her native land and of her natural scenery is wafted from the dim coast to the returning ship. In these visions of his country—for surely Tennyson himself is speaking here—he is unequalled in English poetry.

His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall.

"As to the humanity of the poem, he that runs may read it. It also is kept at a quiet level, but it is none the less impressive. It never breaks into sensation ; not even when Enoch returns to see his wife married to another, and his children with another father. Nor has Tennyson any special ethical aim in what he writes. His work springs straight out of the situation. Enoch, Philip, Annie could not have acted otherwise—once we see their character. How easy it seems, as we read it, to do this well ! How supremely difficult it is except for an artist who has loved his art for years !

It is with an art charged with humanity that the introduction to the poem prophesies the whole action of the poem by the play of the children on the beach.

In the narrow cave the children keep house. Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, while Annie still was mistress. "This is my house, and this my little wife," cries Enoch. "Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about." And when they quarrelled,

> The little wife would weep for company
> And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
> And say she would be little wife to both.

The childhood's play contains the fate of the men and the woman. This is well-shaped, skilful composition."

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Analysis :

1. *Setting or background to the action of the poem.* The lines of cliff with an opening left between ; beyond red-tiled houses about the wharf ; then a decaying church and on a higher level a mill, and behind it on upland, full of the graves of the Danish invaders, and a hazelwood in the hollow of that upland. (*ll.* 1—9)

2. *Childhood of Enoch, Philip and Annie*—They played on the sea-beach, and in a narrow cave beneath the cliff they played at keeping house. (*ll.* 10—36)

3. *Enoch's singleness of purpose*—Enoch resolves to win Annie, and works his way up steadily until he has means to buy his own boat and make a home for Annie. (*ll.* 37—60)

4. *Philip's discovery*—On an autumn evening when the younger people are out nutting, Philip discovers Enoch and Annie seated in the wood, hand in hand, and making love. Philip draws back into the wood, and hides his pain from the eyes of the nutters. (*ll.* 61—79)

5. *Enoch's marriage, followed by seven years of happiness and comfort*—For seven years Enoch and Annie live in happiness and comfort after their marriage, and first a daughter, then a son are born to them. (*ll.* 80—100)

6. *Enoch's accident and its result*—Enoch breaks his leg by a fall from the mast. Another son, a sickly one, is born. Then he loses his trade. He accepts the post of boatswain in a merchant ship, in which he has once served. (*ll.* 101—127)

7. *Enoch's plan and Annie's opposition to it*—Enoch's plan is to sell his boat, and set up Annie in trade. Annie wants Enoch to stay at home as she begins to fear that nothing good will come out of it. (*ll.* 128—167)

8. *Enoch's parting*—Enoch seeks in vain to cheer up and comfort Annie. She is afraid that she will not look upon his face again. She cuts a curl from her last-born baby, and gives it to Enoch. (*ll.* 168—243)

9. *Annie's failure in shopkeeping*—Annie cannot make anything out of her trade. She feels more and more the pinch of poverty. (*ll.* 244—259)

10. *Death of her last born baby, and Philip's offer of assistance*—Her third child, already sickly, grows sicklier and dies. Philip comes forward to help her, and persuades her to allow him to send her children to school. (*ll.* 260—340)

11. *No news of Enoch and Philip's wooing of Annie*—Ten years pass, and there is no news of Enoch. One day the children go nutting, and Philip and Annie accompany them. It is then that Philip tells Annie his love and prays her to marry him. Annie wants a year's time. (*ll.* 341—448)

12. *Marriage of Philip and Annie*—Annie begs for time again and again. At the end of a year as she promised to give her answer, she cannot make up her mind. She wants a month more, but keeps Philip waiting for half a year more.. One night she prays for a sign whether Enoch is alive or dead. Then she gets up from bed and opens the Bible and comes upon the text, 'under the palm-tree.' She falls asleep and dreams of Enoch sitting on a height under a palm-tree. She imagines that Enoch is in heaven. Next morning she sends for Philip. Immediately afterwards their marriage takes place. For a while she is haunted by unknown fears. Then a child is born, and she forgets all her fears. (*ll.* 449—522)

13. *Enoch's voyage and shipwreck*—Enoch sails in the ship 'Good Fortune.' The voyage is at first prosperous. But when the ship begins her return voyage, she is wrecked in a gale, and all perish except Enoch and two more fellows. They are cast on a tropical island. His two companions die, and he lives alone on that island for ten years or so. Sometimes his happy days in his native town in England return to him in that

solitary island. He never ceases to hope that he will return there. (*ll.* 523—617)

14. *Enoch's rescue and return to his native town*—A chance ship is at last blown by contrary winds to the island. The crew land to get a supply of fresh water. Enoch is taken aboard by them and given free passage home. He lands in his port on an autumn evening. He finds his home abandoned, and no Annie there. (*ll.* 618—685)

15. *Enoch's resolve*—Enoch lodges with Miriam Lane. He learns from Miriam Lane the history of Annie. One night he steals to the garden at the back of Philip's house, and watches unseen the happy family group within. Then he resolves that he will not let Annie know until he is dead. (*ll.* 686—794)

16. *Enoch's death*—Enoch stays on with Miriam Lane and works to earn a scanty living for himself. But he grows weak and listless day by day until he takes to bed. Then knowing that death is near, he confides his secret to Miriam Lane, but he makes her swear that she will keep it until he is dead. He gives to Miriam Lane the curl of his third child that she may return it to Annie as a sign. On the third night after this the sea rises and calls, and Enoch wakes up and cries, 'A sail ! a sail !' Then he falls back and dies. He has the most magnificent funeral. (*ll.* 795—911)

Metre and Versification—*Enoch Arden* is *written in blank verse. The normal line consists of five iambic feet.* Sometimes a *trochee* (an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one) is substituted for the *iamb* :

Sh'aking | their pr'et | ty cab' | in, ham | mer and a'xe
Au'ger | and sa'w, | while An' | nie see'm'd | to he'ar.
(*ll.* 173-174)

In the first line a *trochee* is introduced in the third foot to mark an abrupt change in the rhythm, suggesting the break in the cliff :

Lo'ng lin'es | of cli'ff | bre'aking | have le'ft | a cha'sm.

The first foot in the above line is a *spondee* (a foot of two accented syllables). Sometimes a spondee is introduced on the

principle of *equivalence*, *i.e.*, when a foot has two unstressed syllables, the next foot has two stressed syllables :

And the | low′ mo′an | of lea′d | en co′l | our′d se′as
(*l.* 608)

Less luc′k | y her | hom′e-voy′age : | at fir′st | indee′d.
(*l.* 537)

A foot of two unaccented syllables is known as *Pyrrhic*. The metrical variations are introduced by Tennyson either to reflect a sudden change in the movement of thought and emotion or to suggest an image or picture.

The blank verse of *Enoch Arden* is in a minor key. It has not the majestic swell and concerted harmony of his blank verse elsewhere, *e.g.*, the blank verse of the *Idylls of the King* He practises *enjambment* (*i.e.*, running the sense from one line to another) in a limited degree. One good example is lines 128 to 140. The blank verse of *Enoch Arden* is rather diluted—it is robbed of its organ-note. Tennyson suits it to the humble theme of his poem. There is one magnificent passage (*ll.* 568—595) in which Tennyson rises to the sonorous note and cadence that the blank verse is capable of.

ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :

'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about:'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
And all men look'd upon him favourably:
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home

For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil,
With children—first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be

The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.
  Then came a change, as all things human change :
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell :
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one :
Another hand crept too across his trade,
Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved—a beggar : then he pray'd
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,

Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone,
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;

Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day, by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,

Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him : and then he said
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise ;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here,

(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these,
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it.'
Enoch rose
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him, Enoch said
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.
Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.
In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,

Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd ; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

He spoke ; the passion in her moan'd reply
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am !' half abash'd him ; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her :

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man :
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely ? not to see the world—
For pleasure ?—nay, but for wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives ?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again

Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie, with her brows against the wall,
Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face ;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
He will repay you : money can be repaid ;
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
'Then you will let me, Annie ?'

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and everyway,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs ; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then



With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where : and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood
And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too :
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
'Come with us, Father Philip' he denied :
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands:
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,

It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living ; well then—let me speak :
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children : I do think
They love me as a father : I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own ;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it :
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours :
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
'You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ?'
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved
A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried,
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while :
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
Surely I shall be wiser in a year :
O wait a little !' Philip sadly said

'Annie, as I have waited all my life,
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
'I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?'
And Philip answer'd, 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil ;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
Then Annie weeping answer'd, 'I am bound.'

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year ?' she ask'd.

'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again :
Come out and see.' But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'

And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch, is he gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,

'Under a palm-tree.' That was nothing to her :
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :
When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest ; yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest !" ' Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once.'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter ; Philip thought he knew :
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child : but when her child was born
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart.
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows;
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:

No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay :
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd, the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what : and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd, they took aboard :
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it ;
And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could answer him,

If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home

Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me !'
  Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
Who kept it ; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.
  But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd
So broken—all the story of his house :
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion : any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller : only when she closed
' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost '
He shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering ' cast away and lost ;'
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
' If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward : but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden, square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,

A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man, come to life, beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness
And his own children, tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which, in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd :

'Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never : no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
He said to Miriam 'that you told me of,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives ?'
'Aye, aye, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow !
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,

Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought
'After the lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last.'
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said,
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'

'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk !
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
'Swear,' added Enoch sternly, 'on the book.'
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?'
'Know him ?' she said 'I knew him far away.
Aye, aye, I mind him coming down the street ;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her :
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live ;
I am the man.' At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
'You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.' Enoch said again,
My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
My grief and solitude have broken me ;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only 'See your bairns before you go !
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he'.

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,

That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

ENOCH ARDEN

Notes, Explanations, References, etc.

Lines 1—9

Summary—The scene of action is briefly sketched—a long line of cliff with a gap in between ; then beyond, houses with red roofs, a decaying church, and higher a street leading to a mill and behind, an upland strewn with the graves of the Danish warriors, and a hazelwood.

Paraphrase—There stand long lines of rock on the coast. A gap in the rock forms a chasm (an opening that runs inland), and the chasm is full of foam and golden sands. Beyond stand houses with roofs, made of red tiles, clustering about a small wharf (a landing-place for cargoes); then there is a church crumbling away ; at a higher level a long street ascends to a mill, surmounted by a higher tower. Behind it looms, at a still greater height, an upland, looking gray in the distance, which contains the graves of the Danish warriors ; in the cup-shaped hollow of the upland there is a hazelwood, all green, which is visited by nutters in autumn.

1. *Cliff*—a steep, precipitous rock. *Beaking*—dividing. *Chasm*—a wide opening or gap. L. *chasma*, Gr. *khasma*, gulf, yawning, verbal noun from *kha-skein*, to gape. Syn · gorge, ravine. *Long lines.........chasm—Lines 1 to 9 give the setting or background to the action of the poem.* In a few details which are not described in full, the scenery of the action is sketched. The scene is viewed from the sea ; and the sea dominates the poem.

N.B. Hugh Marwick notes that it is the picture of a typical East Coast fishing village. "These first nine lines present the setting for the story—that of a typical East Coast fishing village. Such as Tennyson must often have seen in his youth. It is noteworthy also that the scene is drawn from the viewpoint of the sea, the sea which is the accompaniment of the story all through"—*Marwick*.

2. *Foam*—a mass of small bubbles. Cognate with Sanskrit *phena*. *Yellow*—the colour of the rocky soil. *Sands*—*i.e.*, a

sandy shore. *And in the chasm.........sands*—The idea is that a stream flows down the chasm into the sea.

3. *Beyond* - farther away. *Red roofs—i.e.*, houses with roofs made of red tiles. *Narrow*—small. *Wharf*—a landing-place for goods by the side of a river, harbour, canal, etc., usually consisting of a platform of timber or masonry. Wharves parallel with the shore or river bank are called *quays*. Large projecting wharves are known as *piers*.

4. *In cluster*—grouped together. *Moulder'd*—decayed; in ruins. Syn. crumble, perish. *Higher*—at a higher level.

5. *Climbs*—ascends. *Tall-tower'd*—with a high tower to which sails are fixed. Tennyson is speaking here of a wind-mill which is driven by the pressure of the wind on the revolving sails. Note the compound ('*tall-tower'd*'), which is a favourite device of Tennyson. Old English possessed the unlimited power of forming compounds, which has been lost in Modern English. Note also the alliteration in the compound. *Mill*—a flour-mill. The mill to which the long street climbs, is a particularly impressive spectacle in the landscape.

6. *High in heaven—i.e.*, so high as to be one with the sky. *Behind* - *i.e.*, behind the mill. *Gray*—'gray' is a mixture of white and black. A significant colour—a colour associated with ruin and decay. It might refer also to the coarse, faded grass which covers the down. *Down*—a sand hill.

7. *Danish*—N.B. The reference is to the Danish invasion of England. The Danes, also called the Northmen, gave much trouble to Alfred the Great, who reigned from 871 to 901. In the reign of Ethelred the Redeless, the Danes conquered England (1013). The Danish king, Knut or Canute, ruled wisely for eighteen years, but seven years after his death the English recalled Edward the Confessor (1042), son of Ethelred, from Normandy. *Barrows* - mounds of earth marking the burial-places of the Danish warriors. A. S. *beorg*, hill.

N.B. From pre-historic times to the days of the Vikings (Danish or Norse warriors, esp. pirates or sea-robbers) it was a common practice to cover tombs with mounds of earth and stone. There are many of these barrows to-day in England, as anyone can see them in the Cotswold Hills. They give us

much knowledge about early times. In some of the Viking barrows, full sized ships have been discovered, equipped as though sailing the sea, with the dead owner lying in state in a cabin on the deck. *Hazelwood* -The *hazel* is a nut-bearing shrub or small tree of the genus *corylus*. The hazel-nut is of a red-brown colour, and is edible.

8. *Autumn*—The hazel-nuts ripen in autumn. *Nutters*—those who gather nuts. *Haunted*—frequented. *Flourishes*—thrives.

9. *Green*—goes with 'hazelwood' above. *Cup-like*--cup-shaped. *Hollow*—a small valley.

Lines 10—22

Substance—A hundred years ago, three children from three different families played on the sea-beach. They were Annie Lee, the prettiest girl in the port, Philip Ray, the miller's only son, Enoch Arden, a sailor lad who had lost his father in a shipwreck. They built castles of sand, and they watched these castles washed away by the waves.

Paraphrase—A hundred years ago here on this sea-beach, three children from three different families, Annie Lee, the loveliest girl in the sea-port town, Philip Ray, the miller's only son, and Enoch Arden, a sturdy sailor lad who had lost his father in a shipwreck in winter, played among all the rejected and disused articles that lay strewn on the shore—twisted ropes, black fishing-nets, anchors covered with rust, and boats hauled up on shore. They built castles of sand, and watched them washed by the waves. Or they followed the waves as they receded and fled the waves as they flowed towards the shore. Thus daily they left their footprints on the shore, which were daily washed away.

10. *Beach*—sea-coast. *A hundred......ago*—It is, therefore, a story of times long past. Tennyson sets the story in the distant past, which also helps to suggest the strange, brooding atmosphere of the story.

11. *Houses*—families. *Of......houses*—belonging to three different families.

12. *Prettiest*—loveliest. *Little*—young. *Damsel*—a maid. The word is generally used in poetry. *Port*—*i.e.*, sea-port town.

13. *Miller*—one who works or owns a mill.

14. *Rough*—sturdy. Enoch is contrasted here with Philip, who has been rather tenderly brought up.

15. *Made orphan*—*i.e.*, deprived of his father. *Winter shipwreck*—Enoch's father was a sailor. He lost his life in a shipwreck that took place in winter.

16. *Waste*—things that have been discarded; refuse; rubbish. *Lumber*—heavy, bulky things that are of no use. Damaged furniture or those articles for which we cannot find space when we move to a new house, are lumber. *Of the shore*—that lay strewn on the shore.

17. *Coils*—*i.e.*, lengths of ropes coiled up. *Cordage*—ropes of a ship. *Swarthy*—dark. *Swarthy fishing-nets*—Webb explains: "Fishermen's nets are of a dark colour through the action of the sea-water upon them." Hugh Marwick explains: "dark-coloured from the bark with which fishermen tan their nets to preserve them from rotting." Marwick's explanation is correct.

18. *Rusty*—covered with rust. *Fluke*—"broad triangular plate on arm of anchor" (*C. O. D.*); the wide, holding part of an anchor. When an anchor is thrown overboard, the vessel does not come to a standstill until the *fluke* has caught firmly in the ground. *Updrawn*—hauled up on shore. Fishermen's boats are hauled up on shore when they are not in use.

16-18. *Among the waste......updrawn*—"The clear drawing of the objects on the shore, where those three children played, fixes them in the reader's mind during all the after scenes, as the old familiar things of childish years live onward in our memories"—*Quarterly Review.*

19. *Dissolving*—melting. *Built.........sand*—Building of castles of sand on the sea-beach is a favourite sport of children.

20 *Overflow'd*—*i.e*, washed away by the waves. *Following up*—following the retreating wave to the very brink of the sea.

21. *Flying*—running away as the wave advanced upon the shore. *White*—*i.e*, crested with foam. *Breaker*—the wave that *breaks* upon the shore A crested wave which dashes itself against the shore or a sand-bank, is a *breaker*.

20-22. *Following.........away*—Tennyson might have the following lines of Shakespeare in his mind :

"And ye, that on the sands with *printless* foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back"—*Tempest*, V. i. 34-36.

21-22. *Daily left......away*—The line is rather symbolical. Just as their footprints on the sea-beach were quickly washed away, so the joys and sports of their childhood as quickly faded away.

Lines 23—36

Substance—The children played at keeping house in a narrow cave beneath the cliff. One day Enoch was host; next day Philip was host, and Annie was mistress to either. Sometimes Enoch and Philip quarrelled, and Annie brought them together by promising to play the little wife to both.

Paraphrase—There was a narrow cave beneath the cliff. In this cave the children played at being householders. One day Enoch would be master of the house; next day Philip would be master of the house; Annie would play the mistress to both. Now and then Enoch would keep hold of Annie for a week, saying, "This is my house and this my little wife." Philip too would claim the house and the wife to be as much his by turn. When they quarrelled, Philip had to yield to Enoch who was stronger of the two. Philip then would be angry, but as he was unable to do anything against Enoch, his blue eyes would overflow with tears. He would cry out, "I hate you, Enoch." Annie, the little wife, would weep out of sympathy (for Philip) and beg them to be friends again and promise to be little wife to both.

23. *Ran in*—formed a hollow. The cave was formed by the action of water.

24. *In this*—in this cave. *Play'd......house*—*i.e.*, acted the parts of householders. One of the boys would be master of the house, and the girl would be wife. **N.B.** This is a game played by little boys and girls all over the world.

25. *Host*—master of the house. *Next*—next day.

26. *Mistress*—mistress of the house. *At times*—now and then.

27. *Hold possession*—hold possession of the house and the wife; continue to be master of the house.

28. *This is.........wife*—said by Enoch. Evidently Enoch wanted to deprive Philip of his own claim.

29. *Turn......about*—*i.e.*, by turn; alternately.

30. *Quarrell'd* —*i.e.*, quarrelled for the possession of Annie. *Stronger-made*—being physically stronger of the two. Note the contrast between Enoch and Philip: Enoch is self-assertive and must have his own way, while Philip is rather meek and submissive.

31. *Was master*—maintained his superiority.

32. *His blue eyes*—His *blue* eyes are indicative of his tenderness and submissiveness.

33. *All*—completely. *Flooded*—overflowed; brimmed over. *Helpless wrath* —anger that he could not express in action. *Helpless......tears* —tears (and not action) in which his helpless wrath found expression.

34. *Shriek*—cry.

35. *The little wife*—Annie who played the little wife to both. *For company*—*i.e.*, for companionship (out of sympathy for Philip).

36. *For her sake*—(i) for her poor self; (ii) if they loved her at all.

37. *She would.....both—Poetic irony. In actual life Annie became wife to both by turn.* A little casual hint of what is going to happen in future—one of the tricks often adopted in telling a story.

Lines 38—60

Substance—When Enoch and Philip grew up, each loved Annie. Annie had all the affection for Philip, but she loved Enoch. Enoch now resolved to make good, and save all he could to buy his own boat and make a home for Annie. He served a year in a merchant ship, and made a good sailor. He thrice saved men from drowning. He also prospered as a fisherman. In his twenty-first year he bought his own boat and made a home for Annie.

Paraphrase—The happy days of their childhood were over, and they (Enoch and Philip) began to feel the maturer passion of manhood as distinguished from their boyish love for Annie. And each set his heart on that one girl. Enoch openly declared his love, and Philip kept it to himself. The girl was more sympathetic to Philip than to Enoch, but she loved Enoch almost unconsciously, and would deny it if asked about it. Enoch steadily kept his purpose in view that he must save as much as he could to buy his own boat, and make a home for Annie. He succeeded so well that at last all along the coast upon which the waves rolled there was no luckier or bolder fisherman, no one more cautious in danger than Enoch Similarly he had served a year in a merchant ship, and became an expert sailor. He had thrice saved lives from drowning from the receding sea. All men were well-disposed towards him. And before he was twenty-one, he bought his own boat, and made a home for Annie. It was halfway up the narrow street which ascended to the mill, and it was quite tidy and comfortable.

37. *Dawn of rosy childhood*—Childhood is compared to dawn. 'Rosy' has a double significance: it refers to the red streaks of the dawn and it refers to the rosy cheeks of children. *Past*—was over.

38. *The new warmth......sun*—The metaphor of the previous line is continued. The idea may be thus explained: *childhood* is *dawn* when the east is streaked red; *growing manhood* is *the sun climbing the sky*; the *maturer passion* of manhood in place of boyish love is the *heat* of the climbing sun. *Warmth*—(i) heat of the sun; (ii) the maturer passion of love felt in manhood. *Life's ascending sun*—(i) sun climbing the sky as the day advances; (ii) the growing years of manhood.

39. *Either*—both Enoch and Philip. *Fixt his heart*—fixed his love.

40. *That one girl*—Annie. *Spoke his love*—openly declared his love.

41. *Philip........silence*—Philip did not reveal his love. There is the contrast again between Enoch and Philip. Enoch is a bold lover and Philip is a timid lover. As none but the brave deserves the fair, Enoch succeeds in winning Annie.

42. *Seem'd............him*—was more sympathetic to Philip than to Enoch. Philip being weaker of the two, Annie's affection and sympathy naturally went to him.

43. *But............Enoch*—Enoch being stronger and manlier of the two, Annie naturally loved him. *Tho'*—though. *Tho' .. not*—She was in love with Enoch without being aware of it.

44. *If ask'd*—if asked whether she loved Enoch.

37—44. *But when the dawn.........it*—**Expl.** Tennyson points out here that both Enoch and Philip loved Annie as they grew up in manhood. Their happy days of childhood were soon over. Enoch and Philip were now growing up as men; and they began to feel the mature passion of love in place of their boyish love for Annie. Their childhood is like the dawn, and their ruddy cheeks in their childhood are like the red streaks of the sun in the east at daybreak. Similarly their maturer passion of love, which they felt in their manhood, is like the heat of the sun as it climbs the sky. Enoch was the bold lover. Enoch openly declared his love. Philip was the timid lover. Philip never spoke of his love. Annie seemed to be more sympathetic to Philip (as he was the weaker of the two) than to Enoch. She loved Enoch (as he was the stronger of the two); but she was unconscious of it, and would deny it if she were asked about it.

N.B. An important psychological truth is emphasised here —woman's sympathy is for the weak, her love is for the strong.

45. *Purpose*—object. *Evermore*—steadily.

44—45. *Set.........eyes*—steadily pursued an object that he had always in view.

46. *Hoard*—lay by; amass. *Savings*—all the money that he could save. *To............uttermost*—to the best of his power; by all means.

47. *To purchase*—so that he might purchase. *Make a home*—so that he might make a home.

44—48. *Enoch set.........Annie*—Enoch could not marry until he had made money enough for the purpose. Note here Enoch's resoluteness and singleness of purpose. Enoch had a practical nature unlike Philip who was easy-going. As soon as

Enoch fell in love with Annie, he wanted to marry her, and at once set about accomplishing his purpose. *Prosper'd*—met with success.

49. *Luckier*—more fortunate. *Bolder*—more fearless.

50. *Carefuller*—more cautious. *Peril*—*i e.*, the danger that he encountered in sailing the sea. *Breathe*—live.

51. *Leagues*—Three miles make one *league*. *Breaker-beaten*—with the waves dashing upon it. Note the alliteration.

52. *Likewise*—similarly. *Served*—*i.e.*, served as a sailor.

53. *On ....merchantman*—in a merchant ship.

53-54. *Made............sailor*—*i.e.*, took all the training of a sailor. *Full sailor*—an 'able sea-man.' *Pluck'd*—rescued. *A life*—*i e.*, a drowning man.

55. *Dread*—*i.e.*, dreaded *Sweep*—rapidly moving current. *Down-streaming*—refers to the receding wave ; "the backward wash of the surf on the beach" (*Marwick*). A man who is carried away by a retreating wave, cannot save himself by his own efforts. Nor is the risk any the less for the rescuer. The rescuer must be particularly a plucky and strong swimmer to be able to save the drowning man. *The dread............seas*—The line illustrates Tennyson's gift of word-painting. The very picture is called up before the mind.

56. *Look'd.........favourably*—esteemed him ; had a good opinion of him.

57. *Ere*—before. *Touch'd............May*—reached the year of twenty-one. *One-and-twentieth May*—*i.e.*, one-and-twentieth year. May, a month in spring, is selected to represent the year as a young man is referred to. A less general expression is used for the more general (Fig. *Synecdoche*).

59. *Neat*—tidy. Neatness is a particular attribute of the sailor. Compare the expression—*shipshape*. *Nestlike*—cosy (comfortable) and warm like a bird's nest.

60. *Clamber'd*—climbed. *Mill*—the mill owned by Philip's father.

Lines 61—79

Substance—One autumn evening the young people went nutting to the hazelwood. Philip kept with his father who

was sick, and did not join the party. An hour later he climbed the hill. On the sloping edge of the wood, descending to the valley, he came upon Enoch and Annie. They were sitting hand-in-hand. Philip saw them making love, and crept away into the deeper wood where he brooded by himself.

Paraphrase—Then, on an autumn evening when the fields bear the golden crops, the youth of the sea-port town, both high and low, made a holiday and went nutting to the hazel-wood with bags, and sacks and baskets. Philip kept by the bedside of his father who was sick and who needed his attention, and was an hour behindhand. When he climbed the hill.he came upon Enoch and Annie just where the sloping edge of the wood descended towards the valley. They were sitting hand-in-hand. Enoch's large gray eyes and face, tanned by exposure to the sun, glowed with the calm and holy passion of love which burned as a fire on an altar. Philip gazed at them, and their eyes and faces which shone with love told him plainly that he had no more hopes. Then as he saw them bending down to kiss, he wailed loud and stepped aside ; and like a wounded creature crept away to the deeper recesses of the wood. There unobserved he spent his miserable hour by himself, while others were shouting in their holiday mirth. Philip then rose and departed,—with the yearning, inquenchable love in his heart, that would abide with him till death.

61. *Eventide*—evening. 'Tide' means time here. *Golden autumn eventide*—**N.B.** 'Golden' is a very expressive epithet. Two interpretations are possible: (i) it paints the harvesting time when the fields bear the golden (yellow in colour, because they are ripe) crops Compare :

"While Autumn, nodding o'er the *yellow plain*,
Comes jovial on"—*Thomson*.

(ii) it refers to the red glow of the setting sun in the western sky—and to the time of twilight or *gloaming*. Compare :

"While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue."
—*Keats*.

62. *The younger people*—The elderly people do not go nutting. *Making holiday*—It is part of autumn holidays.

63. *Sack*—a large, usually oblong bag of strong coarse material. *Great and small*—high and low. The phrase goes with 'people' in the preceding line.

64. *Nutting*—for the purpose of gathering nuts. *Hazels*—hazelwood. *Stay'd*—did not join the party but kept with his father who was sick.

65. *Needing him*—needing Philip's attention or service.

66. *An hour behind*—*i.e.*, an hour after the nutting party had left.

67. *Prone*—sloping. Literally, *lying face downwards*. 'Prone' is the opposite of *supine*. *Edge*—border ; margin.

68. *Feather*—"where the edge of the wood, as it began to slope to the hollow, showed ragged and thin (like a fringe to a thick cloth). The small bushes, etc., look like the irregular line of feathers in a wing"—*Webb.*

"A difficult word to interpret ; probably the poet meant to depict simply the gradual thickening of the branches and leafage as the wood became more dense. Scott uses the word in the *Monastery*, Chapter ii, 'little patches of wood and copse ......feathering naturally up the beds of empty torrents'."—*Marwick.*

According to Webb, the wood became thin and sparse as it descended to the valley ; according to Marwick, it became thicker and denser.

Webb's explanation seems to be correct.

Hollow—"the cuplike hollow of the down" (see above). *Pair*—Enoch and Annie.

69. *Hand-in-hand*—the hand of one clasped in the hand of another. *Sitting.........hand*—just the attitude of two lovers.

70. *His large.........eyes*—Philip has blue eyes (see *l.* 31) and Enoch has gray eyes. These distinctive traits should be noted. *Blue eyes* are indicative of tenderness and a dreamy

nature. *Gray eyes* are indicative of strength of will and purpose. Philip is appropriately given blue eyes, and Enoch, gray eyes. Compare :

"Blue eyes go to the skies ;
Gray eyes go to Paradise ;
Green eyes are doomed to hell ;
Black eyes in Purgatory dwell"

—*Translation of Old French Rhyme.*

Weather-beaten—tanned by exposure to weather, storms, etc.

71. *All-kindled*—set in a glow. 'All' has an intensive force. *Still*—steady or rather burning steadily. *Sacred*—because love is sacred. *Fire*—the passion of love.

71-72. *Fire that... ....altar*—Love is compared to a sacred fire that burns on an altar. Compare :

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame"—*Coleridge.*

'Altar' was a structure on which a sacrifice was offered. The first altar mentioned is that built by Noah (*Genesis*, VIII. 20). With love goes the idea of self-sacrifice ; hence love is compared to an altar-fire. Compare :

"Love and Joy are torches lit
From altar-fires of sacrifice"—*C. Patmore.*

73. *In their.........faces*—*i.e*, in their eyes and faces which were full of love. *Doom*—fate. *And......doom*—The expression in their eyes and faces made him realize that Annie could not be his.

74. *Drew together*—came closer as they kissed. *Groan'd*—sobbed or cried out in agony.

75. *Slip't aside*—withdrew from the place. *Wounded life*—*i.e.*, wounded creature. Fig. *Synecdoche* (abstract for concrete).

76. *Crept down*—stole away. *Hollows*—deeper recesses.

75-76. *Like a wounded life......wood*—**N.B.** The simile is very expressive. Philip is struck down with his grief. The picture suggested is that of a wounded (perhaps wounded by a hunter) animal that drags himself away in pain into the deeper wood. The similar idea is most tersely expressed by Shakespeare :

"Why let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play."

77. *Rest*—*i.e.*, rest of the nutters. *Were loud*—shouted. *Merrymaking*—holiday mirth.

78. *Dark*—wretched ; miserable, *Unseen*—unobserved. *Rose*—We must imagine Philip lying prone on the ground and writhing in agony.

79. *Lifelong*—lasting till his death. *Lifelong hunger*—his love for Annie, which is to last as long as life, and which remains now an unsatisfied craving—a hunger that is not satisfied.

75-79. *And like a wounded life...............heart*—**Expl.** Tennyson describes Philip's grief and disappointment when he finds that Annie loves Enoch. Philip climbed the hill an hour after the nutting party had left. He discovered Enoch and Annie sitting together on the edge of the wood. Their eyes and their faces were lit with love. Then their faces came closer as in the act of kissing. It was more than enough for Philip. Philip now saw clearly that Annie had given her love to Enoch, and could be no more his. Like a wounded animal (deer) that drags himself away in pain, Philip withdrew from the place ; he stole away into the deeper recesses of the wood. Philip was overwhelmed with grief. While the rest of the nutters shouted in their mirth, he was by himself, and unobserved spent an hour of misery. Then when he had recovered a little from the shock, he got up and went away. But Philip bore in his heart the pain and the passion of love which was to abide with him till death.

Lines 80—100

Substance—Enoch and Annie married. They lived happily for seven years. They had two children—first a daughter and then a son. Enoch's main care was to save all he could that he

might bring up his children better. While he came back from the sea, he would sell the fish he had caught in the market-place, and on the countryside as far as the Squire's Hall.

Paraphrase—So Enoch and Annie were married, and the wedding bells rang merrily. Seven years sped away. Those seven years they were quite happy, enjoyed good health, had no want, loved each other and worked honourably and they had children. First they had a daughter. When he heard the first cry of his first baby, he made the noble resolve to save all that he could, and give his child a better education than his or hers had been. When a son was born two years later, this resolve was further strengthened. The son with his rosy cheeks was the adored object—the pride and delight of his mother in her solitude, when Enoch was away on the high seas, catching fish or when he travelled on land, selling the fish he had caught. Enoch with his fish-cart drawn by a white horse, and with the fish in his wicker-basket that smelt of the salt-sea and his face roughened and reddened by a thousand winter storms, was not only a familiar figure in the market-place and in the wooded lanes behind the sand-hill, but as far as the entrance to the Squire's Hall, whose gate was guarded by the figure of a lion-cub, and ornamented by a yew-tree, cut in the shape of a peacock. He supplied the Squire with fish on Friday (which is a fast day or fish-day among the Roman Catholics).

80. *Wed*—wedded ; married. *Bells*—wedding bells. The church bells are rung on important occasions—such as—service, baptism, marriage, burial, etc.

81. *Ran the years*—The idea is that the years passed quickly, as they were years of happiness and comfort.

82. *Competence—i.e.,* an income which supplies all the needs of life. *Seven happy.........competence—i.e.*, for the seven happy years. They enjoyed good health and had no want.

83. *Mutual*—reciprocal (that was exchanged with each other). *Honourable toil—i.e.*, honest labour by which Enoch earned his living.

84. *With children*—They were blessed with children. *Woke*—arose.

85. *With...........cry*—as soon as he heard the first cry of his first baby. *The noble wish*—the high resolve.

86. *All earnings*—all that he earned (after, of course, meeting the necessary wants).

87. *Bringing-up*—education.

88. *His*—Enoch's. *Hers*—Annie's.

84-88 *In him woke...........hers*—Tennyson paints Enoch as an ideal father whose only care is to save as much as he can that he may bring up his children in the best possible way. The domestic cares and affection are the strongest point in Enoch's character. *Renew'd*—revived and strengthened.

89. *Came*—was born.

90. *Rosy*—rose-cheeked. *Idol*—*i.e.*, an object of worship and adoration. *Solitudes*—*i.e.*, intervals of solitude. *The rosy.........solitudes*—the rose-cheeked boy who was loved and adored by Annie when she was left alone.

91. *Abroad*—away from home. *Wrathful*—angry; stormy. *Wrathful seas*—The seas are 'wrathful' when they are lashed into fury by a storm. An instance of *Pathetic Fallacy* (ascribing feelings to inanimate objects).

92. *Journeying*—travelling. *Landward*—in the direction of land.

89-92. *When two years.........landward*—**Expl.** Enoch and Annie, after they were married, lived happily and in comfort for seven years. First, a daughter and then a son were born to them. Enoch was often away from home at sea, catching fish, or he would take journeys on land to sell the fish he had caught. Now when Enoch was away and Annie was left alone, the rosy-cheeked boy became her comfort—was the object that she loved and adored.

In truth—indeed.

93. *Ocean-spoil*—*i.e.*, the fish he had caught.

94. *Osier*—basket made of willow twigs. 'Osier' is a species of willow, *Salix veininalis*, the pliable shoots of which are used for basket-making. Fig. *Synecdoche* (the material for the thing made). *Ocean-smelling osier*—the basket, made of willow twigs, which smelt of the salt sea.

Enoch's ocean-spoil in ocean-smelling osier—a very round-about description, meaning 'the fish caught by Enoch on the sea and placed in osier baskets smelling of sea-water'. In trying to avoid the commonplace, Tennyson is sometimes guilty of such round-about description.

95. *Rough-redden'd*—roughened and reddened. Note the alliteration. *Gales*—storms. *A thousand............gales*—Fig. *Synecdoche* (a definite number used for an indefinite).

96. *Market-cross*—A cross, called a market-cross, sometimes stands in the open space or market-place, in which a market is or once was held. Many market-crosses are rectangular vaulted buildings with open archways at each side, and are roomy enough to shelter a number of people.

97. *Leafy lanes*—narrow passages between hedges, or small shurbs on either side. Note the alliteration. *Down*—See above.

98. *Portal-warding*—guarding the gateway. *Lion-whelp*—figure of the lion-cub. *Portal-warding lion-whelp*—The figure of the lion-cub had been set up there as if to guard the gateway. Compare ;

"Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson,
here the lion-guarded gate"
—*Tennyson* : *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.*

99. *Peacock-yewtree*—yewtree cut into the shape of a peacock. **N. B.** The elaborate and ornamental patterns in gardening were in fashion in England in the eighteenth century—under the influence of the Dutch models. They were replaced by a simpler and more natural plan of laying out a garden with the cry of "the return to Nature" in the beginning of the Romantic Movement. *Lonely*—because inhabited by a few people. *Hall*—the mansion of the Squire (The Squire in England corresponds to the zeminder in Bengal).

100. *Friday fare*—the provision for Friday. **N.B.** Friday is a fast day or rather fish day among Roman Catholics. Roman Catholics eat fish in stead of meat on Friday (it being the day of Christ's crucifixion). Evidently the Squire was a Roman Catholic ; or he might have belonged to the English High Church. *Ministering*—supply.

Lines 101—127

Substance—A larger port opened ten miles northward. Enoch used to go there now and then either by land or sea. Once there he broke his leg by falling from a mast. Now a sickly son was born ; and as Enoch lay in bed, his business was captured by another. He began to be worried about the future of his wife and children. Then he was offered the post of boatswain by the master of the ship in which he had once served. His anxieties were relieved.

Paraphrase—Human affairs are subject to change and so change occurred in the affairs of Enoch. Ten miles to the north of the small seaport town opened a larger harbour. Enoch used to go there now and then by land or sea. Once while he was there, he climbed a mast and by accident he fell down. When he was lifted up, it was found that he had broken a leg. He had to keep his bed for a long time, while his wife bore him another son, who was far from healthy. In the meantime another man captured his business, depriving him and his wife and children of their means of subsistence. Although Enoch was a sober, steady and pious man, his faith in God was shaken ; and he fell into despondency, as he lay in bed inactive. The prospect of his children, leading an impoverished and miserable life and his wife reduced to extreme poverty, haunted him like a bad dream. Enoch prayed to God that He might spare them all misery, whatever might happen to him. Now the master of the ship in which he had once served, hearing of his accident, wanted to have Enoch as a boatswain for his voyage to China. He knew Enoch ; had a high opinion of his abilities. It all rested with Enoch whether he would accept the job. There were yet many weeks before the ship was due to sail from that very port. If Enoch cared to have the job, it would be his. Enoch promptly accepted the offer, and was glad at heart that God had answered his prayer.

101. *Change*—a change for the worse, *i.e.*, misfortune. *As all...........change*—as there are ups and downs in human life. Compare ;

"In human life there is constant change of fortune ; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate"—*Plutarch.*

102. *To............of*—to the north of. *Narrow port*—the small port where Enoch lived.

103. *Haven*—harbour. *Thither*—there.

104. *At times* —now and then.

105. *Clambering*—climbing. *Mast*—A long pole of timber or iron, placed upright in a ship to support the yards, sails, etc.

106. *Mischance*—accident. *Slipt*—lost his footing.

107. *A limb*—one of his legs. *They—i.e.*, people.

108. *Lay*—lay in bed. *Recovering*—getting well.

109. *Sickly*—of indifferent health.

110. *Another hand*—another fisherman. Fig. *Metonymy* (organ for the agent). *Crept too......trade*—stepped into his place and captured his business.

111. *Taking......theirs*—depriving his wife and his children of their subsistence. Note that Enoch is less concerned about himself than about his wife and his children ; so Tennyson writes "her bread and theirs."

112. *Altho'*—although. *Grave*—serious-minded. *Staid*—sober and steady. *God-fearing*—pious.

113. *Yet......inactive*—His enforced inactivity made him a prey to despondency. *Doubt*—want of faith in the providence of God. *Gloom*—despondency.

111-113. *And on him......gloom*—**Expl.** Enoch had a fall from the mast in the port ten miles up in the north and broke his leg. He had to keep his bed for a long time. He was certainly a sober, steady and religious man. But as he lay in bed, and could not work for his living as a fisherman, and as his business was captured by another man, he fell a prey to doubts and dark thoughts ; he began to doubt the goodness of God.

114. *Nightmare*—"terrifying or fantastically horrible dream"—(*C.O.D.*) ; a terrifying dream accompanied with pressure on the chest and a feeling of powerlessness ; a bad dream that haunts the mind. Here the prospect of Enoch's wife and children starving was like a bad dream that haunted his mind. *Of the night*—that visits one at night.

115. *Evermore*—always henceforth.

116. *Low*—humble. *Miserable*—wretched. *Hand-to-mouth*—A man is said to live from hand to mouth when he cannot save anything for the future, when he lives on what he can get every day with nothing to spare. The idea is that the hand passes the food, as soon as it is got, to the mouth, there being nothing left over.

117. *Her*—Annie. *And......begger*—All Enoch's interest and affection are fixed on his wife and children. To see them reduced to poverty and starvation would have been a great blow to his cherished hopes.

118. *From this*—from poverty. *Whatever...me*—whatever may happen to me. Note that Enoch is the most conscientious father and husband. He does not think at all about himself. He is most worried about his wife and children. His heart would break to see them getting impoverished, and leading a wretched life.

120. *Enoch.........in*—in which Enoch had served to get trained as a sailor. *Hearing.........mischance*—hearing of his accident.

121. *Valued him*—*i.e*, appreciated his skill and industry.

122. *Reporting......China-bound*—announcing that his ship was soon to sail for China. *China-bound*—ready to sail for China. 'Bound' is derived from Icel. *buinn*, past participle of *bua*, to till, to get ready ; *-d* added on false analogy.

123. *Boatswain*—"Ship's officer in charge of sails, rigging etc., and summoning men to duty with whistle" (*C.O D.*). *Would ......go*—The master of the ship was anxious to have him as boatswain, and it rested with Enoch whether he would go.

124. *There......sail'd*—As it would be some weeks before the ship sailed, Enoch would have plenty of time to think over the matter.

125. *Would...place*—The master of the ship rather begged Enoch to take on the job.

126. *All at once*—promptly. *Assented to it*—accepted the offer.

127. *That answer.........prayer*—The offer of the job was regarded by Enoch as the answer to his prayer to God (that He might save his wife and children from poverty).

Lines 128—147

Substance—Enoch's anxious thoughts about his wife and children were now gone. But what was he to do about his wife and children whom he must leave behind ? After turning over the matter long in his mind, he decided to sell his boat and buy stores so that his wife might keep a shop and do business—and thus she would be able to keep the house. He looked forward to going on the voyage twice or thrice, and returning rich when he would be able to educate his children properly.

Paraphrase—The accident that darkened his life seemed no more than a cloud that parts and divides the rays of the sun, and focuses a light in the part of the sea away from the shore. He began to worry about what his wife and children were to do during his absence. Then Enoch turned the matter over long in his mind. He decided to sell his boat. He loved his boat—he had sailed many a rough sea in her. He knew her as a horseman knows his horse. Yet he must sell her, and with the money he decided to buy goods and stores, and set Annie up in trade. He would buy such goods and stores as seamen and their wives needed. Thus during his absence she would be able to meet the household expenses. He would also trade in the foreign ports. He would go to sea more than once—twice or thrice, as often as necessary. He would return home rich and buy a larger boat. And when he had made plenty of money, he would lead a more comfortable life, have his children properly educated, and live in peace and happiness in his family.

128. *Mischance*—accident ; misfortune. *Shadow of mischance*—the accident or misfortune dimmed his faith and his prospects of the future ; so it is compared to a shadow.

129. *Graver*—more serious.

130. *Cuts off*—intercepts ; comes in between. *The fiery......sun*—the track of the sun's rays that fell on the surface of the sea.

131. *Isles*—forms as an island ; focuses or isolates. *Offing* —'part of visible sea distant from shore' (*C.O.D*) ; that portion of the sea beyond the half-way line between the coast and the horizon. *And isles......offing*—Marwick's explanation is as follows : "the shadow of the little cloud falls on the glittering stretch of water and looks like a little island amid the light." *Isles*—"put an island into" (*Marwick*).

128-131. *So now......offing*—**Expl.** Enoch broke a limb by a fall from the mast in the port ten miles up in the north. This accident confined him to bed. As he lay in bed, he began to worry about his wife and children. The future looked dark. Then Enoch received the offer of a post of boatswain in the ship in which he had once served. Now the dark cloud that had settled upon his life, almost dispersed. The misfortune that had occurred to him, seemed no more than a little patch of cloud which intercepted the sun, and focussed the light in a part of the sea, visible but far away from the shore. **N.B.** Note how Tennyson can paint a picture in words. The reader can easily visualize the scene.

132. *What to do*—(i) what are his wife and children to do ? (ii) what is he to do about his wife and children ?

133. *Long-pondering on*—thinking intently long over. *His plans*—his plans about his wife and children.

134. *To sell the boat*—Enoch asked himself whether he should sell his boat. *And yet......well*—He was too fond of his boat to part with it. *Her*—The boat is personified, and therefore, is feminine.

135. *Many a*—followed by a singular noun. *Rough*—full of high waves. *Weather'd*—encountered and passed through (storms or bad weather) in safety (of a vessel).

136. *As a horseman..............horse*—A sort of perfect understanding and good fellowship is established between a horseman and his horse.

137. *And yet...........her*—Enoch paused long before he decided to sell his boat. He must have to sell it. There was no other alternative. *What......brought*—the money he got for the boat.

138. *Stores*—provisions (mostly grocery). *Set......forth*—furnish Annie.

139. *Seamen*—sailors.

140. *So*—by doing business. *Keep the house*—meet the household expenses.

141. *Should......yonder*—His intention was also to trade in the foreign ports.

141—142. *Go......once*—should he not go to sea again and again ?

143. *Last*—at last.

144. *Master*—owner. *Craft*—boat.

145. *Fuller*—ampler. *Profits*—money that he had made by his business. *Easier life*—a more comfortable life ; a life free from all wants.

146. *Young ones*—children. *Have......educated*—That was the chief ambition of Enoch's life.

147. *Among......own*—in his own family.

141—147. *Should he not ...own*—**Expl.** These were the visions that floated before Enoch's mind. He would not remain content as a mere boatswain. On his own he would trade in foreign ports. He would go to sea again and again until he had made plenty of money, and until he could buy a larger boat. With a large boat he would make much profit. Then he would be able to realize the greatest ambition of his life. He would be able to give his children the best of education, and live in peace and happiness in his family.

Lines 148—156

Substance—When Enoch came home, Annie met him with the sickly baby, and placed him in the father's arms. Enoch stroked the baby fondly. But he had not the heart to break his plans to Annie.

Paraphrase—Enoch thus made the plans for his wife and children, but as yet he had not communicated them to his wife. He came home, and met Annie, pale of countenance, nursing the sickly baby who was born last. She sprang forward with a cry of joy ; and she placed the sickly baby in his arms. Enoch took him ; examined all his limbs ; weighed him ; and caressed him fondly like a father. But he could not bring

himself to disclose his plans and purposes to Annie until next day, when he spoke to her.

148. *In his heart*—*i.e.*, by turning the matter over in his own mind – without yet discussing it with anybody. *Determined all*—decided what he was going to do about himself and about his wife and children.

149. *Moving*—passing along with quickened steps (as he had already made up his mind, and wanted to tell Annie everything). *Pale*—*i.e.*, pale with anxiety (as she was nursing her sickly baby).

150. *Latest-born*—last-born.

151. *Started*—sprang up. *Happy cry*—cry of joy. *Forward......cry*—Enoch must have been away from home. So Annie welcomed him with a cry of joy.

152. *Feeble*—weak.

153. *Whom Enoch......limbs*—The construction is faulty. 'Whom Enoch took' is all right. Then Tennyson should have begun a new sentence, in stead of connecting it with the clause by 'and'. *Handled*—touched with his hand; examined. *Handled......limbs*—The child was probably rickety.

154. *Appraised*—noted; *lit.* estimated the value of. *Appraised .... weight*—*i.e.*, weighed him. *Fondled*—stroked him fondly. *Father-like*—as fondly as a father.

155. *Had no heart*—could not bring or persuade himself. *Break*—disclose. Generally used of bad news or information which needs some tact in communicating. *But had......... purposes*—N.B. It is artistic to bring the sickly baby on the scene. Enoch came, determined to tell Annie everything. Annie meets him with the sickly baby in her arms. The baby puts Enoch off his purpose of telling Annie all that he has decided about himself and them.

156. *Morrow*—next day. *When he spoke*—when he took the opportunity to speak to her on the matter.

Lines 157—167

Substance—Annie opposed Enoch's wishes. And it was the first time she had done it since her marriage. With tears she entreated him not to go. But Enoch stuck to his purpose.

Paraphrase—Since Annie had been married to Enoch, it was the first time that she resisted his purpose. With tears and kisses, repeated again and again, she entreated him to stay, if he cared for her and for his children. She felt sure and feared that nothing good would come of this venture. Because Enoch thought little for himself, but cared all for his wife and children, he did not listen to her entreaties ; though it pained him, he stuck to his purpose, and had his own way.

157. *Enoch's golden ring*—the wedding ring Enoch had placed on her finger. *Girt*—encircled.

158. *Fought against*—resisted. *Will*—purpose.

159. *Brawling*—noisy. *To brawl* is to quarrel noisily. *Yet.........she*—yet she fought against his will not with brawling opposition, *i.e.*, she made no row over the matter.

160. *Manifold*—many. *Entreaties*—requests.

161. *Sad kiss*—kiss accompanied by sadness of feeling. *Renew'd*—repeated.

162. *All.........it*—it would all go wrong. *Sure..... ...it*—**N.B.** This is known as *premonition or presentiment*. It is a perception of the trouble before it comes—the coming event that casts its shadow upon the human mind. Annie's troubled mind foreshadows the misfortune that later came upon Enoch and herself.

163. *Besought*—prayed. *Supplicating*—praying.

163-164. *If he cared.........children*—She appealed to his natural affection for his family.

165. *Not......caring*—having little thought about himself. Annie begged him not to go *if he cared for her and his children.* Now *because Enoch cared so much for her and his children,* he wanted to go. *But her*—but caring for her.

166. *Her and her children*—Tennyson might have said 'his children' but purposely used 'her children.' Tennyson wants to emphasize that Enoch had no thought about himself but that all he cared for was *her* and *her* children. Enoch looked upon himself in a detached way, as if he did not count at all. The consideration for his wife alone weighed with him. *Let...........vain*—did not pay any serious attention to her entreaties. *Plead*—urge. *In vain*—to no effect.

167. *So grieving*—though it pained him to hurt Annie's feelings. *Held his will*—did not abandon his purpose. *Bore it thro'*—had his own way. *Thro'*—through.

Lines 168—181

Substance—Enoch sold his boat, bought goods and stores for Annie, and then fitted up the sitting room with shelves and recesses. Till the last day of his stay he worked at it. But Annie's heart beat in fear all the time she heard the noise of hammering.

Paraphrase—Now Enoch disposed of the boat, which had been his companion at sea. He bought for Annie goods and stores. He then employed himself in fitting up their little sitting room, which faced the street, and fixed shelves and suitable corners for depositing the merchandise. He worked till his last day at home. He turned the room upside down by working with hammer, axe, auger and saw, and the noise and the resounding echoes chilled Annie with fear as if the platform, on which she was to die, were rising. When the room had been fitted up, Enoch—as the room was very small—neatly and carefully stowed away all articles as Nature stores up her flowers or seeds. Then he stopped. And Enoch who would necessarily work for Annie till the last, went upstairs tired and slept soundly till morning.

168. *Parted with*—disposed of. *Old sea-friend*—the boat which had been his friend and companion at sea.

169. *Bought Annie*—bought for Anne. *Set his hand*—employed himself.

170. *Streetward*—facing the street.

171. *Corner*—suitable corners and recesses where things can be packed.

172. *Enoch's last*—Enoch's last day.

173. *Shaking*—causing to tremble (as the strokes of the hammer and the axe went on). *Pretty cabin*—their small sitting-room as neat and tidy as a ship's cabin. It also implies that Enoch took as much care of it as a sailor does of the ship's cabin.

174. *Auger*—a tool for boring holes.

175. *Death-scaffold*—a platform on which criminals or traitors are executed. *Raising*—in the act of being raised. *Active* use of the verb for the *passive* sense.

174-175. *While Annie.........raising*—N.B. Annie's mind was still troubled by the little flashes and mystic hints of impending danger. Woman's senses are quicker; therefore, while Enoch perceives or foresees nothing, Annies's ear catches the distant note of danger. As the sound of hammer and axe rings in the room, she seems to hear her own death-scaffold rising. To Enoch there is nothing peculiar in the sound of the hammer and axe; but to Annie it comes charged with a new meaning—almost with a threat to her peace and happiness. *Shrill'd*—made a piercing sound. 'Shrill' as a verb is a favourite word with Tennyson. Compare:

> "From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
>
> Shrill'd"—Tennyson, *Passing of Arthur*.

Rang—resounded. "*Shrill'd* expresses the sharp, grating sound of the auger and saw; *rang*, the resonant blows of the hammer and axe"—*Webb.*

176. *This.........ended*—The room had been fitted up with shelves and suitable corners to receive the goods and stores. *Careful hand*—'Careful' is *a transferred epithet*.

177. *The space............narrow*—The accommodation was small. *Order'd*—arranged and packed.

178. *Neat*—neatly. *Close*—closely or compact. *Packs*—puts together into a narrow space.

179. *Blossom*—flower. *Seedling*—usually a young plant, but here, as Marwick points out, *little seed.*

178-179. *Almost as neat............seedling*—"an example of Tennyson's minute observation of Nature. Before a bud blows, the petals of the flower are tightly packed away inside, and in a seed, the various parts of the undeveloped plant are stored neatly in embryo"—*Marwick.*

Paused—rested (goes with 'hand' in *l*. 176).

180. *Needs*—necessarily. A genitive adverb. *Who...... last*—who cannot help working for Annie till his death because all his care is for Annie and her children. *Would work*—was determined to work.

181. *Ascending*—going upstairs to his bed-room. *Heavily* —soundly.

Lines 182—200

Substance—Enoch was quite cheerful on the morning he was to sail. He made light of Annie's fears. But a pious man as he was, he prayed to God for a blessing on his wife and children. Then he spoke cheerfully to Annie, and tried to cheer her up.

Paraphrase—On the morning Enoch was to part from his wife, he got up cheerful and free from all fears like Annie's. All Annie's fears, if they had not been Annie's, would have appeared ridiculous to him. Enoch was a pious, devout man, and faced his duties and responsibilities without fear ; so he knelt down to pray to God and in that mysterious communion between God and man, prayed for a blessing on his wife and children, whatever might happen to him. And then he said, "Annie, by the mercy of God this voyage will bring good luck yet to all of us. Keep the house tidy and warm for my welcome, for I will be back, my girl, before you are aware of it." Then gently rocking the baby's cradle, he said, "And he, this pretty, small, feeble, little creature—for I indeed love him more for his insignificance—God bless him, he shall sit on my knees, and I will tell him tales of the foreign countries I have visited, and delight him when I am back. Do please cheer up, Annie, before I go."

182. *Faced—i.e.*, met and accepted. *Morning of farewell*—morning on which he was to take leave of his wife and children.

183. *Brightly*—cheerfully. *Boldly*—without fears such as chilled Annie's heart.

184. *Save*—except. *Save............Annie's*—except that they were Annie's fears, and, therefore, merited his sympathy. *Were*—would be. *Laughter*—a matter of ridicule.

185. *Brave*—The force of 'brave' is that Enoch accepted the duties and responsibilities of life without fear.

186. *Bow'd...........down*—bent down to pray.

Mystery—Communion between God and man is a mystery.

187. *God-in-man*—the divine in man. *Is one*—blends. *Man-in-God*—the human in God.

Compare :

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou"

Tennyson : *In Memoriam.*

Where............God—Prayer means the fusion between the divine in man and the human in God—in which man partakes of the nature of God and God partakes of the nature of man.

186-187. *In that mystery... ....God*—Prayer is that mystery in which the divine in man fuses with (meets with) the man in God. Compare :

"God dwells far off from us but prayer brings him down to our earth, and links his power with our efforts"—*Mad. de Gasparin.*

188. *Pray'd............babes*—prayed to God to bless his wife and children.

189. *Whatever............him*—whatever might happen to him. All Enoch's thought was about his wife and children.

190. *Grace*—mercy.

191. *Fair weather*—good luck ; prosperity. Note that Enoch talks in terms of a sailor. *Yet*—in spite of your forebodings.

192. *Hearth*—fireside. *Clean hearth*—fireside swept clean of ashes. *Clear fire*—a brightly blazing fire. 'Clean hearth' and 'clear fire' are suggestive of a hearty welcome. **N.B.** Fire will not only give Enoch warmth when he returns, but the *hearth* or fireside is the very symbol of domestic life, and the bond of union between members of a family. **N.B.** Among the Romans there was a goddess of the hearth, called *Vesta*, and her priestesses were called *Vestals*, who guarded her fire.

193. *Before............it*—**N. B.** Another instance of *poetic irony.* Enoch actually returned from his voyage before Annie knew, but it was so different from his own expectations.

194. *Lightly*—gently. *Rocking*—moving to and fro.

195. *Puny*—little ; insignificant. *Weakly*—feeble. *Little one*—baby.

196. *Nay*—indeed. Said in reply to a reproachful look from his wife for having said so of the child. *I love............it* —I love him all the more because he is so sickly.

197. *God...........him*—May God bless him! *He.........* *...knees*—A picture that delights the sailor-father's heart.

198. *I...........tales*—A sailor has stores of tales, and is a proverbial story-teller. *Parts*—countries.

199. *Make............merry*—delight his heart.

200. *Cheer up*—banish your gloomy thoughts.

Lines 201—209

Substance—Annie almost began to believe all the good things that Enoch said. But when Enoch began to talk of serious things, of God and providence, Annie's attention wandered.

Paraphrase—Annie heard Enoch go on thus painting a rosy picture of the future. She was almost persuaded to believe in that rosy picture. But when Enoch talked of more serious things, dwelling like a sailor on the care and mercy of God and on the necessity of depending on God, Annie's attention began to wander—she but partly heard him. She was like the village girl who, filling her pitcher from the fountain, lets herself think of him who used to fill it for her, and pays little attention to the pitcher until the water overflows.

201. *Running on*—continuing to talk. *Thus hopefully*—*i.e.,* painting the future as bright and happy.

202. *And.........herself*—The gloom lifted from her mind, and she was almost persuaded to believe in the rosy picture, painted by Enoch. *Turn'd*—diverted.

203. *Current*—drift. *Graver*—more solemn. *Things* —topics.

204. *In.................fashion*—in the manner of a sailor. *Roughly*—in a general way. *Sermonizing*—discoursing.

205. *Providence*—care and mercy of God. *Trust...Heaven* —trust in God.

206. *Heard...........him*—*i.e.,* heard him, but did not take in what he said. The idea is that her mind began to

wander, and that she could not pay full attention to what he said.

202-206. *But when he turn'd.......... ..him* – **Expl.** On the morning that Enoch was to sail, he talked with a light heart. He painted a bright picture of the future. Annie too caught the note of hope from him. But soon he began to talk in a more serious tone – and talked of God's mercy and the necessity of depending on it. Now Annie's thoughts began to wander; she heard Enoch, but all that he wanted to say was lost upon her. She could pay but indifferent attention to him The point is that her fears and her forebodings returned to her, and possessed her mind again.

207. *Pitcher*—a large vessel for holding water. *Spring*—fountain.

208. *Musing on*—thinking of. *Him*—her lover.

209. *Hears..............hears*—is lost within herself; is abstracted and withdrawn. *Lets..............overflow*—lets the pitcher run over (with water).

206-209. *As the village girl.............. .....overflow*—The simile is very appropriate to the theme. It calls up the picture of a village girl, who comes to fill her pitcher from the spring, and lets it run over as she thinks of her lost lover who once used to fill it for her. The point of comparison here is this: The *sound* of Enoch's conversation enters Annie's ear, but not its *sense*, so the sound of the water that pours into the pitcher is in the ears of the village girl, but she thinks of her lost lover (as Annie is possessed by her fears and dark thoughts) and lets the pitcher run over.

"Tennyson's son records in his *Memoir* that the poet said that the similes in *Enoch Arden* were all such as might have been used by simple fisher folk, and he quoted this simile as one of the tenderest he had written"—*Marwick.*

Lines 210—226

Substance– Annie confessed to her fears. Enoch sought to comfort and cheer her up in vain. Annie felt that she would look upon his face no more. Enoch talked in a cheerful tone, and prayed her to resign all her cares to God, and to believe that God would protect him at sea.

Paraphrase—At last she spoke, 'O Enoch, you are wiser than I. And yet being wise, whatever you may think, I feel sure that I shall look upon your face no more.' Enoch said, "I shall certainly then look upon your face. Annie, the ship I sail in, passes here (he mentioned the date). Get a telescope and pick me out, and dismiss all your fears." When the moment of final parting came, Enoch said again, "Annie, my darling, do look up cheerfully. Attend to the children. Till I come back, keep everything tidy, for I cannot but go. Have no more anxieties for me. Resign all your cares and anxieties to God, and God will never fail you. Is not God present in the farthest region of the East ? If I go East, God will be with me there too. The sea is God's. And when I am at sea, I cannot be without God's protecting care."

210. *At length*—at last. *You... ..wise*—You know more things than I do. Compare :

"She knows but matters of the house,

And he, he knows a thousand things"

Tennyson : *In Memoriam.*

211. *For*—in spite of. *All your wisdom*—all the assurance that you give me, being wise enough to see things far off. *Well......I*—I feel sure.

212. *That I........more*—Annie's foreboding comes true. She never looks upon his face again. With her woman's heart, which feels and loves more deeply, she almost foresees things that threaten the peace and happiness of her household.

213. *Well then*—It is Enoch's way of rallying her cheerfully. Enoch says, "If you are not going to look upon my face again, I shall certainly look upon yours." *I shall......yours*—*Poetic irony. Enoch in future looks upon her face again—but it is in such a different circumstance !* Enoch does not return to his own fireside which he bids Annie keep clean for him, but steals his way round to the back of Philip's house to have a look at Annie.

"In that most touching scene near the close of the poem, when Enoch, shrouded in the darkness without, gazes on his lost wife through the window, his *own* words come true ; when, on his death-bed, he kindly says of her, 'She must not come,

For my dead face would vex her after-life', he causes the fulfilment of *hers*" (*Blackwood's Magazine*).

215. *Seaman's glass*—a powerful telescope used by seamen.

216. *Spy out*—pick out. *Laugh at*—dismiss as ridiculous.

217. *Last.........moments*—the moment of final parting between Enoch and Annie.

218. *Be comforted*—do not give way to despondency.

219. *Look to*—take care of.

220. *Shipshape*—neat and tidy. 'Shipshape' is an expression used by sailors. Enoch is a sailor. *For.........go*—for I cannot but go. The idea is that since he cannot earn enough in his native town to maintain his family in tolerable comfort, he must go and seek his fortune elsewhere.

221. *Fear.........me*—do not be anxious for me, for God will take care of me. *If...........fear*—if you cannot help entertaining fears for me.

222. *Cast...........God*—resign all your cares to God. Suggested by the idea of casting anchor, and appropriate in the mouth of Enoch, a sailor.

The expression is Biblical. Compare :

"Casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you"—*1 Peter*, V. 7.

That anchor holds—*i.e.*, God cannot fail you (trust in God is not misplaced). A very appropriate expression in the mouth of a sailor—the idea of anchor catching the ground at the bottom of the sea.

223. *Uttermost*—extremest ; farthest.

224. *Parts*—regions. *Parts of the morning*—regions of the East. Note that Enoch is sailing to the Far East. *These*—these farthest regions of the East.

225. *Can.........Him*—can I escape God, or be outside His protecting care ?

223—225. *Is He not......Him*—Compare :

"Whither shall I flee from thy (*i.e.*, God's) presence ?......If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost

parts of the sea ; even there shall thy hand lead me"—*Psalms*, CXXXIX, 7, 9, 10.

N.B. It has been pointed out above that the stern Puritan faith breathes in the poem. Enoch is made to use here Biblical tags and phrases in his conversation. That was typical of a Puritan sailor.

226. *The sea.........made it*—God's protecting care lies on the sea as a part of His creation. Compare :

"The sea is his, and he made it"—*Psalms*, XCV. 5.

Lines 226—237

Substance—Enoch took Annie in his arms, and then kissed the little ones. His third child was asleep. Enoch did not want him to be waked. Annie cut a curl from his forehead, and gave it to Enoch. Enoch then caught his bundle, and hurriedly left.

Paraphrase—Enoch got up, threw his powerful arms around his dejected wife and kissed his little ones who looked on with eyes wide-open in wonder. But his third child, the sickly one, slept after he had had a restless, feverish night. Annie would have waked him. Enoch said, "Let him sleep. It is no good waking him up. He cannot have any recollection of the present scene in future." He kissed him in his bed. Annie cut off from his forehead a small curl, and gave it to Enoch. Enoch kept this all his life. Then he hastily caught hold of his bundle, waved his hand in farewell, and moved away.

226. *Rose*—got up from his seat.

227. *Cast*—threw. *Strong*—powerful. Enoch was a sturdy sailor, and had powerful arms. *Drooping*—sinking down in despondency.

228. *Wonder-stricken*—seized with wonder because the children could make nothing of the scene. *Little ones*—children.

229. *For*—as regards.

230. *Feverous*—*i.e.*, feverish. *Feverous wakefulness*—wakefulness caused by fever.

231. *Raised*—waked.

232-233. *How should......this*—He is too young, and cannot have any recollection of the present scene in future. *Cot* —a child's bed.

234. *Clipt*—cut.

235. *Tiny*—small. *Curl*—lock of hair. *Gave it*—gave it to Enoch for remembrance.

235-236. *This he............future*—N.B. Tennyson partly anticipates the story. He is pointing forward. This curl Enoch keeps with himself until the end When he dies, he gives it to Miriam Lane to be returned to Annie. There is unconscious irony here again. The curl is to be a token of remembrance in a different way. When Enoch dies unknown except to Miriam Lane in her lodging, this curl goes back to Annie and establishes his identity. *Hastily*—because Enoch wanted no more to prolong the painful scene of farewell. 'Hastily' is very significantly used here. It expresses a good deal more than we suppose. The scene of farewell is brief, but all the more touching for that. The point is that there is little *emotional gush* in the scene. Enoch does not even kiss Annie. They speak but little. All they talk about is their children. A lesser artist than Tennyson would have made the scene longer with tears, kisses and vapourings of idle sentiment. The scene also throws light on Enoch's character. Enoch is a man of strong passions and warm affection, but he is *undemonstrative* —he does not make a show of his feelings. This scene prepares the reader for a more painful scene towards the end when Enoch on his return steals round to the back of Philip's house in the darkness of night, and feeds his eyes upon Annie, now Philip's wife, and the happy group of *his* children, no longer his, and stifles a cry—like the cry of doom—that rises to his lips. It is the same Enoch again, then a tragic figure, with his strength reserved in his acute grief, with his old self-possession redoubled, with the poise and balance of his character.

Caught—caught hold of.

237. *Bundle*—his few belongings and necessary articles, put into a bundle such as a sailor carries. *Waved his hand*—in farewell.

Lines 238—243

Substance—Annie borrowed a telescope on the day that Enoch's ship would pass. Either because she could not accurately fix the telescope to her eye, or because her eye was blinded with tears, she could not see Enoch as the ship passed.

Paraphrase—When the day of the ship's passing the port that Enoch had mentioned, came, Annie borrowed a telescope, but it was no use. Either because she could not fix the lense to her eye or because her eye was blind with tears and her hand trembled, she could not see him. Enoch stood on deck, waving his hand ; the moment when Annie could have seen him and the boat passed.

238. *The day—i.e.*, the day when Enoch's ship would pass by the port. *That...... ..mention'd*—See line 215.

239. *Borrow'd*—got the loan of. *Glass*—a telescope. *All in vain*—because she could not see Enoch on the deck of the ship.

240. *Fix*—adjust. *To suit her eye*—to enable her eye to focus.

241. *Dim*—dark or blind with tears. *Tremulous*—trembling.

243 *Waving*—waving his hand in farewell. *Past*—glided out of sight. *The moment*—the moment that might have given her a glimpse of Enoch.

Lines 244—259

Substance—She watched till the ship was out of sight. His absence grieved her as much as his death would have grieved her. She minded the trade now to please Enoch, but for want of skill and experience, all went wrong. The failure of the business made her feel very miserable at the thought of disappointing Enoch. She waited in vain for news of Enoch, while in her poverty she lived from hand to mouth.

Paraphrase—Annie watched the ship passing away until the last speck of her sail could be seen. Then she came back weeping for Enoch. Though his absence grieved her as much as if it were his death, she bent her will in her grief to carrying out his wishes. But she did not prosper in her trade, because

she had not been trained in business, nor possessed tact and insight which might have made up for her want of skill ; because she was capable neither of telling lies, nor of asking more than the value of a thing, and accepting much less, and she always anticipated how poorly Enoch would think of her. In the days of her want she had more than once sold her things for less than their original value. Thus she failed in her trade, and lamented her incapacity. Thus waiting for news of Enoch that never came, she lived from hand to mouth and fell a prey to brooding melancholy in her lonely life.

244. *To the last dip.........sail*—until the ship gliding away sank "below the verge," or below the horizon. Compare the image in the following :

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last that reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge"

—Tennyson : *Tears, Idle Tears.*

Dip—plunging into the water. *Vanishing sail*—the sail that grew less and less as the ship glided away.

245. *Departed*—went away.

246. *Tho'*—though. *Mourn'd*—grieved. *Grave*—death. *Mourn'd...... ..grave*—lamented his absence as bitterly as if it were hardly different from his death.

247. *Set*—tasked. *Sad will*—will in her sadness. *No less*—as resolutely. *Chime*—agree. Metaphor from music. *Chime* means to sound in harmony as bells. *His*—*i.e.*, his will. *Set ......his*—nevertheless (in spite of her grief) she applied herself in her grief to carry out the wishes of Enoch.

248. *Throve*—prospered. *Bred*—trained.

249. *Barter*—trade (which originally consisted in exchanging one commodity for another). *Compensating*—making up for. *Want*—want of skill in trade.

250. *Shrewdness*—business tact and business sense. *Capable ....lies*—capable of telling lies in order to persuade her customers to buy her things.

251. *Asking overmuch*—asking a much higher price. *Taking less*—accepting less than what she asked for as a shopkeeper would do.

252. *Still*—always. *Foreboding*—gloomily anticipating.

246—252. *Then, tho' she mourn'd...say'*—**Expl.** Tennyson speaks here of Annie's failure in trade, in which she was set up by Enoch before he sailed. Enoch's absence was a shock to her as great as his death. In her sadness she then prepared to carry out the wishes of Enoch. But she had no experience in selling things. Nor did she possess business tact and business sense in absence of her experience Nor was she capable of telling lies—of asking more and taking less for the things she sold ; she did not, therefore, prosper in trade. And her failure always haunted her, and made her feel that Enoch would have a very poor opinion of her abilities.

253. *In days.........difficulty*—*i.e.*, when she was in want.

254. *Pressure*—influence of hardship. *Wares*—articles.

255. *Gave*—paid.

256. *Fail'd*—could not make a success of her trade. *Sadden'd*—grew sadder day by day. *Knowing it*—with the consciousness of having failed in her trade. *Thus*—when she had failed in her trade.

257. *Expectant of*—waiting for. *That news*—news of Enoch. *Expectant.........came*—We may imagine the passing of several years now.

258. *Gain'd*—secured. *Scanty*—slender. *Sustenance*—living.

259. *Silent melancholy*—The idea is that she fell into melancholy, and never breathed anything of her position to anybody.

Lines 263—269

Substance—The third child grew sicklier day by day. And for all the mother's care he died. Of course, she had not the means to call in a doctor. His death was a relief to him.

Paraphrase—Now the third child who was born sickly, grew worse day by day. The mother bestowed all her motherly care and attention upon him. Whatever the reason—either

because her business often summoned her away from the child or because he lacked what he needed most, or because she had not the means to call in a doctor who could tell what he needed most, he died after he had been lying ill for some time. Before she knew it, his soul parted and was away like a bird flying away suddenly from its cage.

261. *Sicklier*—worse than before. *Tho'*—though.

262. *With...........care*—with all the tender affection of a mother. *Nevertheless*—in spite of her motherly care and attention.

263. *Whether.........it*—The child would be left alone when she had to attend to her customers.

264. *Thro'*—through. *What...........most*—*i.e.*, medicine and nourishment. *Or thro'...........most*—because he lacked medicine and nourishment.

265. *Means*—money. *To pay the voice*—to fee a doctor. *Voice.........tell*—*i.e.*, the voice of one (*i.e.*, the doctor) who could best tell.

266. *What.........needed*—*i.e.*, what would make the child better. *Howsoe'er......was*—whatever the cause was.

267. *After a lingering*—after he had continued in pain and suffering for some time. *Ere*—before. *Ere......aware*—before she knew that he was dying.

268. *Caged*—confined in a cage. *Escaping*—flying out of the cage.

269. *The little innocent soul*—'Innocent' raises the problem of pain or suffering in life. Pain or suffering sometimes seems to be inflicted without any cause. In the present case the suffering of the child in sickness seems to be unconnected with any sin. *Flitted*—flew.

268—269 *Like the caged...........away*—Death came as a relief to the child. He had suffered long in sickness, and death put an end to his suffering. His suffering in illness is compared to the suffering of a caged bird. Just as the bird is glad to be out of the cage and fly in the sky, so his soul was glad to be released from the body that was in pain. The 'soul' is the *breath of life* here.

Lines 270-284

Substance—In the same week that Annie buried her child, Philip, who had so long kept away, called on her. Philip found her grief-stricken, and weeping. Philip begged a favour of her.

Paraphrase—In that very week after Annie had buried her child, Philip's heart ached for her, anxious as he was always for her comfort. Since Enoch's departure Philip had not met Annie. His conscience reproached him for having kept away from her so long. Philip said, "Indeed I may see her now, and comfort her." He called, therefore ; and passed through the lonely room in front ; hesitated for a while before the door within ; rapped it thrice, but as no one opened the door, he entered. Annie, having lately buried her child, sat the very image of grief and did not care to look on any human face. She turned her face toward the wall and kept weeping. Then Philip, standing before her, said in a trembling voice, "Annie, I came to beg a favour of you."

271. *True*—sincere (loving Annie honestly). *Hunger'd*—longed ; earnestly desired. *Peace*—freedom from any cause of unhappiness.

273. *Smote*—reproached. *As.........long*—for having kept away from her so long.

274. *Surely*—The force of the word is that he has now sufficient excuse or reason for seeing her. *I may ...now*—She has lost her child, and it is right that I should see her.

275. *May......comfort*—*i.e.*, I may be some little comfort to her (she may have a little comfort in seeing me).

276. *Solitary room*—The room was solitary because Annie was not attending to business now.

277. *Paused*—hesitated. *Inner door*—the door of a room within.

278. *Struck*—rapped. *No one opening*—as Annie did not care to open it.

279. *Seated......grief*—*i.e*, brooding in grief. The idea is that she sat with her grief as her companion. Compare :

"Here I and sorrow sit"—*King John*, III. i. 73.

280. *Fresh.........one*—having but lately buried her child. Her grief was too fresh to let her take notice of anything else.

281. *Cared.........face*—was indifferent to human sympathy. She wanted rather to be left to herself in her grief.

282. *Turn'd her own*—turned her own face. She turned her face toward the wall—she wanted to hide her tears from Philip.

283. *Falteringly*—in a trembling voice.

284. *Annie.........you*—This is rather a bad beginning for Philip. When Philip said that he had come to ask a favour of her, it jarred on her feelings.

Lines 285-312

Substance—Philip spoke of Enoch first and of the wish dearest to his heart—the wish to give his children proper education. Philip pointed out to her that if Enoch returned, he would be annoyed to see the children left uncared for, and that if Enoch were dead, his spirit would be troubled in his grave. So he prayed that for the sake of Enoch he might be permitted to put the children to school.

Paraphrase—Philip said that he had come to beg a favour of her. He was rather shamed by the tone of her reply, muttered in sadness, "You come to ask favour of one so sad and wretched as I am." There was a struggle between his bashfulness and his affection. Yet unasked he sat beside her and said, "I came to speak to you of what your husband, Enoch, set his heart upon. This has ever been my opinion that you chose the better man—a man of strong personality; for whatever he resolved to do, he threw himself into it, and accomplished it. But why did he go this long and tedious voyage and leave you alone? Not that he wanted to see the world—not that he meant to enjoy himself. He wanted to make his fortune that he might give his children a better education than his or yours had been. That was the dearest wish of his heart. If he returned, Enoch would be annoyed to see their days of childhood totally wasted. Even in his grave Enoch could have little peace if he knew that his children were running about wildly, uncared for and uneducated. So, Annie, this is what I am going to propose—We have known each other all our life.

I pray you for the sake of the love you bear Enoch and his children not to refuse my request. for, if you wish. when Enoch comes back, he can repay me, as I am a man of means. Let me put the boy and the girl to school. This is the favour I came to ask"

285. *He spoke*—Philip said that he had come to ask a favour of her. *Passion*—emotion, rather agitated feeling. *Moan'd*—muttered sadly. *Moan'd reply*—the reply that she murmured in her grief.

286. *Forlorn*—wretched (from the sense of being abandoned). Past participle of Old English *forleosan*, to lose utterly. By *rhotacism* the original *s* is changed into *r* in 'forlorn'.

287. *Half*—partly. *Abash'd*—ashamed.

285-287. *The passion.........him*—The tone of her reply—which expressed something of annoyed surprise—partly shamed Philip. She wondered that he should ask a favour of one so sad and wretched as she was, and that again at a time when she was grief-stricken. Philip began in a bad way. His tenderness blundered. *Unask'd*—without being asked to sit down.

288. *Bashfulness*—shyness. *Tenderness*—affection. *At war*—in a conflict. *His bashfulness......war*—his affection struggling with his shyness.

289. *Set*—seated.

290. *He wish'd*—As a rival of Enoch for Annie's hand, he remembers his pang; hence his agitation (which he, however, soon masters) and he cannot name Enoch. First he says, "He wish'd," and it is not clear who wished. Then he adds, "Enoch, your husband." A very artistic touch.

291. *I have ever said, etc.*—Then to cover up his embarrassment, Philip begins to praise Enoch.

292. *A strong man*—a man of strong will and purpose.

293. *Where......heart*—whatever he resolved to do.

293-294. *Set......will'd*—applied himself to carry out what he had resolved. *Bore it thro'*—See above.

295. *Wherefore*—why. *This weary way*—the tedious voyage.

296. *Not......world*—His object was not to set out on a world-tour.

297. *For pleasure*—Do you think that he went on this long voyage to enjoy himself ? *Nay*—not indeed.

Wherewithal—means. *For the wherewithal*—*i.e.*, to make money enough.

298. *Bringing-up*—education.

299. *His*—his bringing-up. *Yours*—your bringing-up.

That......wish—The proper education of his children was the object on which he had set his heart.

293-299. *For where he fixt......wish*—**Expl.** Philip called upon Annie after she had lost her third child. He came to ask a favour of her. Annie wondered how one would ask a favour of her so sad and wretched. Philip then sat beside her and explained. First, he praised Enoch for his strength of will or purpose : Enoch was the man to carry out all that resolved on. Then Philip pointed out to her that Enoch had but one single object in going this long voyage. Enoch's object was to make his fortune, come back and give his children the best of education. Philip said that Enoch did not go that he might see the world or enjoy himself.

300. *If he..............again*—Philip expresses doubt about Enoch's return. Enoch's return seems to be a remote possibility ; so, Philip says, 'if he come again', in stead of saying, 'when he comes back'.

Vext—annoyed.

301. *Precious*—valuable. The idea is that if the days of childhood are once wasted, they can never be recovered. *Morning hours*—*i.e.*, the days of childhood. *Lost* gone for ever. *To find.........lost*—to find his children left uncared-for and uneducated in their childhood.

302. *And it......grave*—*i.e.*, it would trouble his departed soul. *Even......grave*—The force of 'even' is that his spirit after his death, would not cease to worry about his children.

303. *Were......wild*—were left to themselves to go about as they pleased and to grow up in their own way. The idea of 'running wild' is to go to waste—to be left without any

control, to be allowed to grow up without discipline and education.

304. *Like colts*—A very expressive simile, suggesting at once the picture of colts trooping about here and there as they pleased. A 'colt' is a young horse. *Waste*—wilderness. *So......now*—Philip has just gone over the preliminary, and he is now coming to the point.

306. *Beseech*—pray. *By*—for the sake of. *Bear*—feel.

307. *Him*—Enoch. *His children*—**N.B.** Enoch went on the voyage for the sake of *her* and *her* children (see line 166). Now Philip appeals to Annie for the sake of Enoch and *his* children. Philip seems to know now how to approach her. *Not......nay*—not to refuse my request.

308. *If you will*—if I wish. *When......again*—Philip has already hinted at the remote chance of Enoch's return. Lest Annie should refuse his request, Philip keeps his own thought to himself.

309. *He......we*—I will let him repay me. Note that Philip does not wish to burden Annie with any sense of obligation. All that Philip wants is that at present he may be permitted to bear the expenses of educating her children, and that when Enoch comes back, he (Enoch) can repay him (Philip).

310. *For......well-to-do*—for I am a man of means. He means to say that it will be no hardship for him to meet the expenses of sending them to school.

Lines 313—320

Substance—Annie was still shaken by her grief, but Philip's kindness touched her heart. She agreed that Enoch should repay him, but she said that Philip's kindness was such as could not be repaid.

Paraphrase—Then Annie, her face still towards the wall, replied, "I cannot look into your face. I am so ashamed of myself and so prostrated by my grief. When you came in, my grief overwhelmed me. And now as I realize it, I am equally overwhelmed by your kindness. But Enoch lives. I am convinced of that. He will repay you. The debt of money can be repaid but your kindness is such as can never be repaid."

313. *With......wall*—turning her face towards the wall.

"Turning the face to the wall is a sign of extreme sorrow and self-abandonment. Cf. Bible, *Isaiah,* xxxviii, 2, where King Hezekiah, in his mortal sickness, 'turned his face toward the wall' "— *Webb.*

314. *I cannot..............face*—She means that she is so ashamed of herself that she cannot look him in the face. She wants to keep away her tear-stained, woe-begone face from him.

315. *Foolish*—ridiculous (in my grief). *Broken down*—laid low in my grief ; prostrated by my grief.

316. *Came in*—entered. *My sorrow...........down*—I was overwhelmed by my grief.

317. *Think*—realize. *Your kindness...........down*—Your kindness is too touching, and quite overwhelms me.

318 *But.........lives*—**N.B.** Annie was quick to perceive Philip's hint (about Enoch being no more) in line 300. *That... ....me*—I am convinced of that.

319. *He..............you*—That means that Annie accepts Philip's offer. *Money..............repaid*—The debt of money can be repaid.

320. *Not kindness...........yours*—Your kindness which is so touching, is a debt that cannot be repaid.

Lines 320—327

Substance—Philip was delighted that Annie had accepted his offer. Annie gazed steadily at his face for a while, fervently blessed him, pressed his hand, and then passed into the little garden beyond.

Paraphrase—And Philip asked, "Then, Annie, I have your consent to put your children to school ? Then she turned round. She got up, and fixed her eyes, flooded in tears, upon him and gazed a moment at his kind face. Then invoking God's blessing on him she grasped his hand and pressed it warmly, and passed into the little garden beyond. Exalted in mind, Philip departed.

321. *Then..............Annie*—You do accept my offer then, Annie ? Philip utters these words with a sense of great relief

and joy. *There*—at this. *She turn'd*—She turned round and faced Philip.

322. *Swimming*—flooded in tears.

323. *Dwelt*—hung.

324. *Calling down*—invoking. *Blessing*—God's blessing.

325. *Caught at*—eagerly grasped. *Wrung*—squeezed; pressed. *Passionately*—warmly;" fervently. *Caught............ passionately*—**N.B.** This action was expressive of her sincerest gratitude to Philip—a gratitude which she could hardly frame into words.

327. *Garth*—garden. A. S. *geard.* The word is revived by Tennyson.

327. *Lifted up*—exulting. *Lifted...............spirit*—The expression has a Puritan colour and tone. *Moved away*—hastily departed.

Lines 328—340

Substance—Philip now put the boy and the girl to school, and gave all his affection to them. Though he wished so much to see Annie, he kept away from her, fearing that people would talk about it. Sometimes he sent her gifts of vegetables and fruit, or of roses, and sometimes fine flour.

Paraphrase—Then Philip placed the boy and the girl at school, and bought for them necessary books, and in every respect, like a father doing his duty to his own children, gave all the affection of his heart to them. Lest Annie should become the subject of idle talk among the people of the port, he often kept away from her, thus depriving his heart of its dearest wish; but he sent her gifts by the children—vegetables and fruit, roses that bloomed early or la. e, or rabbits from the upland, and now and then he sent flour from his own mill that worked on the bare and dreary plain, on the pretext that it was finer than usual, so that he might not appear to do charity to her.

329. *Needful books*—all the books that they needed. *Everyway*—in every respect.

330. *One...........own*—a father who does his duty by his own children. *His own*—his own children.

331. *Made............theirs*—entirely placed himself at their disposal; identified himself with their welfare; made their interests the chief end of his life. *For............sake*—in the interest of Annie's good name.

332. *Lazy gossip*—the idle talk, particularly, relating to the private affairs of others. 'Lazy' is transferred epithet—it is idle people who make it their business to talk about other people.

Formerly the word 'gossip' denoted an old friend or fellow-sponsor at a baptism; but now it is used to mean someone who delights in gathering together all sorts of information about others and passing the same on to his or her friends. M. E. *gossip, godsib*, A.S. *godsibb*, from *God* and *sibb*, akin. The word originally meant related or akin in God, that is, fellow-sponsor, hence familiar acquaintance, whence the modern senses — idle talker, idle talk.

333. *Oft*—often. *Denied.........wish*—(i) refrained from seeing Annie, and thus robbed his heart of its dearest wish; (ii) starved his heart (kept his heart hungering for love) by refusing to satisfy his dearest wish. *Denied his heart*—withheld from his heart. *His dearest wish*—the satisfaction of his most cherished desire.

334. *Seldom*—rarely. *Crost her threshold*—entered her house. *Threshold*—the stone or plank at the bottom of a doorway.

331-334. *And tho' for Annie's sake.........threshold*—**Expl.** Tennyson describes here Philip's great and silent love for Annie. Philip longed to see Annie; but he did not see Annie as often as he wished. If he were to see her often, the people of the port would begin to talk about her; and in her position it would be harmful to her. Philip's heart yearned for Annie. He wished so much to see her. Yet he met her but rarely, fearing that idle people might say ugly things about her.

335. *Garden-herbs*—vegetables.

336. *The late and early roses*—The early roses are summer roses that bloom for the most part in June and July. The late roses may be roses that bloom even late in summer. The rose called the *Perpetual*, blooms all the year until the frosts set in. *From his wall*—so these were climbing roses.

337. *Conies*—rabbits.

338. *Pretext*—pretence. *Meal*—grain ground into flour. *With some .... meal*—pretending that the flour he sent was finer than usual. He made it appear that he sent occasional gifts of flour because it was finer than usual, and not because he wanted to give charitable gifts of flour to her. **N.B.** Note Philip's kindness and consideration for the feelings of Annie.

339. *To save......charitable*—to avoid hurting Annie's feelings by appearing to make charitable gifts to her.

340. *Whistled*—refers to the noise made by the sails as they revolved in the wind. See above.

Lines 341—368

Substance—Philip could not make anything of Annie's thoughts. Annie could not express her thanks in words. Her children loved and adored Philip, and Enoch became no more than a vague dream to them. Thus ten years passed, and yet no news came of Enoch.

Paraphrase—But Philip did not understand Annie's feelings. When he met her, hardly could Annie, who was all gratitude, express it even in broken words. Philip became all important to her children. From the far-off ends of the street they ran to welcome him heartily. They had the run of his house and his mill. They poured into his patient ears all their trivial troubles and pleasures. They clung to him, played with him, and called him Father Philip. Day by day Philip gained more of their esteem and affection as Enoch lost the same. Enoch now seemed to them as vague as a dream, dim and shadowy as a figure seen in the dark of morning at the far end of an avenue and moving away no one knows where. Thus ten years had passed since Enoch left, and no word came from him.

341. *Fathom*—measure the depth of; go deep into. *Fathom......mind*—get at Annie's inmost thoughts. *But...... mind*—what Annie thought or felt remained a mystery to Philip.

342. *Scarce*—scarcely. *When......her*—when he chanced to meet her. 'Come upon' implies accidental meeting.

343. *Full heart*—heart full of gratitude. *Boundless*—unlimited.

344. *Light on*—chance on. *Broken*—half-articulate. *Light......with*—get hold of even a half-articulate word in which to express her gratitude to Philip.

341-344. *But Philip did.........with*—**Expl.** Tennyson points out here that Annie's thoughts and feelings remained totally unknown to Philip. Philip did all he could to help her and he took care not to hurt her feelings by appearing to give charity to her. Now and then Philip happened to meet Annie. Annie was full of sincerest gratitude to him; but could not express it even in half-articulate words. So what Annie thought or felt about him, could never be guessed by Philip. **N B.** When Annie first accepted Philip's offer of sending her children to school, Annie could hardly express her gratitude in words, but squeezed his hand warmly (see lines 325-326).

345. *But Philip.........all-in-all*—But Philip became absolutely indispensable to her children. Her children gave all their love and esteem to Philip, and could not do without him.

347. *Hearty*—cordial. *To greet............welcome*—to hail him with words of most cordial welcome. *Heartily*—*i.e.*, in a cheery shout.

348. *Lords.........they*—*i.e.*, they had the free run of his house and mill (they made use of his house and mill freely).

349. *Worried*—troubled. *Passive*—non-resisting; patient. 'Passive' is a transferred epithet. Philip was a patient listener to all that they had to say. *Petty*—trifling. *Wrongs*—troubles. *Worried.........wrongs*—*i.e.*, told Philip all their insignificant troubles, and Philip gave them a patient hearing.

350. *Hung.........him*—clung affectionately to him.

351. *Gain'd*—gained more of their love and esteem.

352. *Lost*—began to be forgotten more and more day by day.

353. *Uncertain*—vague. *Vision*—a mental representation of a visual object, especially in a dream or trance.

354. *Faint*—indistinct. *Figure*—shape. *Early dawn*—twilight of dawn when it is dusk.

355. *Avenue*—a passage lined with trees on either side.

356. *Going.........where*—going in a dierction unknown to us.

351-356. *Philip gained......where*—**Expl.** Enoch had been now away from home for years. When Annie lost her third child, Philip called on her and persuaded her to permit him, for the sake of Enoch, to put her children to school. Henceforth he began to take care of them. The children made themselves free with him. So Philip got more of their love and esteem day and day, as Enoch lost it. Enoch seemed to them as vague as a dream. He began to fade away from their recollection, because it was so long ago they saw him last. Enoch seemed to them as a shadowy figure seen in the dusk of morning at the far end of an avenue and going, no one knows, where. In other words, their impression of their father, Enoch, who had left them so long ago, became fainter day by day, and he was no more than a vague dream to them.

357. *Hearth*—fireside ; here used for *home*. Fig. *Synecdoche* (part for whole).

358. *Fled forward*—sped away. Note the alliteration.

Lines 359—368

Substance—One evening Annie's chldren wanted to go nutting. They got hold of Philip to go with them. Annie also accompanied them.

Paraphrase—It happened one evening that Annie's children wanted to go nutting, as others were going. Annie agreed to go with them. Then they requested Father Philip (as they called him) to come with them too. They found him, whitened with the flour of the mill, as a working-bee is covered with the dust of flowers. Philip at first refused to come. But when the children caught hold of him, and pulled at his coat, and insisted on his coming with them, he laughed, and readily gave way, for Annie too would be with them. Accordingly they all went.

359. *Chanced*—happened. *Long'd*—desired.

360. *To go......wood*—so it must be autumn again.

361. *Would...........them*—was willing to go with them. *Begg'd*—prayed.

361-362. *Begg'd......Philip*—prayed to their mother to get Father Philip to go with them.

363. *Working bee*—The working bee is a female bee (as distinguished from a *drone*). The working bee gathers honey and so gets powdered over with the pollen of flowers. *Blossom-dust*—the pollen of flowers. *Like......blossom-dust*—Compare :

"You lay
Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those
Deep meadows we had traversed".

Tennyson : *Merlin and Vivien.*

364. *Blanch'd*—whitened. *Mill*—flour of the mill. Fig. *Metonymy* (the place for the thing).

365. *Denied*—refused to go with them.

366. *Pluck'd......go*—caught hold of him and pulled at his coat, insisting that he must come.

367. *Laugh'd*—laughed because he was amused by the children's persistence. *Yielded*—gave way.

368. *For.........them*—That was a further inducement to Philip.

Lines 369—380

Substance—As they were climbing the hill, Annie felt tired at the point where the wood sloped to the valley. She rested, and Philip also stopped with her. The children ran forward with shouts, and started gathering nuts.

Paraphrase—But after climbing half the hill, just at the point where the wood began to slope towards the valley, Annie felt quite exhausted, and murmuring said, "Let me rest." So Philip was glad to stop with her. The children started forward with shouts of joy, and dived in an uproar right down into the hazelwood, hung with white clusters, and scattered, and broke or bent the flexible twigs that seemed to resist their efforts to pluck the ripe nuts. As they did so, they shouted and called to each other, and the wood resounded with their cries.

369. *Scaling*—climbing. *Weary*—transferred epithet. It is the climbers who are weary, and not the down.

370. *Prone edge*—See above.

370-371. *Just.........hollow*—**N.B.** It is the identical spot where once Philip came upon Enoch and Annie making love

(see lines 67-68). Philip and Annie meet again at the identical spot. We later find Philip telling Annie his love here. It is just a clever use of *coincidence,* and coincidence plays such an important part at the crises of life. It seems to be fate that brings Philip and Annie together here, and from this moment the lives of both start afresh.

371-372. *All her.........her*—She seemed to be too tired to proceed any farther; she lost all her strength; she sank down in sheer exhaustion. *Sighing*—(i) murmuring; (ii) sighing because she remembered the early scene of love between Enoch and herself. **N.B.** It is in such elusive details that Tennyson works up the interest of his story.

373 *Well-content*—quite glad.

374. *All the younger ones*—not only Annie's children, but other children too. *Jubilant cries*—shouts of joy.

375. *Broke*—separated. *Elders*—parents. *Tumultuously*—in an uproarious confusion. The word implies both *noise* and *confusion*: The children shouted and ran down in disorder.

376. *Down*—The hazelwood is farther down in a cup-like hollow (see line 9). *Whitening hazels*—Wordsworth speaks of "milk-white clusters." *Plunge*—dive.

377. *Bottom*—valley. *Dispersed*—scattered.

378. *Lithe*—flexible. *Reluctant*—"is used in its Latin sense of "struggling against," resisting their efforts. So Milton has "reluctant flames" (*Par. Lost,* vi. 58) and "untamed reluctance" (*Ib.,* ii. 337). Compare with this picture Wordsworth's *Nutting*:

"Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage" : etc."

Tear away—pluck.

379. *Tawny*—brownish-yellow. The hazel-nut has a light brown colour. *Clusters*—bunches of nuts.

380. *Here...........wood*—The idea is that the wood resounded with their shouts.

Lines 381—394

Substance—Philip, sitting by her side, remembered the unhappy hour when he crept away from Enoch and Annie sitting there. Now Philip, finding Annie so silent and imagining that she must be thinking of Enoch, remarked that the ship in which Enoch sailed, had been lost. Annie replied that the voices of the children in the wood made her feel lonely.

Paraphrase—But Philip, sitting by the side of Annie, forgot that she was there at all. He remembered the one miserable hour he had known in this wood, when he withdrew into the deeper recesses of the wood like a creature wounded. At last he said, raising his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie, how merry the children are down in the hazelwood." He asked, "Are you tired, Annie ?" For Annie, kept silent He repeated the question for Annie's face had sunk down on her hands. At this, as if he were a bit annoyed, Philip said, "The ship was lost. Better think no more of that. It is absurd that you should worry yourself to death and leave the children without a mother now (having already lost their father.)" And Annie replied, "I was thinking of something else. I do not know why, but the shouts of the children in the wood make me feel so lonely."

381-382. *Forgot her presence*—seemed to be unaware of the presence of Annie. Philip's mind went back to an earlier scene—his dark hour in the wood after he had discovered the love between Enoch and Annie. As that unhappy hour returned to him, he forgot his very surroundings. *One dark hour*—See lines 78—79.

384. *Crept..............shadow*—withdrew into the deeper recesses of the wood.

385. *Honest*—honourable, frank. *Forehead*—rather brows. "Frankness of disposition finds its expression in the brows" —*Webb.*

385-386. *Listen......wood*—Philip finds Annie rather brooding, and seeks to divert her thoughts. So he wants to draw her attention to the happiness of the children gathering nuts.

387. *Tired Annie*—Are you tired, Annie ? When Annie made no reply to his remark, he asked her whether she was tired.

For......word—as she did not make any reply (to his previous remark).

388. *Tired*—Philip repeats his question. *Her face...... hands*—Her face lay resting on her hands. It is a sign of great sorrow.

389. *At which*—when he saw her sorrow. *As*—as if.

With......him—a bit annoyed that she persisted in believing that Enoch would ever return.

390 *The ship......lost*—Philip speaks out his mind now. He is certain that Enoch is no more alive, and cannot bear to see Annie pining away for him who cannot return to her.

391. *No.........that*—Why should you brood over that, still believing that Enoch would return ? *Kill yourself*—worry yourself to death.

392. *Make......quite*—The force of 'quite' is this : They have already lost their father, now if you die, they will lose their mother too, and they will be absolutely orphans.

393. *I thought......it*—I was thinking not of Enoch, but of something else. *I know......why*—It seems to be strange to me.

394. *Their voices .....solitary*—The merry shouts of the children, gathering nuts, make her feel so lonely. **N.B** It is by the contrast between the gaiety of the children and her own heavy heart that her loneliness is brought home to her. *Feel so solitary*—Her loneliness arises from her sense of being cut off from interest in life and in humanity.

392—394. *And Annie said.....solitary*—**Expl.** Philip sat with Annie on the sloping edge of the wood as it approached the valley. Annie kept silent. Philip tried to divert her mind by drawing her attention to the happiness of the children gathering nuts. Yet Annie made no response. Philip asked her twice whether she was tired, and yet received no reply. Then in a rather annoyed tone he remarked that the ship (which carried Enoch) was lost. He implored her not to worry herself to death, thus leaving the children absolutely orphans. Annie now replied that she was thinking, not of Enoch, but of something else. She said that the merry shouts of the children in the wood made her feel so lonely and miserable.

Lines 395—418

Substance—Now Philip came out with the thought that had been at the back of his mind so long : He was convinced that Enoch, who had left ten years ago, could not be alive now. Philip wished Annie to be his wife that he might place her above all want. He would be a good father to the children. They might yet be happy after they had wasted so many years. His best reason was that he had loved her all his life.

Paraphrase—Then Philip, drawing closer to her, said, "Annie, there is a thought that has been long dwelling in mind. I do not know when it first entered my mind, but I know that I cannot keep it back any longer. O Annie, there is absolutely no hope and no chance that Enoch, who left you ten years ago, should yet be alive. Under this circumstance I must be out with it. It distresses me to see you poor and needy. I cannot help you as much as I wish unless—women are said to be quick in understanding—perhaps you understand what I mean. I wish you to be my wife. I would be too glad to make a good father to your children. I am sure they love me as a father. I believe that I love them as if they were my own children. If you marry me now and immediately, I may still expect that after so many unhappy years of suspense we might be as happy as God gives to any human being to be happy. Do please think over the matter. I am fairly wealthy ; I have no relation, no cares, no burden except my care for you and your children. We have known each other all our life, and I have loved you longer than you are aware of."

395. *Coming......closer*—drawing a little closer to Annie.

396. *A thing.........mind*—a thought which has been long present in my mind, and which must be given out.

398. *Tho'*—though. *When......there*—when it first entered my mind.

399. *I.........last*—I am certain that I cannot keep it back any longer, that I must speak it out. *It will out*—it will be out.

400. *Beyond all hope*—hopeless. *Against all chance*—contrary to all possibility.

401. *He*—i.e., Enoch.

402. *Should.........living*—If he had been alive, you should have heard from him. *Well then*—since this is the case. *Let......speak*—Let me speak out my mind on the subject.

403. *I grieve*—it distresses me. *Wanting help*—needy.

404. *I cannot......do*—He cannot help her as he wishes to help her, because he has not acquired the right to help her as husband. In other words, he could help her as he wished if he were her husband.

405. *Unless*—Philip breaks off in his delicacy of feeling. *They say*—people say. *Quick*—quick in understanding. *Women... .. ..quick*—women can understand things before they are spoken.

406. *You know......know*—You understand what I mean.

407. *Fain*—gladly. A S. *fægen*, related to *gefean*, to rejoice.

410. *Mine own*—my own children. 'Mine' instead of 'my' for the sake of *euphony* (sweetness of sound).

411. *Fast*—(i) immediately ; (ii) bound fast in marriage. *If you......wife*—Philip urges Annie to be his wife immediately so that he may at once place her in comfort.

412. *Sad uncertain years*—miserable years of suspense (refers to her waiting for Enoch to come back).

413-414. *As God......creatures*—as God gives to any of His created beings to be happy. *Think......it*—consider the matter carefully.

415. *Kin*—relation.

416. *Burthen*—archaic for 'burden'. *Save*—except. *Yours*—your children.

Lines 419-436

Substance—Annie said that God might bless Philip with a woman happier than herself. She pleaded that she could not love twice. Philip replied that he was content to be loved a little after Enoch. She begged him to wait another year, and gave her promise that she would decide at the end of the year.

Paraphrase—Then Annie answered—she spoke in a kind voice : "You have been as a good angel, sent by God, to help us in our distress. May God bless you, and reward you for

your kindness to me and mine with a woman happier than myself. Can one love twice ? I do not think I can ever love you as I loved Enoch. What would make you happy ?" Philip replied : "I am contented even to be loved less than Enoch. In fear, as it seemed to be, she cried, "My good Philip, wait a little. If Enoch comes—but I am afraid Enoch will not come—yet do please wait a year, a year is not much. I believe I shall see things in a better light in a year. Do please wait a little." Philip said sadly, "Annie, as I have waited all my life, I may as well wait a little more." She cried, "I give you my promise—no more than a year. Will you not wait a year in your turn as I do in mine ?" And Philip answered, "Yes, I will wait a year in my turn."

419. *Tenderly*—in a kind and affectionate voice.

420. *God's good angel*—a good or guardian angel, sent by God, to protect us. *House*—family.

422. *Something*—some creature (a woman). *With.......... myself*—Annie implies that she is too miserable a creature to make him happy.

423. *Can..........twice*—Annie is a woman of simple faith. And she believes that one can truly love only once. As we find later, after Annie marries Philip and bears him a child, she seems to be as happy as she had been before with Enoch.

424. *What..........ask*—what will really make you happy ? Annie wants to know whether Philip insists on marrying her in spite of the fact that she cannot love him as much as she loved Enoch.

425. *Content*—satisfied.

426. *After*—less than.

427. *Scared*—frightened (because she is not sure whether Enoch is dead, and it will not be decent to marry him even if Enoch is dead until sometime passes).

428. *If Enoch comes*—In line 318 Annie is convinced that Enoch is alive. Now she begins to express doubt about his return. *But Enoch......come*—It seems almost to be a certainty that Enoch will not come.

429 *Yet......year*—Annie begs Philip to wait a year so that she can make up her mind, and hang on the last chance of

Enoch's return. *A year......long*—a year is not too long a period to wait.

430. *I shall......wiser*—I shall see things in a better light. A year more may make it clear to her that Enoch is not likely to return, and enable her to do her duty to Philip.

432. *As I......my life*—Philip refers to his silent love for Annie—the "lifelong hunger in his heart."

433. *Well*—as well. *Nay*—to be sure.

434. *I am bound*—I am pledged ; my promise is given. *In a year*—I shall decide to marry in a year.

435. *Bide*—wait. *As... . ...mine*—as I am prepared in my turn to wait a year.

436. *My year*—the year in my turn.

Lines 437-448

Substance—The sun had set. Fearing that the night air and chill were not good for Annie, Philip got up and called the children. He paused at Annie's door, and offered to release her from her promise. But Annie would not go back upon her promise

Paraphrase—At this point both were silent. When Philip looked up, he saw the pale glow of the sun that had set melt away from the Danish barrow overhead. Fearing that the night air and chill would be bad for Annie, he got up and shouted to the children in the hazelwood below. They returned with their store of nuts. Then they descended to the port ; Philip stood a minute at Annie's door, pressing her hand and then said gently, "Annie, when I urged you to marry me, you were in dejected spirits. I should not have done it. I am always at your service, but I release you from your promise." Annie answered weeping, "No, my promise stands."

437. *Here*—at this point. *Mute*—silent. *Glancing*—looking.

438. *Dead flame*—*i.e.*, the after-glow of the sun that had set. *Fallen day*—the sun that had set.

Beheld.........day—Compare a more elaborate picture :

"The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun"
—Tennyson : *A Dream of Fair Women.*

439. *Pass*—fade away. *Danish barrow*—See above.

440. *Night and chill*—*i.e.*, the chilly air of the night. Fig. *Hendiadys.*

441. *Sent his voice*—shouted. *Beneath him*—because the hazelwood was in the valley below.

442. *Up came*—climbed (the slope). *Laden with*—carrying. *Spoil*—the nuts they had gathered. They pulled down the branches and plucked the nuts, and committed similar depredations (plundering) ; hence *spoil.*

443. *Descended*—climbed down the slope.

444. *Paused*—stopped a minute. *Gave his hand*—put his hand into Annie's (as a greeting).

446. *That......weakness*—You were then sad and depressed and, therefore, you were unable to exercise properly your reason or judgment. *I.........wrong*—I should not have taken advantage of it.

447. *I.........you*—my promise to you holds. *You......free*—I release you from your promise.

448. *I am bound*—My promise stands.

445-448. *Annie, when I............bound*—**Expl.** Philip and Annie sat on the sloping edge of the wood as it descended to the valley below. The children gathered nuts. Now Philip confessed his love to Annie, and begged her to marry him. It was now ten years or more since Enoch had gone, and there seemed to be no chance of his ever returning. Even Annie began to have doubts whether Enoch was alive. Annie, however, requested Philip to wait a year more. Annie thought that she would be more certain about Enoch being alive or dead in a year ; and so she would be able to decide. Now when Philip parted from Annie at her door, he thought that he had taken advantage of Annie's moment of sorrow and depression (*i.e.*, Annie gave her promise when she was extremely dejected, and was, therefore, unable to exercise properly her reason). Philip offered to release Annie from her promise. But Annie would not take back her promise once given. **N.B.** Note again Philip's honesty and delicacy of feeling. Philip thought that he got a promise from Annie in her moment of weakness ; and so he wanted to release her from her promise.

Lines 449—468

Substance—A year came round, and Philip reminded Annie of her promise. Annie begged a month. It almost broke Philip's heart. Annie felt for him, and yet she put him off from day to day. So another half year went.

Paraphrase—She repeated her promise to Philip. As she went about her household work, she mused on Philip's latest remark that he had loved her longer than she knew. It seemed as if in a moment one autumn glided into another, and Philip stood before her, reminding her of her promise. She asked, "Has a year gone by ?" He said, "Yes, it must be a year if the nuts are ripe again. You better come out and see." But she could not yet decide. She said that she had so many things to think about, and that it meant such a great change in her life. She begged a month. She had given her promise and she would not go back upon it. Then Philip, the enduring passion of love fully reflected in his eyes, and his voice trembling like a drunkard's hand, replied, "You need not be in a hurry, Annie" Annie could have wept out of sympathy for him. Yet she put him off with paltry excuses, testing his sincerity and patience till another half-year had passed.

449 *She spoke*—*i.e.*, she repeated her promise to Philip (see the preceding line). *In......were* in a flash as it seemed. Another autumn came, and it seemed that it came round too quickly (as if there were the interval of a moment between this autumn and the previous one).

450. *While .....ways*—while she was busy with her household duties. She seemed to be unconscious of the passing time, because she kept herself busy with household work.

451. *Dwelt*—mused ; pondered. *Latest*—last. *Ev'n......... words*—Certainly it had pleased her to hear that Philip had loved her longer than she knew.

453. *That autumn*—the previous autumn. *Flash'd*—metaphor from a series of pictures that are quickly unrolled before the eyes as in a *Kaleidoscope* (an instrument showing, by means of bits of coloured glass and a series of reflecting surfaces, an endless variety of pictures). *That...........again*—The previous autumn was quickly succeeded by another.

455. *Claiming her promise*—claiming the fulfilment of her promise. *Is.........ask'd*—Annie did not seem to be aware that a year had passed so quickly.

456. *If the nuts...............again*—The nuts ripen in autumn. Philip says that the nuts are ripe again. It is when the nuts were ripe that Annie promised.

457. *Put......off*—kept him waiting again with some excuse or other.

458. *So......to*—*i.e.*, so many things to think about. *Such a change*—such a great change in her life. *A month*—She begged for a month.

459. *She.........bound*—She was not going to withdraw her promise.

461. *That......hunger*—the passion of love with which his heart ever ached.

462. *Drunkard's hand*—the trembling hand of a drunkard.

463. *Take.........time*—You need not rush yourself. You need not be in a hurry.

464. *For......of*—out of sympathy for.

465. *Held.........on*—put him off. *Delayingly*—in order to take time.

466. *Scarce-believable*—absurd. *Excuse*—pretext.

467. *Trying*—testing. *Truth*—sincerity. *Long-sufferance*—edurance ; patience.

468. *Half-another year*—another six months. *Slipt away*—passed.

464-468. *And Annie......away*—**Expl** Philip begged Annie to marry him when ten years had gone by, and Enoch did not return. Annie promised to decide in a year. But when the year was gone, Annie put Philip off again. She begged for a month more. Philip agreed to wait again. Annie plainly saw that Philip's heart was breaking. She felt for him. Yet she put him off from day to day with some paltry excuse. Thus she tested his sincerity and patience till six months were gone.

Lines 469-484

Substance—Their neighbours began to think ill of both Philip and Annie. They were disappointed because they put

off marrying. One of them even hinted at worse things. Annie's son and daughter both wished that she should marry Philip, and be done with it. Annie too had a miserable time of it.

Paraphrase—By this time their neighbours, who were given to discussing the affairs of other people, were disappointed that their forecast (of their marriage) did not come true, and felt annoyed as if they had themselves been wronged. Some thought that Philip did not seriously intend to marry Annie. Some thought that Annie held aloof so that Philip might woo her hard. Others had a poor opinion of Philip and Annie who were not wise enough to make up their minds. One of them, who harboured evil thoughts in his mind like serpent eggs clinging together, hinted that they (Philip and Annie) wanted to carry on a guilty love. Her own son said nothing, though he expressed his wish (that Annie should marry Philip) in his looks. But the daughter ever urged her to marry Philip who had been so good to them all, and so to put an end to their hardship. Philip's face grew wrinkled with cares and anxieties. All these things went to Annie's conscience.

469. *By this*—by this time. *Gossips*—idle chatters ; those who discuss irresponsibly the affairs of others and make ugly comments on their conduct (see above).

470. *Abhorrent*—hateful. *Calculation*—their own forecast of the marriage of Philip and Annie. The idea is this : They prophesied that the marriage of Philip and Annie would come off at such a date, and their prophecy went wrong. *Crost*—baffled ; unfulfilled.

471. *Chafe*—feel annoyed. The literal sense is to make warm by rubbing. *As*—as if. *Personal wrong*—a wrong or injury that had been done to them personally.

469-471. *By this......wrong*—**Expl.** Some idle, irresponsible neighbours of Philip and Annie (these idle persons had nothing to do but to talk of the affairs of other people and speak ill of them) were disappointed that their guesses proved wrong. They thought that Philip and Annie would marry at such and such time. But Philip and Annie remained still unmarried ; and these idle, irresponsible neighbours felt annoyed as if they had been personally wronged. In other

words, they interested themselves (as usual with such neighbours) in the affairs of Philip and Annie—they could not but talk about them and form their own opinion as to the time of their marriage ; they felt naturally irritated when the marriage did not come off at their calculated time as if it concerned their personal comfort or happiness.

472. *Some*—some of idle chatterers. *But*—only. *Did...... her*—had no intention of marrying Annie ; played with the feelings of Annie.

473. *Held off*—kept a good distance between herself and Philip ; did not give in. *To draw.........on*—to entice Philip to woo her more earnestly. *She......on*—*i.e.*, she did not want to make herself cheap by responding quickly to Philip's love.

474. *Laugh'd......Philip*—ridiculed both Annie and Philip.

475. *Simple folk*—rather silly people. *That......minds*—who did not know the exact nature of their feelings towards each other.

476. *One*—one of the gossips. *Evil fancies*—ugly thought. *Clung*—stuck or adhered together. The force of 'clung' is that the evil fancies bred and multiplied too quickly in his brain so that they formed a dense mass and one could not be separated from another.

477. *Like serpent.........together*—The serpent eggs adhere together in a row like a string of beads. A very realistic *simile*, and one illustrating Tennyson's close observation. *Laughingly*—as if in jest.

478. *Hint at*—suggest (express indirectly). *Worse*—guilty love. *Either*—both Philip and Annie. *Hint......either*—suggest that Philip and Annie did not mean to marry, but to carry on a guilty love.

476-478. *And one.........either*—**Expl.** Tennyson speaks of one of the neighbours of Philip and Annie. These neighbours would meet and talk about the affairs of Philip and Annie, and comment on their conduct. One of them was evil-minded and evil-hearted. Ugly thoughts bred and crowded together in his brain like serpent eggs. This evil-minded neighbour suggested that Philip and Annie had no intention of marrying, but wanted to carry on a sort of guilty love (love without marriage).

479. *Was silent*—did not speak openly to Annie. *Look'd ......wish*—expressed his wish in his looks, and it was his wish that his mother should marry Philip.

480. *Evermore*—constantly and persistently. *Prest......her*—urged her.

481. *Wed*—marry. *So......them*—whom the children loved and esteemed so much.

482 *Lift..... poverty*—put an end to the distress of the family. The daughter urged Annie to marry Philip also from material considerations.

483. *Rosy*—marked with the red glow of health or manhood. *Contracting*—wrinkling.

484. *Careworn*—eaten out or furrowed by care. *Wan*—pale. *Fell......her*—stung her conscience. *Sharp*—painful.

Lines 485—506

Substance—One night Annie could not sleep. She prayed for a sign whether Enoch was alive. She got up, struck a light and opened the Bible casually to find a sign. She came upon the words—'under the palm-tree'. She fell asleep again and dreamt of Enoch sitting under a palm-tree. She imagined that Enoch was in heaven. Next morning she sent for Philip.

Paraphrase—At last one night it happened that Annie could not sleep. She prayed fervently for a sign whether Enoch was dead. Then surrounded by the curtain of impenetrable darkness, she could not bear the terror she felt at the expected answer to her prayer, suddenly got up from bed, and struck a light. Then she wildly caught hold of the Bible, and suddenly threw it open to find a sign, and came upon the words—'under the palm-tree'. She could make nothing of the text. She closed the look and fell asleep. Now she dreamt of Enoch sitting on a hill under a palm-tree, and the sun shining overhead. So she thought that he was no more living on earth—he must be in heaven, singing the praise of God. She pictured Christ as the Sun of Righteousness shining in heaven. She imagined that the palms must be those which the people of Jerusalem strewed in the pathway of Christ, when they greeted him with cries of

"Hosanna." At this point she woke up. She made up her mind and sent for Philip and said eagerly to him, "There is no obstacle to our marrying now." He answered, "Then in the name of God, and for the sake of us both, if you are willing to marry me, let it be done at once, and do not put it off again"

485. *Chanced*—happened.

486. *Annie......sleep*—Thinking of Enoch, Annie could not sleep. *Earnestly*—most devoutly.

487. *Sign*—message from heaven. *Gone*—dead. *He*—a redundant pronoun, for 'Enoch,' is nominative. Such repetition of the subject occurs under stress of emotion. *Pray'd...gone*—This shows that Annie shared in the superstitious beliefs and practices of the time. Annie prayed that God might make to her some mysterious communication concerning the fate of Enoch.

488. *Compass'd round*—surrounded. *Blind*—impenetrable. *Wall of night*—The massed darkness of night is compared to a wall.

489. *Brook'd*—endured. *Expectant terror*—the dread of expecting an answer to her prayer. *Of her heart*—which made her heart beat faster.

490. *Started......bed*—leapt out of bed suddenly. *Struck ......light*—made use of a flint and steel in lighting. The action of the story is dated a hundred years back (see l. 10). The matches were only invented about 1834. *Herself*—for herself. *Ethic dative.*

491. *Desperately*—wildly. *Seized*—caught hold of. *The holy Book*—*i.e.*, the Bible.

492. *Set.........wide*—opened it casually. *To find a sign*—**N.B.** It was a form of *divination*—seeking to know the future by some mysterious processes. In ancient times the *Iliad* of Homer and the *Æneid* of Virgil were used for the purpose. The book would be opened casually and the text which the person came upon, would be an answer to what he wanted to know. *The Christians made use of the Bible for the purpose of knowing the future or solving the question that troubled them*—The practice was condemned by St. Augustine and the council of Vannes in the fifth century. This sort of divination is still practised

by common, ignorant people in parts of England. Divination by the Bible is known as *bibliomancy*. Once it was a custom with pious Christians to open the Bible at randon and read the first verse they chanced upon to guide them in their doings for the day or the future.

493. *Put......text*—touched the open page without looking at it.

494. *Under the palm tree—Judges* IV. 5: "And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah." Annie chanced to open the *Book of Judge*, and touched the fifth verse of Chapter IV. *That ......her*—She could make no meaning of it. It told her nothing about the fate of Enoch.

496. *Lo*—Behold. 'Lo' is an interjection. *When lo! etc.* —*i e.*, Annie saw in a dream. *Height*—hill.

497. *Under.........Sun*—Annie dreamt what was after all an island in the tropics. It was quite possible that he sat on a hill under a palm-tree to shade himself from the sun overhead. But Annie understood it in a different way. She thought that the dream meant that Enoch was dead and in Heaven.

"She beholds Enoch seated 'under a palm-tree, over him the sun'; as he doubtless was at that moment in the island on which he had been wrecked, and where the ghostly echo of her wedding-bells is so soon to torment his ear. But the true vision is but a lying dream to his wife. In her simplicity she cannot think of palms as real trees growing in foreign lands. Her mind flies to scriptural associations"—(*Blackwood*).

NB. This dream is also *an instance of poetic irony*. It means one thing to the reader, and just the reverse of the truth to Annie It serves an artistic purpose, for life abounds in such ironies.

498. *He is happy*—because he is happy. Annie's simple mind works in this way. She is not aware of palm-trees growing elsewhere than in the Holy Land. The Biblical association misleads her. Enoch is sitting under a palm-tree. Annie argues that it must be the Biblical palm-tree of which alone she is aware. She infers, therefore, that Enoch must be then in heaven.

499. *Hosanna*—a shout of praise and adoration. Heb. *ho^hi ah-una*, save we pray. In the Bible we read (*Mark*, XI.,

9,10) that when Christ entered Jerusalem, the crowd shouted *Hosanna. Hosanna............highest*—praise to God in heaven. *Yonder*—Annie is still speaking of the vision, which brought the very heavens before her eyes. She remembers the vision, and seems to see still what she describes. So *yonder i.e.*, in heaven.

500. *The Sun of Righteousness*—The reference is to Christ. Compare :

"But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of rightousness arise with healing in his wings"—*Malachi* IV. 2.

501. *Whereof*—of which (the branches). *The happy people*—Jerusalem. The allusion to palm-trees occurs in *John*, XII. 13. The expression—'Hosanna in the highest' occurs in *Mark*, XI. 10.

Compare :

"And many spread their garments in the way : and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying Hosanna ; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord : Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord : *Husanna in the highest*" —*Mark*, XI, 8—19.

"On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took *branches of palm-trees*, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna : Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord"—*John*, XII. 12—13.

498 -502. *'He is gone.........highest" '*—**Expl**. The reference is here to the vision that came to Annie. One night she could not sleep, thinking of Enoch. She prayed earnestly for a sign whether Enoch was alive or dead. Then she got up from bed, struck a light and opended the Bible at random. The text she came upon was 'under a palm-tree.' She could make nothing of it, and fell asleep. Then she had a dream ; she saw Enoch sitting on a height under a palm-tree. In her simplicity she imagined the palm-tree to be the palm-tree of the Bible. She remembered the palm branches that the crowd strewed when Christ entered Jerusalem. She remembered also that the crowd cried "hosanna" to Christ. Remembering these things of the Bible, Annie naturally inferred that Enoch

was dead and in heaven. She pictured Enoch singing hosanna in heaven, and Christ as the Sun of Righteousness (which image also came to her from the Bible), and the palms as those with which the people of Jerusalem welcomed Christ, as they cried hosanna to him.

Here—at his point.

N.B. Here is an instance of *poetic irony.* Annie understood her dream to mean that Enoch was dead and in Heaven. Really Enoch was alive, after being ship-wrecked on a tropical island. So Annie was terribly misled by her dream.

503. *Resolved*—(i) having made up her mind; (ii) freed from doubt (Latin sense).

503. *Wild*—impetuously; excitedly.

504. *There...........wed*—There is nothing to prevent us marrying.

505. *For God's sake*—as sure as there is God. *Both...... sakes*—for the sake of us both.

506. *So.........me*—if you are willing to marry me. 'So' has the sense of *provided that. Let......one*—marry me immediately then; let us not put it off any longer.

Lines 507—522

Substance—Philip and Annie were married. But Annie had still a troubled mind, and was a prey to superstitious fears. She bore Philip a child, and then her fears were gone, and she was kept busy by her care for the child and began to love Philip with all her heart.

Paraphrase—So Philip and Annie were married, and the wedding bells rang merrily. But Annie's heart was far from being merry. She was haunted by unknown fears. She seemed to hear the tread of an unknown step by her side, and an unknown whisper in her ear. She dreaded to be left alone. Something troubled her. When she entered the house, often she paused with the hand on the latch (a fastening for a door, consisting of a bolt and a catch), and feared to enter. Philip did not worry about what he considered her nervousness. She was with child and he thought that such fears and doubts in her were due to her state (pregnancy).

But when her child was born, she got over her nervous (or superstitious) fears and the motherly feeling awoke again in her; and she began to love Philip with all her heart. And that queer sense of fear was gone.

507. *Wed*—wedded; married. *Bells*—wedding bells.

508. *Merrily...wed*—The words are repeated in a different order to give the full effect of the joy of the occasion.

509. *But never......heart*—Annie's heart was still weighted by fears. Her belief that Enoch was no more living, seemed to be shaken now and again. Vague doubts and fears still possessed her mind.

510. *A footstep*—an unknown footstep. *A footstep......path*—She seemed to hear an unknown footstep close beside her. **N.B.** The doubts and fears which still possessed her, materialized in *sound*—the footfall close beside her and the whisper in her ear. To take a rational view of the matter, her overwrought feelings and imagination called up these doubts and fears. Philip ascribed them to her state of pregnancy.

511. *She...........whence*—The footstep was mysterious. *A whisper......ear*—A whisper seemed to fall on her ear.

512. *She.........what*—She did not know what the whisper meant.

513. *Nor......alone*—She dreaded to go out alone.

514. *Ail'd*—troubled. *Ere*—before.

515. *Lingeringly*—hesitatingly. *Latch*—a fastening for a door consisting of a bolt and a catch.

516. *Philip......knew*—Philip did not worry about her He ascribed her doubts and fears to nervousness (caused by pregnancy). Tennyson implies that Philip had not the right explanation of her state of mind.

517. *Common*—usual. *Her state*—*i.e.*, pregnancy.

519. *Then her new child......renew'd*—She seemed to be born again with her child; her nervous state was gone, and she became a new Annie.

520. *New mother*—the feeling of motherhood that awoke again in her. Fig. *Synecdoche* (concrete for abstract). *Came ......heart*—stirred her heart.

521. *Good*—dear. The force of 'good' is that she began to love Philip with all her heart. *Was......all-in-all*—filled all her heart.

522. *Mysterious instinct*—the queer sense of fear which came from within (which seemed to have no external cause). *Died*—was gone.

Lines 523—536

Substance—Enoch sailed in the ship, *Good Fortune*. After getting across the Bay of Biscay which was very rough, the ship entered the tropics. She long tossed about the Cape of Good Hope and then after encountering both foul and fair weather, she entered the tropics, and anchored in a port of the East Indies. Enoch traded at the port.

Paraphrase—But what about Enoch ? The ship, *Good Fortune*, in which he sailed, had a prosperous voyage, though at the beginning, the Bay of Biscay, with its high waves rolling eastward, tossed and almost sank the ship. However unharmed she glided into the tropics. Then she tossed for a long time about the Cape of Good Hope, and after meeting alternately fair and foul weather, she entered the tropics again. The trade winds now blowing, she safely reached the East Indies, and anchored in an Eastern port. At the port Enoch traded on his own account, and bought grotesque Chinese images, which would have a good sale. He also bought a golden dragon for the children.

523. *And......Enoch*—Now the story of Enoch is resumed. Tennyson has so long told the story of Annie and Philip since Enoch's departure, and confined the action to the seaport town of England. The scene shifts now to a tropical island. *Prosperously*—without any accident ; successfully.

524. *Good Fortune*—name of the ship in which Enoch sailed. **N.B.** There is irony in the very name of the ship—'Good Fortune.' The ship met no good fortune ; it was wrecked. *At setting forth*—at the outset.

525. *Biscay*—The Bay of Biscay. The opening of the Atlantic, along the coast of North Spain and West France, the Bay of Biscay is always rough and runs high. *Roughly*—violently. *Ridging*—rising high with mountain waves. *Eastward*—The Bay of Biscay rolled east before a westerly gale. *Shook*—tossed.

526. *Overwhelm'd*—sank. *Unvext*—unharmed.

527. *Slipt*—glided. *Summer of the world*—tropics (part of the earth's surface lying between latitudes $23\frac{1}{2}°$ N. and $23\frac{1}{2}°$ S. of the Equator). The tropics are a region of bright sunshine ; hence 'summer of the world'.

528. *Long tumble*—tossing for a long time. *Cape*—the Cape of Good Hope. Fierce gales always blow about the Cape of Good Hope, and it was originally named 'Cape of Storms' ; but John II, king of Portugal, renamed it Cape of Good Hope. In 1497 Vasco de Gama found his way to India *via* the Cape of Good Hope.

529. *Frequent interchange*—meeting alternately. *Foul and fair*—foul and fair weather.

531. *The breath of heaven*—The reference is to southern Trade Winds which blow continually for six months from the south-east. The ship was now on the south side of the Equator.

It should be remembered that these were days of *sailing* ships (the steam ships being introduced towards the end of the eighteenth century), and that the sailing ships had to depend mainly on wind and tide. *Continually*—without fail.

532. *Sweetly*—smoothly. *Golden isles*—the East Indies. "*Aurea Chersonesus*—the golden Chersonese—was the name given by late classical geographers to the Malay Peninsula"—*Marwick.* Compare :

"Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, etc."

Milton : *Paradise Lost*, XI. 392.

533. *Till silent*—till she was silent ; till she came to anchor. *Oriental*—Eastern. *Haven*—port.

534. *For himself*—on his own account.

535. *Quaint*—odd ; curious. M.E. and O.F. *cointe*, L. *cognitum*, from *cognoscere*, to know, to learn. *Quaint monsters*—grotesque Chinese images. *For.........times*—which would have a quick sale in those days.

536. *Gilded*—gold-coloured. *Dragon*—a fabulous monster, generally an enormous winged serpent with formidable claws ; here the figure of a dragon.

Lines 537—549

Substance—The return voyage of the ship proved disastrous. At first she sailed smooth seas. Then she was held up by the dropping of winds. Then she met with a long course of changing winds. At last a storm drove her upon a rock. All perished except Enoch and two more sailors. They were cast on a tropical island.

Paraphrase—The return voyage of the ship proved less fortunate. At first she sailed smooth seas. She scarcely tossed and the figure of a full-chested woman above the water-line looked steadily on the small waves that curled on her bows. Then the winds suddenly fell off; again the winds began to blow diversely, and the ship strove long with winds that blew contrary. At last a storm drove her under the darkened sky, and no sooner was the warning of 'breakers' raised than the ship dashed upon the rock. All hands perished except Enoch and two more sailors. Half the night they clung to ropes and poles, which carried them at dawn to a fertile, but the loneliest island in a lonely sea.

Less lucky—There is irony here again. It has been pointed out that there are subtle ironic touches throughout the poem. The ship is *Good Fortune,* and she has little luck on her home voyage.

538. *Fair*—undisturbed by storms. *Sea-circle*—the round space of sea bounded by the horizon. In *In Memoriam,* Tennyson speaks of "ocean-mirrors rounded large."

539. *Scarce-rocking*—scarcely rolling; sailing smoothly. *Full-busted*—with a swelling or bulging chest. *Figure-head*—Most of the old sailing ships were decorated with a carved wooden figure, called a *figure-head,* fixed to the bows, just under the bowsprit. **N. B.** The term figure-head is now applied to a person who lends his name to some company or society, but has no real power. Like the ship's figure-head, he is ornamental rather than useful.

540. *Stared*—looked steadily; "expresses the fixed gaze of the lifeless image"—*Webb. Ripple*—small wave. *Feathering*—clinging in froth and foam, or in thin curls. *Bows*—the rounded fore-end of a ship.

Stared......bows—The line is a good instance of Tennyson's word-painting.

541. *Calms*—the absence of wind (and so the ship was held up). *Variable*—shifting ; changing directions frequently.

542. *Baffling*—contrary. *A long course*—*i.e.*, a prolonged continuance. *Of them*—'them' refers either to baffling winds or to both variable and baffling winds.

Last—at last.

543. *Moonless heavens*—(i) sky in which the moon was hidden in clouds ; (ii) sky in which there was no moon.

544. *Hard*—close ; immediately following. *The cry of breakers*—the warning that there were breakers ahead. The warning was raised by the sailors. It was on a rock that the waves were breaking.

545. *Crash of ruin*—the noise of the ship going to pieces on the rock. *Loss*—destruction ; death.

546. *But*—except. *Two others*—two other sailors.

541-546. *Then follow'd calms......others*—**Expl.** Tennyson describes here the return voyage of the ship, *Good Fortune*, in which Enoch sailed, and the destruction of it. The voyage was marked by the frequent changes of weather. At one time the winds fell off, and the ship was held up. Then the winds began to blow, but the winds changed directions frequently. Then came contrary winds, with which the ship had to fight long. At last a storm broke and drove the ship under the darkened sky. Hardly was the warning that there were breakers ahead given, when the ship had run upon the rock. There was shipwreck. All men perished except Enoch and two more sailors.

547. *Buoy'd*—supported ; upheld. A buoy means an anchored float indicating a fairway, reef, shoal, etc. *Floating*—drifting. *Tackle*—an arrangement of ropes and pulleys, etc., used for hoisting, lifting, or for working sails, etc. *Spars*—A spar is a stout pole, especially one used as a mast, yard, boom, or gaff on a ship.

548. *Drifted*—floated. *Stranding*—coming ashore. *Isle*—island. *At morn*—in the morning.

549. *Rich*—fertile. *The lonliest......sea*—*i.e.*, an uninhabited island in an unfrequented sea. The fact of the island being the lonliest and of the sea being lonely brings home to the reader the absolute misery and helplessness of Enoch, when the other two sailors die on the island.

Lines 550—558

Substance—The island yielded fruit, nuts and roots to eat in plenty. They built a thatched hut. So the three sailors (Enoch and two others) lived in this fertile island, where summer seemed to be ever present.

Paraphrase—There was no lack of food for men in that island. It yielded in plenty soft fruit, big nuts, and strength-giving roots. Except for pity it was not hard to kill the animals for food. These animals were too ignorant to run away. In a mountain-pass that opened unto the sea, they built a hut, and roofed it with leaves of palm. It was partly a hut and partly a cave. So the three sailors cast on this fruitful island, yielding them plenty of food, lived in the midst of ever-lasting summer, but they were hardly contented (*i.e.*, they were home-sick).

550. *Human sustenance*—food needed by men.

551. *Fruitage*—fruit collectively. *Mighty*—large.

Nourishing—strength-giving.

552. *Save*—except. *Save......take*—unless you feel pity, it was not hard to take.

553. *Helpless life*—the life of animals (i) who had no means of protecting themselves, (ii) who seemed 'helpless' because they did not run away from men (and so they were ready to be caught and killed). *So wild......tame*—never coming in contact with men, nor knowing the nature of men (and that was the state of being very wild), they were tame (*i e.*, they roamed about freely and did not run away from men) ; so their *tameness* was the result of their *wildness*. Compare :

"The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man
Their tameness is shocking to me."
—*Cowper*.

554. *Sea-ward-gazing*—opening unto the sea.

Mountain-gorge—a mountain-pass.

555. *Thatche'd*—roofed.

556. *Native cavern*—"cavern of natural rock"—*Webb.*

557. *Set*—placed. *Eden*—the garden in which Adam and Eve were placed ; here applied to the tropical island because it was so fruitful, and because it enjoyed summer all the year round. *Plenteousness*—abundance.

558. *Eternal*—ever-present. *Ill-content*—dissatisfied because they were home-sick.

Lines 559—567

Substance—The youngest of the lot, a mere boy, who was hurt on the night of the wreck, died after he had suffered for five years. Then remained Enoch and another sailor. The latter, hollowing out a tree by means of fire, got sun-struck and died. So Enoch was left alone on the island.

Paraphrase—The youngest of the survivors, a mere boy, was hurt on the night of the shipwreck. He dragged on a life of extreme physical suffering for five years, and then died. His companions could not have abandoned him. After he was gone, the remaining two found the trunk of a fallen tree. Enoch's companion, who took little care of himself, hollowed out the trunk by fire in the manner of the Red Indian, and in the course of doing it, was sun-struck, and died. Enoch was now left alone on the island. The death of his two companions was interpreted by Enoch as a sign from God that he would have to wait long on the island before he was rescued.

559. *One*—one of the three survivors. *Hardly......boy*—a mere boy.

560. *Hurt*—injured. *Sudden......wreck*—the shipwreck which was so unexpected.

561. *Lingering out*—going through ; enduring. *Death-in-life*—a living death ; a life of extreme physical suffering.

562. *Leave him*—leave him to his fate ; abandon him. *Gone*—dead.

563. *The two remaining*—*i.e.* Enoch and another sailor. *Fallen stem*—the trunk of a fallen tree.

564. *Comrade*—companion. *Careless of himself*—(i) not taking proper care of himself or his body ; (ii) indifferent to what might happen to himself ; (iii) in a desperate mood.

565. *Fire-hollowing this*—burning out the inside of the trunk for want of tools (in order to make a boat). *Indian fashion*—the manner of the Red Indian (the American savage).

565-566. *Fell sun-stricken*—died of a sunstroke. *That other*—*i.e.* Enoch.

567. *In those ...deaths*—in the death of his two companions. *Read*—clearly perceived. *God's warning*—the sign from God. *In those... 'wait'*—The death of his two companions was taken by Enoch as God's warning that he would have to wait long before he would be rescued. Misfortunes multiplied on Enoch. He was first shipwrecked. He and two others were cast on an uninhabited island. Then his two companions died one by one. If the three had been living, they might have planned some means of escape. But now Enoch was left alone.

Lines 568—595

Substance—In the island the mountain was full of wood up to the peak ; the insect and the bird had most brilliant colours; the convolvuluses (a kind of climbing plants) that wreathed round the stems of large trees, gleamed down to the very shore—it was all a revel of light and colour that he saw. Enoch longed in vain to see a human face or to hear a human voice. He heard the cries of ocean-birds, the roar of the waves, the rustle of leaves, or the noise of the rushing stream, as he wandered on the shore or sat looking towards the sea. No ship appeared within view. Everyday he watched the sun blaze among the trees, upon the waters and the stars that were so clearly visible.

Paraphrase—The mountain was covered with wood up to the very summit. The grassy slopes, the winding passages ascended like roads to heaven. The thin cocoa-nut tree hung down its branches on the top. The insect and the bird gleamed and sparkled as they flitted about. The climbing plants that wreathed about the trunks of huge trees had the most brilliant colour, and spread right down to the shore. It was a world of light and colour—the torrid zone. Enoch saw all these. But what he longed to see, he could not see—the kindly human

face. Nor could he hear a sympathetic voice. He heard the cries of numerous sea-birds that flew about, the roar of the long, far-extending waves on the cliff, the shifting murmur of the trees that grew at a great height, or the tremendous rush of some stream that flowed to the ocean. He heard all thees sounds as he walked down the shore, or sat all day long in the mountain-pass, opening into the sea,—a ship-wrecked sailor, looking for a ship. But no ship ever leapt into view, as he waited there day after day. Every day the sun poured down his rays among the palms, the ferns and rocks. The light of the sun blazed on the expanse of the sea to the east, on the island overhead, on the expanse of the sea to the west. And at night the great stars were so clearly visible like spheres of brilliant light in the vault of heaven ; the ocean roared deeper and mightier. Then in the morning the blazing rays of the sun again, but no ship ever approached.

568-695. This passage has been much praised by Tennyson's admirers for its word-painting.

Bagehot (Literary Studies, Vol. II) refers to this description as an absolute model of adorned art. No expressive circumstances can be added, no enhancing detail suggested.

The *Quarterly Review* speaks of "the elaborate and masterly painting of the desert isle."

"The picture is, of course, deliberately elaborated for the poetic purpose of presenting a poignant contrast to the desolation in Enoch's heart, longing for 'a darker isle beyond the line' (*Marwick*). **N. B.** The truth is that Tennyson has described a a tropical island as well as is possible for one who had never visited tne tropics. Tennyson had never seen a tropical island.

568. *Wooded*—was covered with wood. *To the peak*—up to the summit. *Lawns*—grass-covered spaces : here grass-covered slopes.

569. *Winding*—round about. *Glades*—passages in a wood. *High up*—that sloped upward. *Ways to Heaven*—roads that go up to heaven.

570. *Slender*—thin. *Coco*—cocoa-nut. *Drooping*—hanging down. *Crown of plumes*—The branches at the top of the cocoa-nut tree are very aptly compared to a crown of feathers. 'It

illustrates again Tennyson's close and minute observation, and his pictorial gift.

571. *Lightning flash*—the glimpses of colour as the bird and the insect flitted about. The expression implies both motion and colour. An instance of terse phrasing.

572. *Lustre*—brightness. *Convolvuluses*—The *convolvulus* is a genus of plants with slender twinning stems and trumpet-shaped flowers. The name is sometimes given to members of allied genera, such as *Ipomœa* and *Calystegia*. Many of these plants, which belong to the order convolvulaceae, bear very showy garden flowers.

573. *Coil'd*—wreathed. *Stately*—broad and massive. *Stems*—trunks of trees.

574. *To the limit...land*—right down to the shore. *Glows*—splendour.

575. *Glories*—revel of colour. *Broad...world*—the broad belt round the earth between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, known as the *torrid zone* (torrid, *i. e.* dried up with heat).

576. *Fain*—gladly. *What...........seen*—what he would have been glad to see.

577. *Kindly*—sympathetic. Implies *kinship* as well as *sympathy*.

579. *Myriad shriek*—the cries of myriad (*i.e.* multitude). *Wheeling*—circling; flying round and round. *Ocean-fowl*—sea-birds.

580. *League-long*—stretching as far as a league (3 miles on land and $3^1/_2$ miles on the sea). *Roller*—a long, heavy, swelling wave. *Thundering*—beating with a roaring noise. *Reef*—a ridge of rock, coral, sand, etc., in the sea at or near the surface of the water. *The league-long roller thundering on the reef*—a fine instance of Tennyson's art to make the sound echo the sense.

581. *Moving whisper*—The murmur of the wind that played about among the leaves. Note that the whisper is made to appear (by the addition of 'moving') as the most eerie sound amidst the multitude of other sounds so dissimilar—the shrieks of the sea-birds, the roar of the waves, the noise of the rushing stream, etc. *Branch'd*—put forth branches.

582. *Blossom'd*—put forth blossoms or flowers. *In the zenith*—at a great height overhead. *Sweep*—noisy torrent.

583. *Precipitous*—"rushing headlong or with great rapidity (now rare: Tennyson's line quoted)"—*The New Century Dictionary*.

Rivulet—small river. *Wave*—sea.

584. *Ranged*—wandered.

586. *Sail*—ship. Fig. *Synecdoche* (part for whole).

588. *Broken*—parted ; cut up. *Scarlet*—red. *Shafts*—rays of the sun compared to arrows (according to Webb). 'Shafts' may also be explained as *columns* (of light) slanting down among the palms, ferns and rocks—a more likely image suggested by the tropical sun. As evident from the following lines, Tennyson means great patches of light rather than thin lines of light.

589. *Ferns*—usually flowerless plants, whose leaves are often divided into graceful feathery forms. **N.B.** But Tennyson means here *tree-ferns* of tropical forests, which have woody stems and sometimes grow to a height of sixty feet. *Precipices*—steep rocks.

590. *Blaze*—a broad patch of brilliant light. The repetition calls up vividly the bright glow of the sun that rested upon sea and land—a calm, unwavering glow that made Enoch's eyes ache.

The blaze.........east—indicates the position of the sun in the east.

591. *The blaze.........overhead*—indicates the position of the sun at the Zenith.

542. *The blaze.........west*—indicates the position of the sun in the west.

593. *Great stars*—'great' because they are so prominently visible. *Globed themselves*—formed bright rings or disks of light. In a northern sky the stars look as mere dots and specks ; in a tropical sky they look as luminous spheres.

594. *Hollower-bellowing*—roaring with a more desolating sound than in the day. At night the roar of the ocean sounds

more dreary because of the prevailing stillness. Webb quotes :

"stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night"
Tennyson : *In the Valley of Cauterez.*

Again—as the day breaks again.

Lines 596—608

Substance—Sometimes as he sat watching, the scenes of his native town in England would come back to him. Every detail he would remember and call up to his mind. Either these scenes seemed to be a part of him, or he would seem to be a part of these scenes.

Paraphrase—There often as he sat watching for a sail, or thought he watched, he sat so still that the golden lizard rested on his body—and then a dim vision made of dim scenes of his life in the distant seaport town in England would rise before his eyes and hold him rapt. Or he would seem to move again amid these scenes, in which figured people, things and places, once familiar to him in a distant gloomier island beyond the Equator. So the babes, their chatter, Annie, the small house, the ascending street, the mill, the wooded lanes, the peacock-shaped yew-tree, the lonely hall, the horse that drew his cart, the boat he sold, the chilly November mornings and the dim downs in the morning dew, the mild rains, the smell of mouldering leaves and the sad murmur of the dull grey sea—all these details crowded into his mind.

596. *Watch'd*—watched for a sail. *Seem'd to watch*—because as he sat watching, sometimes his mind wandered to the scenes of his native town in England.

597. *Still*—motionless (as the result of his being lost in himself). *Golden*—golden-coloured. *On him*—on his body. *Paused*—rested.

598. *Phantom*—a dim vision. *Many phantoms*—many dim scenes (of his life in his native town in England).

598-599. *Moved......him*—floated before his eyes. *Haunting him*—possessing his imagination.

600. *Moved........places*—*i.e.*, moved as a shadow among the shadows of people, things and places. *Known*—familiar.

601. *Darker*—refers to the gloomier sky of the northern latitudes. *Darker isle*—*i.e.*, England. *Line*—equator.

698-601. *A phantom.........line*—**Expl.** Enoch was living in a tropical island after being shipwrecked. As Enoch sat watching for a sail, his mind would go back to his native town in England. A dim and shadowy vision would rise before his eyes. It was made of many particular scenes; all from his life in England. This vision would for the time possess his imagination, and become a part of himself, or he would seem to be a part of these scenes. In his imagination Enoch would move again among people, things and places he had once known in his native town in England.

602. *Babes*—Enoch's children. *Babble*—their innocent chatter.

603. *Climbing*—ascending. *Leafy lanes*—See above.

605. *Chill*—chilly.

606. *Dewy-glooming*—looking dim or blurred in the morning dew. Note the terse picturesqueness of the compound. Compare:

"Aloft the mountain down was dewy-dark"

—*Tennyson* : *Œnone.*

Dewy-glooming downs—a picture of the November morning in England.

607. *Gentle shower*—'the gentle shower' in England as contrasted with the torrential rains of the tropics. *The smell...... ......leaves*—the musty smell of leaves withering away. A picture of Autumn in England.

608. *Low moan*—the sad undertone. *Leaden-colour'd*—of a dull bluish-grey colour. A very expressive compound.

Lines 609—617

Substance—Once Enoch thought that he caught a faint note of the church-bell of his native town in the ringing of his ears. He did not know why it made him shiver. He would have died of sheer loneliness but for his faith in God.

Paraphrase—Similarly once, as his ears began to tingle, he heard the merry but faint note of the church-bell of his native town—it seemed to be so far away! Then, he did not know

why—he shivered. The beautiful island which he hated, took hold of his heart and imagination expelling the vision of his native town. If he had not communed with God who is everywhere, and who upholds and sustains one in solitude, he would surely have died of sheer loneliness.

609. *Likewise*—similarly. *In.........ears*—as his ears began to tingle. **N.B.** Enoch's ears tingled at the time Philip and Annie wedded and the church-bells rang. It is a very artistic use of *coincidence.* But in actual life mysterious warnings come to the heart of man, and are sometimes grasped by his senses as they seem to be quickened and rendered alert at the moment of a particular danger threatening him. Enoch's *shiver* is a response to the mysterious warning (*i.e.*, his senses seem to have been rendered alert to the note of danger).

A more prosaic explanation (which hardly suits the spirit and atmosphere of the poem—the suggestion of mysterious forces in life) is offered by Webb :

"His ears tingled, producing the sensation of the ringing of bells. Compare with this Kinglake's hearing a peal of church bells in the midst of the desert. He attributes the effect to the perfect dryness of the clear air and the deep stillness, which, "by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory" (*Eothen*, chap. xvii).

610. *Faintly*—indistinctly. *Merrily* | as they were wedding-bells. *Far............away*—coming from his native town in England.

611. *Pealing*—ringing. *Parish bells*—the bells of the parish church. A *parish* (in the ecclesiastical sense) is a district placed under a single priest.

612. *Wherefore*—why. *Started up*—gave a start ; shivered.

613. *Shuddering*—shivering. *Beauteous*—beautiful. *Hateful isle*—the island which he began to hate (because his life in that island was an exile).

614. *Return'd..............him*—displaced the vision of his native town and took possession of his senses again.

Compare :

"When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair"
—*Cowper.*

Poor—wretched. *Had............heart*—*i.e.*, if his poor heart had not.

615. *Spoken*—communed (by means of prayers). *That*—the spirit of God.

616. *Lets none...............alone*—*i.e.*, is with him in his solitude, if he prays to Him.

617. *Surely.........solitude*—Enoch would have surely died of sheer loneliness.

612-617. *Then, tho' he knew.........solitude*—**Expl**. Enoch was living alone in the tropical island. He was pining for home. Enoch once seemed to hear a faint note of the church-bells of his native town in England. It was faint but merry (it was the note of the wedding-bells for Philip and Annie though Enoch did not know). It made him start and shiver. He did not know why it disturbed his spirit so (of course he did not know that it was the note of the wedding-bells for Philip and Annie). But soon the vision of his native town, which but lately had risen before his eyes, faded away ; and the beautiful island, which he had begun to hate, took possession of his senses again. Now in this circumstance if he had not constantly prayed to God, and felt that He was ever present, Enoch would have died of sheer loneliness.

Lines 18—662

Substance—Though years passed, Enoch still cherished hopes of returning to his native land. A ship happened to be blown to the coast of that island by contrary winds. The crew landed to get a supply of fresh water. Enoch saw them and came down from the mountain-gorge to meet them. He wore long hair and a long beard, and was strangely clad. He seemed to have lost the very use of his tongue from his long silence. By making signs he led the crew to the fountains of fresh

water. As he gradually got back the use of his tongue, he told them his story. When they boarded the ship again, they took Enoch with them. The officers and crew of the ship were kind and sympathetic to Enoch They gave him money and clothes. After a tedious voyage Enoch landed at his native port.

Paraphrase--Enoch's hair turned gray before its time, as the seasons, both dry and wet, passed over his head year after year. He still cherished hopes of returning to his native land, and walking the old, dear familiar fields again, so sacred to his memory now. So one day the term of his lonely life in that lonely island suddenly came to an end. Another ship (she needed a supply of fresh water), blown by contrary winds, like the Good Fortune, from the track she was pursuing, stood off this island, and the crew had no idea where she was. The second officer had seen streams of water running down the hills early at dawn when the mist, that covered the island, parted. A crew, therefore, landed and dispersed in search of streams or fountains. Their shouts echoed along the shores. Enoch descended from his mountain-gorge. He wore long hair, a long beard, and looked a recluse. He was sun-burnt. He hardly seemed to be a human creature. He wore a queer dress. He kept making indistinct and unintelligible sounds. He seemed a half-witted man (a man without sense and intelligence) He was beside himself with anger (or excitement) at his inability to express himself properly. He made signs which the sailors could hardly understand. However he conducted them to fountains of fresh water. As he mixed with the sailors, and heard them talking, he got back the use of his tongue, and then he was able to make them understand his story. When their casks were filled, they took Enoch with them on board the ship. He repeated his story in broken words. At first little believed, the story filled the listeners more and morn with astonishment and pity. They gave him clothes and free passage home. But often Enoch worked among the sailors and thus got rid of his loneliness. None of these sailors came from his own part, and could tell him anything that he wanted to know.

The ship was held up now and then, and the voyage was very tedious for the ship was hardly fit the for sea But always his fancy ran ahead of the slow-moving ship to his home.. At

length as the shores of England drew nearer, Enoch, like a lover, inhaled down through all his blood the morning breeze of England that blew from the dew-moistened meadow right across the white chalk cliffs, wreathed in mist. That same morning the officers and sailors, taking pity on Enoch, raised subscriptions from among themselves, and gave the money to him. Then sailing up the coast the ship landed Enoch in the very port whence he had sailed.

618. *Early-silvering*—turning gray before its time.

619. *Sunny.........seasons*—the dry and wet seasons.

620. *To see his own*—(i) to see his own country ; (ii) to see his wife and children.

621. *Pace*—walk. *Sacred*—rendered sacred by his memory. His fond memory surrounded the old familiar fields with sacred associations. *Familiar fields*—fields which he used to know and love. Note the alliteration.

622. *Perish'd*—died ; became extinguished. *Lonely doom*—the destiny that condemned him to solitary exile on that island.

623. *Came......end*—terminated abruptly (or rather unexpectedly).

624. *She wanted water*—She wanted to replenish her supply of fresh (drinking) water. The sea water is undrinkable. A ship, therefore, gets a supply of drinking water from the port she touches.

Baffling—contrary.

625. *The Good Fortune*—the ship in which Enoch sailed.

From......course—from the track which she was pursuing in order to reach her destination.

Destined course—(i) course already fixed or settled ; (ii) course that would lead her to her destination.

626. *Stay'd.........isle*—stopped not far from the island of Enoch. *Not......lay*—*i.e.*, unaware of the latitude of the place.

627. *Mate*—the second officer in a ship ; 'officer on merchant ship who sees to execution of master's commands and takes command in his absence' (*C. O. D.*). *At......dawn*—very early in the morning.

628. *Across......isle*—*i.e.*, when the mist that enveloped the island, had parted a little, or made an opening. *Break*—opening ; gap. *Mist-wreathed*—enveloped in a mist.

629. *Silent*—because from the distance no noise of the falling water could be heard. *Slipping*—running down.

630. *They*—the officers of the slip. *Landing*—landing on the island. *Burst away*—dispersed.

631. *Fount*--fountain.

632. *Clamour*--shouts. *Mountain-gorge*—See above.

633. *Stept*—descended. *Long-hair'd*—wearing long hair. *Long-bearded*—wearing a long beard Note that Tennyson has not described the physical appearance of Enoch until now. *Solitary*—one who lives alone ; a recluse. "Cf. Ben Gunn in *Treasure Island*—and Alexander Selkirk on his rescue from the island of Juan Fernandez. The use of *solitary* as a noun is somewhat archaic, thought it was employed by Wordsworth as the title for the second book of *The Excursion*"—*Marwick.*

634. *Brown*—sun-burnt. *Looking.... .human*—looking so wild and shaggy that he did not seem to be a human creature. *Strangely clad*—His supply of clothes must have worn out by this time. And he must have been wearing hides of animals.

635. *Muttering......and mumbling*—making indistinct and unintelligible sounds. He lost the use of his tongue from his long silence.

Idiotlike—like an idiot (or a half-witted man). *Idiotlike......seem'd*—because what he uttered made no sense.

636. *Inarticulate rage*—(i) anger at his inability to express himself properly ; (ii) excitment that choked his words. It is better to explain rage as anger for his *inarticulatenes*, *i.e.*, inability to express himself properly than excitement that was *inarticulate*—*i.e.*, could be uttered only in broken words. *Making sign*—making movements and gestures when words failed him.

637. *They......what*—The sailors could not understand what he meant. *Led the way*—conducted them.

• 638. *Sweet*—fresh, pure water as opposed to salt water.

639. *Ever .....crew*—more and more as he mixed with the sailors.

640. *Long-bounded tongue*—his tongue sealed in silence for a long time.

641. *Loosen'd*—unsealed.

640-641. *His long-bounden tongue ....loosen'd*—He got back the use of his tongue which seemed to have been paralysed by long disuse. As he heard the sailors talk, he gradually recovered the use of language he had lost. *He made...... ...understand*—*i.e.*, he made them grasp his situation (his being cast on the island).

643. *Casks*—barrels. *Fill'd*—filled with water. *Aboard*—on board their ship.

642. *Utter'd brokenly*—repeated in broken, half-articulate words.

644. *Scarce-credited*—scarcely believed.

645. *Amazed*—filled with astonishment. *Melted*—moved to pity.

646. *Clothes......him*—Enoch had no clothes that civilized men wore. *Free passage*—voyage for which he would have to pay nothing.

647. *Oft*—often. *Rest*—the rest of the sailors.

647-648. *Shook........him*—got rid of his loneliness. *Isolation*—solitude.

649. *County*—territorical division of Great Britain for administrative purposes. 'County' is the reading for 'country' in some editions. *Came from*—belonged to.

650. *Question'd*—asked. *Aught*—anything.

651. *Dull*—tedious. *With long delays*—the delays were caused by the conditions of weather.

652. *Scarce*—scarcely. *Sea-worthy*—in a fit state to go to sea. *Evermore*—always.

653. *Fancy*—imagination. *Fled*—sped. *Before*—ahead of in advance of. *Lazy wind*—the wind seemed to be slow ('lazy') in his impatience to get home. It should be remembered that *sailing* ships had to depend entirely on wind and tide. It was the ship that returned with the help of the 'lazy wind'.

653-654. *His fancy.........returning*—Compare:

"How fleet is a glance of the mind,
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

—*Cowper.*

Clouded moon—the moon shining through a film of cloud.

655. *Like a lover*—like one who is in love with England. *Down......blood*—so as to become part of his blood.

656. *Drew in*—inhaled ; *drank* in large draughts. *Dewy... morning-breath*—(i) the morning-breeze that came from the meadow, drenched in dew ; (ii) the morning-breeze dew-laden and smelling of the meadow.

657. *Her ghostly wall*—the white chalk cliffs which, wrapped in the morning mist, had a ghost-like appearance.

659. *Levied*—laid ; imposed. *Kindly tax*—tax prompted by a kind consideration. *Levied...............themselves*—out of kind feelings paid a contribution voluntarily to help Enoch.

660. *Lonely man*—a man (*i.e.*, Enoch) who led a lonely life for years on a lonely island.

661. *Moving up the coast*—sailing farther north.

662. *That harbour*—the port of his native town.

Lines 663—677

Substance—Enoch made straight for home. The afternoon was bright, but soon a fog rose from the sea and covered the earth. He could barely see a few yards ahead and a glimpse of copsewood, or cultivated land, or the pasture-ground on either side. The fog grew denser as he proceeded. At last a light broke through the fog and he knew the place.

Paraphrase—As Enoch landed in the port, he spoke to nobody, but started straight for home. What home ? Had he a home after all ? The afternoon was quite bright. Though the sun shone, it was chilly. Then at length through either opening in the cliffs, by which either port ran out into the sea, a fog rose and covered the earth in gray. As the result

of the fog little of the road ahead and a bare glimpse of decayed copsewood, cultivated land and pasture ground were visible on either side. The robin sang with a sad and cheerless heart on the bare tree. The fog came to a drizzle, and through the drizzle the dead leaf dropped to the earth, carried down by its sheer weight. The drizzle increased; the darkness deepened. At last as it seemed, a great blotch of light broke upon him through the mist, and he came upon the site.

663. *Enoch.........any one*—He was so anxious to get home that he had no time to speak to anybody.

664. *But......home*—Now it suddenly struck him whether he had a home at all.

665. *His home*—Home that he might call his own in reality. All the pathos of Enoch's longing for home is concentrated into "his home."

666. *Sunny*—full of sunshine. *Chill*—chilly. *Either chasm* —*i.e.*, both chasms. The chasm is the opening in the cliffs, which gave the port access to the sea.

667. *Haven*—port. *Either haven*—The two ports were separated by a distance of ten miles. *Deeps*—sea.

668. *Roll'd*—An appropriate word to indicate the up-rising of the fog from the sea. *Sea-haze*—the fog from the sea, which hung upon the earth like a veil. *Whelm'd*—enfolded. *Gray*—the fog has a gray colour (a mixture of black and white).

669. *Cut off*—intercepted. *Cut.........before*—totally blotted out the view of the road ahead. *Highway*—road. *On before*—ahead.

670. *But*—only.

671. *Wither'd*—decayed. *Holt*—a wood; a grove; a copse. *Tilth*—tilled land. *Pasturage*—pasture ground.

672. *Nigh-naked*—nearly naked (*i.e.*, bare of leaves). *Robin*—the Robin Red-breast, an English song-bird. *Piped*—sang in a shrill, piercing tone.

673. *Disconsolate*—with a sad, cheerless heart. *Dripping haze*—floating mist that began to drizzle (rain in small drops).

674. *Dead weight*—the sheer weight. *Dead*—withered. *Bore......down*—carried it down to the earth.

675. *Thicker.........grew*—The mist began to fall in larger drops. *Gloom*—darkness.

676. *Last*—at last. *Mist-blotted*—obscured by the mist. *A great.........light*—refers to the light of the street, which was obscured by the mist.

677. *Flared*—blazed. The word denotes the effect of the sudden blaze of light piercing the thick curtain of mist.

Place—*i.e.*, the site of his home.

672-677: *On the nigh-naked tree... ..place* —N.B. There could not have been a more suggestive picture of autumn mist and autumn gloom, punctuated by the single bird-note—the disconsolate piping of the Robin Red-breast. Nature is painted here as a background to human emotion. Enoch's own bewilderment and misgivings are best reflected in Nature. The robin's sad note reflects the cry and longing of Enoch's heart.

Lines 678—685

Substance—As Enoch walked on, his heart trembled with fears. At length he reached the home where Annie and his children lived. No light or murmur was there. But a notice for sale stared him in the face, and he moved away.

Paraphrase—Enoch had walked slowly down the long street, unperceived, while his heart all the time beat in fear and uncertainty, and he kept his eyes upon the cobble stones. At length he reached his home, where he had lived with Annie and his children, and where Annie had loved him in those happy seven years so long ago. But there was neither light nor sound there. A notice for sale stared him in the face through the flicker of the light in the mist. And he moved down the street, thinking that Annie was either dead, or no longer his.

678. *Stolen*—walked unperceived.

679. *Foreshadowing*—anticipating; presaging. *All calamity*—all kinds of evil and misfortune.

680. *His eyes......stones*—his eyes bent down on the cobble stones (with which the street was paved).

681. *Where Annie......babes*—because of these associations the home is so sweet to him.

682. *Far-off.........years*—seven happy years that were so long ago.

683. *Murmur*—low sound of human voices. *But finding......there*—it means that it had been abandoned.

684. *A bill of sale*—a notice that the house was for sale. *Gleam'd......drizzle*—caught his eye in the flicker of light in the dissolving mist. *Crept*—walked slowly.

685. *Downward*—**N.B.** Enoch built his house "halfway up the narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill." Therefore he went in a direction opposite to that of Philip's mill. *Dead to me*—Annie might have married another, and so she was as good as dead to him (Enoch).

Lines 686—695

Substance—He used to know a tavern in the direction of the wharf. He sought it now. Its owner was dead, but it was kept by his widow, Miriam Lane. Enoch lodged there.

Paraphrase—Enoch went to the harbour basin and the small wharf. He knew that there was a tavern there in old days. Its front was made of beams placed crosswise, but the house was very old and in a state of mouldering decay. Enoch thought that the tavern could not exist now. The tavern was there all right, but its owner was dead, and it was kept by his widow Miriam Lane whose profits were going down day by day. Once it was the resort of sailors who frequently broke into noisy quarrels, but now it was a much quieter place—yet strangers could find lodgings there. Enoch rested there in seclusion for many days.

686. *Pool*—the harbour-basin ; the sheet of water enclosed by the walls of the harbour. *Wharf*—See above.

687. *Tavern*—inn. *Of old*—in the past.

688. *Timber-crost*—made by wooden beams placed crosswise. "Having wooden beams running across the front in a fashion which has become common again of late"—*Marwick*. *Antiquity*—state of being very ancient *A front......antiquity*—'Front' is the face of a building, containing the main entrance. The front of the tavern was made of wooden beams placed crosswise. and this showed that the tavern was a very old one.

689. *Propt*—supported. *Warm-eaten*—decaying. *Ruinously old*—so old as to be in a state of ruin.

690. *He thought*—on his return to his native town he thought.

It.........gone—it must have ceased to exist. *But......gone*—The tavern was there all right, but the owner of the tavern was dead.

692. *Daily-dwindling*—decreasing day by day. *With......... house*—The tavern, as run by Miriam Lane, was a losing concern.

693. *Haunt*—resort. *Brawling*—a brawl is a noisy quarrel, sometimes the result of drunkenness ; so engaging in a noisy quarrel. *Seamen*—sailors.

694. *Stiller*—much quieter. *With.........men*—*i.e.*, strangers could still have a bed and supper there. *Wandering men*—strangers.

695. *Silent*—without communicating his thoughts to anybody ; keeping unto himself.

Lines 696—712

Substance—Miriam Lane was talkative, and among other things she told Enoch all the history of Annie and Philip. Miriam could not of course recognize Enoch, because he was so changed. Miriam Lane expressed pity for the fate of Enoch. Enoch who heard the story, did not show any emotion.

Paraphrase—But Miriam Lane was good-natured and talkative. She did not let Enoch alone Often entering his room, she told him all the incidents of the port. Not being able to recognize Enoch who was so sun-burnt, so stooping and so crushed in appearance, among other things she told him the story of Enoch's own family : how his baby died ; how Annie grew poorer ; how Philip put her children to school, and paid for their education ; how he courted her long, won her slow consent and then married her ; how she bore Philip a child. Not a trace of emotion was visible on the brow of Enoch. Any one observing the scene might have thought that he was less affected by the story than the narrator. Only when she finished the story, she added, "Enoch, unfortunate as,he was, lost at sea." In response Enoch nodded his gray

head sadly and repeated to himself Miriam's own words about Enoch and whispered again to his inmost self 'lost.'

696. *Good*—good-natured. *Garrulous*—talkative.

697. *Nor.........he*—nor left Enoch to himself. She would sometimes enter Enoch's room and talk and talk to him. *Breaking in*—intruding; entering Enoch's room uninvited.

698. *Annals*—stories.

699. *Knowing*—recognizing. *Brown*—sun-burnt. *Bow'd*—bent; stooping.

700. *Broken*—completely shattered; broken in body and in spirit. *His house*—Enoch's own family.

701. *His baby's death*—the death of Enoch's third child. *Her.........poverty*—the daily increasing distress of Annie.

702. *Little ones*—children.

703. *Kept...........it*—paid for their education. *Wooing*—courting.

704. *Her ....consent*—Annie's consent won after a long waiting.

705. *O'er...........countenance*—upon Enoch's face.

706. *Shadow*—reflection of his feeling within. *Motion*—expression.

707. *Regarding*—observing the two. *Had*—would have. *Deem'd*—thought.

707-708. *He felt.........teller*—He was much less affected by the story (which concerned him so much) than Miriam Lane who told the story. Note here again the extraordinary self-control—and self-suppression of Enoch. *Closed*—finished the story.

709. *Enoch.........lost*—*i.e.*. Enoch was ship-wrecked, and perished in the sea.

710. *Pathetically*—sadly.

711. *Muttering*—whispering.

712. *In deeper..............whispers*—in whispers that were addressed to his inmost self.

710-712. *He, shaking his grey head......lost*—**N.B.** Enoch's silence was more expressive of the grief and despair tearing

his heart than any outburst. The pathetic nod of his head as he muttered to himself Miriam's words—'cast away and lost,' was the most pathetic thing ever conceived by a poet—the very image and personification of despair—absolute and utter despair.

Lines 713—726

Substance—Enoch wished to see Annie's face again, and make sure that she was happy. One November evening this longing drove him to the hill. He sat down there and recalled many things of the past, until the light in Philip's window attracted him on and on.

Paraphrase—But Enoch longed to look upon her again. "If I might see her again and make sure that she was happy." This thought recurred again and again to him and made him miserable. At last one November evening, when the day already dull became much duller and gloomier in the evening, the thought drove him to the hill. There he sat down, gazing on all that lay below. Memories of the past came crowding to his mind, and they were inexpressibly sad. Soon the light in the window streaming from the back of Philip's house, attracted and drew him on, as the light of the light-house attracts the migratory bird, who madly strikes against it, and kills himself.

713. *Yearn'd*—longed.

714. *If I might*—I wish I could. *Sweet*—lovely.

715. *Know......happy*—If Enoch could know that Annie was happy, he would not worry any more, whatever might happen to him. When Enoch was happy and lived with his family in this seaport town, he thought more of the good of his children and of his wife than about himself. Now he was miserable and divided from his family, and yet he still thought first of his wife. He was concerned about Annie's happiness. His own happiness or misery did not count at all.

716. *Haunted*—took possession of his mind. *Harassed*—vexed. *Drove...forth*—urged him on.

717. *Dull*—gloomy.

718. *Duller twilight*—still gloomier twilight (half light and half darkness that precede daybreak or evening).

715-718. *So the thought......hill*—**Expl.** Enoch heard from Miriam Lane Annie's story. Now he knew that Annie belonged to another. Yet he wanted to see her face again and make sure that she was happy. This thought kept recurring to him, and he could get no peace of mind. One November evening, as the day grew still gloomier towards evening, this thought, which took possession of Enoch's heart, drove him to the hill. Enoch grew restless with the longing to see Annie again and find out whether she was happy. In his restlessness he climbed the hill towards evening on the November day.

720. *A thousand...him*—Memories of the past came crowding to his mind.

721. *Unspeakable for sadnees*—too sad to be uttered. These memories were so sad by reason of the contrast between his past and his present. *By and by*—soon ; presently.

722. *Ruddy square*—the square reflection of the light through the window. Compare :

"Unto dying ears
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."
Tennyson : *The Princess.*

Comfortable light—light that indicated warmth and comfort within as contrasted with the coldness outside where Enoch remained. It suggests also the warmth and happiness of the domestic hearth, which is no longer to be Enoch's portion in life.

723. *Far-blazing*—streaming far into the night. *Rear*—back.

724. *Allured*—attracted. *Beacon-blaze*—the light-house which serves as a warning to ships. It is common for passing birds to dash themselves to death against the lantern glass of the light-house.

The simile is peculiarly appropriate in a sea-tale like *Enoch Arden.*

725. *The bird of passage*—a migratory bird. *Madly*—wildly.

726. *Beats......life*—kills himself, tired as he is by his flight.

Lines 727—737

Substance—Philip's was the last house landward. Behind was a garden with a gate that opened on the waste. In the garden was a yewtree, and all round it ran a path. In the middle of the garden was also a path. Enoch, avoiding the path in the middle, crept behind the yew. Thence he viewed the interior of Philip's house.

Paraphrase—Philip's house faced the street. It was the last house in the landward direction. Behind the house was a garden, square-shaped and enclosed by a wall, whose gate opened on the waste. In the garden stood a very old yewtree, and all round it ran a path of small rounded stones. And a path cut across it. Enoch avoided the middle path, and crept by the wall and stood behind the yew. From that position Enoch saw what he should not have seen; but he could have been none the worse for it, for his grief was beyond all redress or relief.

727. *Fronted*—had its front.

728. *Latest*—last in order. *Landward*—in a landward direction.

Behind—at the back of the house.

729. *Waste*—a plot of land lying neglected and in a state of wildness.

730. *Flourish'd*—throve. *Square*—square-shaped. *Wall'd*—enclosed by a wall.

731. *Throve*—grew. *Evergreen*—a plant which keeps green through the year.

732. *Yewtree*—Genus of the evergreen trees of the order *coniferae*. The yew is of very slow growth, and reaches an age of 300 to 400 years; some trees are much older. *Walk*—a path.

733. *Shingle*—coarse rounded gravel. *Divided it*—(i) cut across the path that ran round the yewtree; (ii) divided the garden in the middle. 'It' is either the walk round the yewtree, or the garden.

734. *Shunn'd*—avoided. *Stole*—crept unperceived.

735. *Thence*—from that position.

736. *That......shunn'd*—the scene of the domestic happiness of Philip and Annie which he should have better avoided.

736-737. *If griefs......better*—If the term—*better* or *worse* could have been applied to griefs like Enoch's. In other words, nothing that could happen now would make a difference to Enoch's grief—his grief was beyond the limits of comparison.

735-737. *And thence......saw*—**Expl.** Enoch stole round to the garden behind Philip's house, and crept up behind the yewtree which stood in the garden. From this position he could see what was going on within. In this connection Tennyson remarks that Enoch should have better not seen what he did see. At the same time Tennyson points out that it could have made no difference to Enoch, for Enoch's grief was such as could not have been affected either way—better or worse. Enoch's grief was the worst that could be conceived. Nothing could have made it either better or worse. His seeing what he saw within from the garden at the back of Philip's house—the scene of domestic peace and happiness—could not have made his grief any the worse.

Lines 738—753

Substance—Enoch saw within signs of prosperity. He saw Philip with his baby across his knees, and his own daughter bending on him and playing with the baby with a ribbon. He saw Annie looking at her new-born baby and often turning round to speak to his son, no longer his.

Paraphrase—Cups and silverware gleamed and sparkled on the shining surface of the table. The fireside spoke of warmth and comfort. On the right hand of the fireside he saw Philip, the rejected lover of the past. He seemed to be well-fed and healthy, and to bear the marks of prosperity. He held his baby on his knees. A girl (Enoch's own daughter) bent over Philip, her second father. She was the image of Annie, but she was taller. She was fair-haired. From her uplifted arm hung a ribbon and a ring, with which the baby played. He lifted his arms, marked by folds or creases, to catch it, but he ever nissed it. And they all laughed. On the left hand of the fireside he saw Annie, looking again and again at her baby, but turning now and then to speak to her grown-up son

(Enoch's son). He stood beside her tall and strong. He smiled at what Annie said.

738. *Silver*—silverware. Well-to-do families have silver spoons, silver cups and dishes, a silver tea-set, etc. *Burnished* —shining. *Board*—table or dresser.

739. *Sparkled*—gleamed. *Genial*—warm and comfortable. *Hearth*—fireside.

741. *Slighted*—neglected. *Suitor*—love of Annie.

742. *Stout*—well-fed. *Rosy*—with the ruddy glow of health on his cheeks. *His babe*—the baby that Annie bore him after the marriage.

743. *Her second father*—Philip who was the second father of Annie's daughter by Enoch. *Stoopt*—bent. *Girl*—Enoch's daughter.

744. *A later.........Lee*—The very image of Annie Lee, but she was taller than her mother.

745. *Fair-hair'd*—with golden hair. *Lifted*—raised.

746. *Dangled*—hung loosely. *Length*—size. *Ring*—a ring that was attached to the ribbon. A ring of ivory was given to teething children to bite with their gums.

747. *Too.........babe*—to induce the baby to play with it. *Rear'd*—lifted. *Creasy*—full of creases or folds, due to fatness.

748. *Caught at*—tried to catch the string.

750. *Glancing*—looking.

752. *Her son*—*i.e.*, Annie's son by Enoch. Tennyson purposely uses 'her' to indicate that Enoch has no more claim upon his son.

753. *Saying*—goes with 'mother' in line 750.

740-753. *And on the right............smiled*—**N.B.** Tennyson draws a detailed picture of the family group in Philip's house. He suggests the carefree, comfortable existence of Philip. The very picture of Philip, "stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees", is that of a father who has attained all that he wished in life—material success and the most desired woman in the world. Nothing can be truer to nature than the baby, who "rear'd his creasy arms" to catch at the ribbon and ever missed. Enoch's daughter who bends over Philip and plays

with the baby by sporting the ribbon before him, suggests the relation of tenderest affection between her and "her second father". Then there is the mother who looks at the baby, but now and then turns to speak to her son (Enoch's son), who stands beside her, tall and strong. The whole thing is a perfect domestic *idyll*—a picture of the happiest family group. All the details are noted by Enoch, for this fireside scene is revealed to his eyes. Enoch wanted to make sure whether Annie was happy. After all he finds that Annie is quite happy and comfortable—and at what a cost to himself! His heart is torn in anguish as he views the scene; and here again he appears a man of iron will and nerve.

Lines 754—766

Substance—Enoch now had the bitterest experience of his life. He saw with his own eyes his own wife and children, adorning the fireside of another and no longer his. So great was the shock that he trembled and caught hold of the branch of the yewtree. He suppressed a cry that was on his lips—a cry which would have shattered Annie's happiness for ever.

Paraphrase—Now the man who was supposed to be dead, recalled as it were to life, saw his wife now belonging to another and the baby whom she had borne that another man, upon the father's knee. He noted all the peace and happiness of the domestic scene. He saw his own children, tall and beautiful, and his rival, installed in his place, and in possession of his rights and of his children's love. Of course Miriam Lane had told him everything. But as things actually seen are more moving than things merely heard, his knees gave away beneath him and he trembled and caught hold of the branch of the yewtree. A piercing cry rose to his lips—a cry that like the trumpet-note of the Judgment Day, would have in one moment destroyed all the happiness of the domestic scene.

754. *The dead............life*—Enoch who was given up for dead, but who seemed to be restored to life now. *Beheld*—saw.

755. *His wise.........more*—his wife belonging to another.

756. *Hers......his*—hers by another husband, and therefore having nothing to do with him.

757. *Warmth*—warmth of the fireside, suggestive of domestic peace and happiness.

759. *Him*—*i.e.*, Philip. *That other*—his rival. *Reigning...... place*—installed in his place ; established by the fireside as the husband of Annie and the father of Enoch's children.

760. *Lord......rights*—possessor of his family rights. *His*—Enoch's. *Of.....love*—In the domestic scene revealed to Enoch's eyes, Enoch noted that his children had accepted Philip as a father.

761. *Tho' Miriam.........all*—though Miriam Lane had told him the whole story, and Enoch expected to see what he did see.

762. *Things seen......heard*—What one sees actually appeals more than what one hears merely. What Enoch saw now left in his mind no doubt as to Annie's happiness and comfort.

763. *Stagger'd*—reeled ; was unsteady ; felt his knees knocking together. It was the effect of the shock he had received. *Shook*—trembled. *Holding......branch*—He caught hold of the branch of the yewtree to steady himself.

764. *Send abroad*—utter. *Shrill*—piercing.

765. *Blast of doom*—the trumpet of the Judgment Day. Compare:

"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised"
1 Corinthians, xv. 52.

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away"—*Scott.*

According to Christians, the dead shall rise from the grave and appear before the throne of God to be judged. Those who are sinners would go to hell ; those who have led virtuous lives, would go to heaven. The curious thing is that until the Judgment Day which may come no one knows when, both the sinners and the virtuous will lie in the graves, uncertain of their fate.

766. *Shatter*—break to pieces. *Happiness.........hearth*—the domestic peace and happiness that Annie enjoyed.

761-766. *Then he.........hearth*—**Expl.** Enoch, from behind the yewtree in the garden of Philip at the back of his house,

saw the happy family group, gathered round the fireside. Miriam Lane with whom Enoch lodged, had told him all that he needed to know. Yet he longed to see Annie once again and to make sure that she was happy. Now things seen more powerfully affect the senses than things heard. The sight that Enoch saw—the happy family group in Philip's house —broke him down. When Enoch heard the story from Miriam Lane, he kept his face unchanged. But now he swayed and, trembled as if he had been struck by a blow. The shock was too much for him. He caught hold of the branch of the yew-tree. A cry rose to his lips. It would have in one moment, like the trumpet note of the Judgment Day, destroyed all the peace and happiness of Annie. But Enoch kept back the cry.

N.B. The significance of the simile is this : on the Judgment Day the old earth and the old heaven would be destroyed and a new earth and a new heaven would be created ; just as the trumpet of God on the Judgment Day would announce the destruction of the old earth and the old heaven, so Enoch's cry would have destroyed the peace and happiness of Annie's home.

Lines 767—776

Substance—Enoch felt his way all along the garden wall and crept out of the gate after closing it gently. He came upon the waste. He would have knelt to pray, but his knees gave way, and he fell on his face. Thus lying he prayed to God.

Paraphrase—Therefore Enoch stole away like a thief, lest his footsteps on the stones should make any noise. He groped his way all along the garden wall lest he should faint and fall down and should be discovered there. Thus he dragged himself to the gate. Then he opened the gate and closed it as gently as a sick man's chamber-door ; and came out upon the waste tract of land. There he would have knelt down to pray to God. But his knees were tottering, so that he fell down right on his face, and clutched at the earth with his fingers. As he lay thus, he prayed to God for strength.

767. *Softly*—noiselessly. *Like a thief*—*i.e.*, unobserved like a thief.

768. *Harsh shingle*—the shingle (the coarse, rounded stone or pebble) that would make a harsh sound under the footsteps

of men. 'Harsh' is a *proleptic* use. *Grate*—make a discordant sound. *Underfoot*—under the footsteps of men.

769. *Feeling.........garden-wall*—groping his way along the garden wall like a blind man. It has been said that he staggered—that he could hardly keep himself steady. Necessarily, therefore, he kept close to the wall and proceeded towards the gate.

770. *Swoon*—faint. *Tumble*—trip and fall forward. *Found*—discovered in Philip's garden (which would have led to very unhappy consequences for Annie.)

771. *Crept*—dragged himself. *Open'd it*—Note the slow and deliberate action of Enoch. Enoch kept his wits about him in this the gravest misfortune of his life. Nothing could be a greater proof of his self-mastery than his behaviour now.

772. *Lightly*—gently.

767-773. *He therefore .....waste*—N.B. Enoch's misery is imaged here in his slow, deliberate movement. We can see in our mind's eye that sorrow-stricken figure move away like a shadow, and a shadow that crept along the garden-wall until it reached the gate. Then we see Enoch's face, seared by pain, as he slowly opened the door and closed it behind him. This is pictured by Tennyson in simplest words and phrases.

774. *Knelt*—knelt down to pray to God for strength.

775. *Feeble*—weak. *Prone*—on his face. Opposed to *supine*, face upwards, lying on the back.

775-776. *Dug.........earth*—clutched at the wet earth in his grief. An action of grief as if he sought support on the lap of Mother-earth.

Lines 777—787

Substance—Enoch now wished that he had not been rescued from that tropical island ? He prayed to God for strength that he might do his duty—and never let Annie know.

Paraphrase—"It is more than I could bear ! Why did they take me away from that island. O most powerful God, Thou Redeemer, Thou that didst give me strength to endure my lonely exile on that island, I pray to thee not to fail me in my loneliness a little longer ; assist me, give me strength not to let

Annie know (of my existence); help me to leave her in her peace and happiness. O my children! I must do without speaking to them. They hardly know me. There is the risk of my failing in my purpose if I were to see my children. I must do my duty. No kiss that a father receives from his children is for me. So I must do without my daughter, who is so like her mother and my son too.

777. *Too......bear*—The sight of the happy family group is too much for me. *They*—the sailors who rescued me. *Thence*—from that island.

778. *Saviour*—Redeemer of mankind. Christ is the saviour of mankind. He saves man from the effects of sin and gives him salvation.

779. *Uphold*—sustain. *On.........isle*—on that lonely island where I dwelt for ten years.

780 *In......loneliness*—in my struggle all by myself.

781. *A little longer*—Enoch knows that he is not going to live long. Grief will kill him soon. So he prays to God for strength to do his duty for the short time that he may live. *Aid*—assist.

782. *Not..............her*—not to tell Annie that I am Enoch. *Never......know*—never to let her know that I am alive.

783. *Break......peace*—ruin her peace and happiness.

784. *My children too*—I shall have to go without my children too (and that is again for the sake of Annie's peace and happiness). It is thus a double sacrifice. *Must......these*—His heart yearns to speak to his children. But he sees at once that he must renounce that happiness.

785. *They...........not*—His children cannot recognize him. *I...........myself*—I should fail in my duty if I were to see my children or to speak to them.

786. *Never*—He decides that he should never have anything to do with his children. *No......me*—I must go without the kiss that a father receives from his children. Note that the yearning of a father's affection gives his grief a tender touch, makes it less poignant than it was at first. His grief at the loss of the woman he loved best melts into the wistful yearning of a father's heart. But even that he has to suppress

if he is not to fail in his duty. To the supreme duty of his life at this moment he subordinates every other impulse and desire.

787. *So......mother*—The idea is that if the daughter could remain his, he could have partly got over the loss of her mother, whom she resembles so much.

Lines 788—794

Substance—A little while he lay in a semi-conscious state. Then he rose and walked back home to his lodging, repeating his vow (to let it sink into his brain) that he would never let her know.

Paraphrase—At this point (in his soliloquy) his consciousness seemed to have left him, and he lay in a swoon for a little while. Then he got up and walked back towards his lonely home, and all the way down he kept repeating to himself his vow that he would not let Annie know so that his vow might sink into his brain.

788. *There*—at this point. *Nature*—the function of life itself. *There......little*—At this point he lost his consciousness for a little while.

789. *Tranced*—in a state in which the soul seems to go out of the body for a while; here simply in a swoon. *Paced*—walked.

790. *Solitary home*—lonely lodging.

791. *Beating.........brain*—repeating his vow to himself so that it might sink into his brain. *Weary brain*—weary after the acute suffering he had gone through.

792. *Burthen*—*i.e.*, burden or refrain of a song—the lines that are repeated at the end of every stanza of a song. **N.B.** Webb wrongly derives the word—*burthen* (or *burden*)—from Fr. *bourdon*, which means a bass stop on an organ. It is the same word as *burden* (sometimes and earlier *burthen*) and is derived from A. S. *byrthen*, from *beran*, to bear. In the sense of a refrain it may have been influenced by Fr. *bourdon*.

Lines 795-828

Substance—Enoch was sustained by his resolve—and he was not altogether wretched. He refused to beg, but worked

according to his ability, and earned his scanty living. But he seemed to have little interest in all that he did. As a year passed, a sort of weariness came upon him and he became weaker day by day until he took to his bed. Now he looked forward to his death.

Paraphrase—Enoch was not altogether wretched. He was sustained by his resolve ; firm faith and constant prayer that issued from the sincere feeling of his heart and half conquered the misery he felt, like springs of fresh water that spout from the sea-bed, kept his soul from perishing in despair. He said to Miriam : "Is this miller's wife about whom you spoke absolutely free from any doubt that her previous husband may be alive ?" Miriam replied, "Poor soul ! she is far from being sure that her husband is dead. If you could tell her that you had seen him dead, it would give her peace of mind." Then Enoch thought within himself that she would not know anything until God had summoned him to the next world, and that he was but waiting till he would be summoned. Enoch refused to beg, and determined to work to earn his living. He could do any job for a sailor. He was a mender of casks, and carpenter. He made the fishing-nets for the boatmen ; he helped in loading and unloading the boats which brought but small amount of merchandise in those days of limited commerce. He was thus able to earn a small living for himself. But as he laboured all for himself, he had nothing to look forward to, and he lost all interest in his work—and it is interest in work that could sustain a man. And as the year came round to the very day he had landed at the port, a sort of weariness fell upon him—a mild sickness that gradually wore him down. First he could not move, and kept indoors. Then he grew weaker still, and he did not leave his chair. And in his last stage of weakness he took to his bed. But he never grumbled in his sickness. He viewed the approach of death as gladly as a wrecked ship driven aground welcomes the life-boat approaching through the film of the rain-cloud that still hangs in the air after the storm is past.

795. *He.........unhappy*—Enoch was not absolutely miserable. The consciousness that he was doing the supreme duty of the moment, upheld him. ***Resolve***—determination.

796. *Upbore*—upheld. ***Firm***—unshaken. ***Faith***—faith in God.

797. *Living source*—sincere feeling or devotion, which is the source of prayer.

Prayer............will—The direct source or impulse of prayer originates in the will—will resigned to God. Compare :

"Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

Tennyson : *In Memoriam.*

798. *Beating up............world*—*i.e.*, rising superior to the trials of life.

799. *Fountains.........sea*—springs of fresh water that well up from the sea-bed. Compare :

"I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through better brine."

Tennyson : *Early Sonnets*. X.

800. *Kept.........soul*—prevented his soul from lapsing into deadening despair.

795-800. *His resolve.........soul*—**Expl.** Tennyson describes here Enoch's sense of duty and religiousness which upheld him in the midst of his greatest sorrow. After he had seen that Annie was quite happy, he prayed to God for strength, and took the vow that he would not disturb Annie's peace and happiness, and that Annie must know nothing until he was dead. This resolve he was able to keep because he believed in God, and prayed to God sincerely. By means of faith and prayer he was able to rise above life's sorrows and afflictions. Prayer kept his soul from perishing in utter despair. Prayer is compared here to the springs of fresh water that well up from the sea-bed. So prayer kept his soul fresh and sweet—*i.e.*, faith and prayer gave his soul strength to conquer evil, in stead of being conquered by evil.

802. *Has she............lives*—Does she not worry that her previous husband may be yet living ?

803. *Ay*—alas. *Enow*—enough. Archaic form of *enough.*

805. *That...............comfort*—It would give her peace of mind .

806. *After.........me*—*i.e.*, after God has summoned me to death.

807. *I wait His time*—I wait till God summons me. *Set himself*—resolved.

808. *Scorning an alms*—despising to beg for his livelihood. *Whereby*—by which.

809. *Almost.........hand*—He could do any jobs that can be done by a sailor.

810. *Cooper*—mender of casks. *Wrought*—worked.

811. *Boatmen*—for the boatmen. Ethic dative.

812. *Lading*—loading. *Unlading*—unloading. *Barks*—A *bark* is a sailing ship with its foremast and mainmast square-rigged and its mizen-mast schooner-rigged. It is also spelt as *barque.*

813. *Stinted*—slender. *Commerce*—merchandise. *Of those days*—100 years ago. *The stinted...............days*—The idea is that 100 years ago the commerce of England was not highly developed.

814. *Scanty*—small. *Living*—livelihood.

815. *Since*—because.

816. *Work without hope*—work with nothing to look forward to ; work without any distinct end in view. Enoch had ever worked ; not for himself, but for his wife and children. The only object in his life had been to keep his wife and children in comfort, and to give his children a good education. Now as he worked for his living only, he lost all interest in his work.

There...........it—he could find little interest in work.

816-817. *There was.........live*—(i) He had no interest in work, and interest in work alone could make life worth living ; (ii) he could have no interest in work by which he could but earn his living (the sentence has an epigrammatic turn). The point is that if a man has no higher aim than that of maintaining himself by his work, his work loses all interest for him. But if he works for his wife and children, his work will have greater interest for him.

818-819. *Roll'd............return'd—i.e.*, completed itself to a day since Enoch's return. *Languor*—a sort of weariness and nervous break-down (caused no doubt by his grief and by his work in which he had no interest).

820. *Gentle sickness*—not a serious illness, but just a mere wasting away.

821. *Do no more*—work no longer.

822. *Kept the house*—did not go out. *Kept......bed*—First he kept indoors (could not go out to work), but as he grew weaker, he rested in his chair, and when he grew still weaker, he took to his bed (*i.e.*, he was then too weak to get up or walk about).

823. *Bore......cheerfully*—Enoch's illness was his growing weakness, but he kept smiling and contented as his strength ebbed away day by day—he did not grumble in his illness.

824. *Sure*—surely. *Stranded wreck*—a ship that has been driven aground and thus wrecked.

825. *Gray skirts.............squall*—the dark film of rain-cloud which hangs in the air after the storm has blown over. *Lifting squall*—a violent storm that is lifting or passing over.

826. *The boat.........life—i.e.*, the life-boat.

827. *To save.........of*—to rescue those who are stranded.

828. *Dawning*—approaching. *Death dawning............... him*—Death is spoken of here as a day that dawns. Death is often identified with darkness; here death is identified with light, as it will end Enoch's misery and bring him peace. Elsewhere Tennyson speaks of the *dawn* of a new life after death. Compare :

"And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul"

—Tennyson : *In Memoriam*.

The close of all—the end of all his misery.

824-828. *For sure no gladlier............all*—**Expl**. Tennyson speaks here of the approaching death of Enoch, and of

Enoch's gladness to meet it. Death would mean the end of all his misery. And Enoch was glad to welcome it—as the persons on board a stranded ship welcome the approach of a life-boat through the haze of a rain-cloud that still hangs on the surface of the sea after the storm has passed. The difference is that the ship-wrecked welcome the prospect of life which the life-boat brings to them, while Enoch is ready to welcome as gladly the prospect of death. Death in Enoch's case will be a blessing. **N.B.** Note that a nautical simile is used here; and that in this context nothing could have been more appropriate.

Lines 829—869

Substance—On the eve of his death Enoch called Miriam Lane to his bedside and told her his story. He got her to swear on the Bible that she would not reveal anything until he was dead. He told her of his resolve to let Annie know nothing until his death.

Paraphrase—His coming death bore the promise of a hope. He hoped that after he was dead, Annie might learn that he had loved her to the last. He called Miriam Lane to his bedside and said, "Woman, I have a secret to tell you. But before I tell you, swear on the Bible, not to disclose it till I am dead." Then Miriam Lane replied, "What nonsense you talk! Dead! I assure you that we shall pull you through." Enoch bade her swear in a harsh tone. Half-frightened, Miriam swore on the Bible. Then Enoch, fixing her with a gaze, said "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?" She replied, "Yes, I used to know him in the past I remember him comiug down the street. He carried his head high, and cared for nobody. Such was he—a man of honest independence." Enoch now answered her slowly and sadly, "Enoch is now "down and out" (in a humble and abject condition), and nobody cares for him. I am Enoch. I am afraid I may not outlive three days." At this the woman exclaimed in amazement and excitement, "You say you are Enoch Arden! But surely he was a little taller than you are." Enoch replied, "God has laid a heavy hand upon me. My grief and my lonely life have reduced me to this state. Yet I swear that I am he who married—but she has changed her name twice—I married her who lately married Philip Ray. Sit down, please, and I will tell

you the whole story." Then Enoch told her of his voyage, of the shipwreck, of his lonely life on the island, of his return and his getting a view of Annie and of his resolve not to let her know anything, and how he had kept it. As Miriam Lane heard the story, her tears, to which she was easily moved, began to flow, while she was eager to run out and go round the small port, announcing Enoch Arden and his sorrows. But as she had sworn, she was held in restraint by her oath. She said, "see your children before you die. Let me bring them Arden," and she got up eager to bring them down. Enoch paused on her words and then replied.

829. *That dawning*—*i.e.*, the approach of death. *Gleam'd*—shone. *Kindlier hope*—hope that gave Enoch comfort.

830. *Gone*—dead.

831. *Then may she......last*—This is the comfort that death promises him.

834. *Book*—*i.e.*, the Bible.

835. *Reveal*—disclose.

836. *Clamour'd*—shouted. *Good*—good-hearted. *Hear... talk*—what silly nonsense you talk !

837. *Warrant*—assure you. *Bring.........round*—pull you through.

838. *Sternly*—harshly.

839. *Half-frighted*—half-frightened.

840. *Rolling......her*—*i.e.*, fixing her with his gaze.

842. *Far away*—in the past.

843. *Ay*—Ah ! *Mind*—remember. Colloquialism.

844. *Held......high*—It shows that he was a man of honest independence. *Cared......man*—*i.e.*, looked the world straight in the face (as he earned his living by honest means). *He*—such was he.

845. *Slowly*—with pauses.

846. *His......low*—He does no more hold his head high. He has been brought low—is in a humble and abject condition. *No......him*—*i.e.*, he is left in absolute neglect.

847. *I have......live*—I may not outlive three days.

848. *I......man*—I am Enoch. *At which*—at this.

849. *Half-incredulous*—partly disbelieving.
Half-hysterical—partly excited. *Cry*—exclamation.

850. *You......you*—you say you are Arden.

851. *You be*—you are. Provincialism.

852. *My God*—He means that God has particularly laid a heavy hand upon him. 'My' *i.e.*, in His dealings with me. *Bow'd......am*—reduced me to this abject state.

853. *My grief......me*—My grief and my lonely life have pulled me down.

854. *Nevertheless*—all the same.

855. *Married*—married Annie. *But that name......changed*—Her maiden name was Lee ; it was first changed to Arden and then to Ray.

859. *His gazing......Annie*—*i.e.*, his stealing a glimpse of Annie. *His resolve*—his oath that he would not let Annie know anything.

861. *Easy tears*—The idea is that Miriam Lane is emotional and is easily moved to tears. *Fast............tears*—Emotional as Miriam Lane was, her tears began to run fast.

862. *Yearn'd*—longed. *Incessantly*—constantly.

863. *Rush abroad*—run out. *Haven*—port.

864. *Proclaiming*—announcing. *Woes*—sorrows.

865. *Awed*—frightened. *Promise bounden*—having taken an oath and being unable to break it. *Forbore*—restrained herself.

866. *Bairns*—children. A word used in the North, and in Scotland for *children*. *Before......go*—before your death.

867. *Eh*—an exclamation expressive of doubt, inquiry, surprise, etc. *'Em*—short for *them*. *Eh......'em*—let me bring them, shall I ?

868. *Hung*—paused (*i.e.*, took time to consider)

Lines 870–896

Substance—Enoch refused to see his children lest he might fail in his purpose. He implored Miriam Lane to tell Annie that he blessed her with his dying breath—and to tell his daughter and his son and Philip that he blessed them too. He also wished that his children, if they cared, might see him when he was dead. He did not wish that Annie should come to see him. Then he gave to Miriam Lane the curl of his last child, and bade her return it to Annie as a token.

Paraphrase—"Woman, do not make me unhappy in my dying hour, but let me carry out my resolve until I die. Sit down again. Give attention to my words and try to understand them, so long as my speech does not fail me. I implore you now, when you shall see Annie, to tell her that in my dying hour I blessed her, prayed for her—and that I loved her till the end and that allowing for the fact that she is married to another, I loved her as I used to do when she was mine. Tell my daughter Annie, who is so like her mother, that with my last breath I blessed her and prayed for her. Tell my son that I died blessing him. Tell Philip that I blessed him too. He was a well-wisher to us. If my children who hardly knew me when I was alive, cared to see me after I was dead, let them come. I am their father. But she must not come, for my dead face would haunt her all the rest of her life and render her unhappy. There is one of my children, who is waiting to welcome me in the next world. This curl is his. Annie cut it off and gave it to me when I set out on the voyage. I have carried it with me all these years. I intended to carry it to my grave; but now I have changed my mind, for I shall see him, my baby, in heaven. Therefore, when I am dead, return it to Annie, for it may be a comfort to her. Besides, it will be a sign to her that I am none other than Enoch."

870. *Disturb.........last*—Let me die in peace. If he were to see his children now, as Miriam Lane suggested, his purpose might fail him, and he would not be able to die in peace.

871. *Let.........purpose*—Let me carry out my resolve.

872. *Mark me*—attend to my words. *Understand*—try to understand what I mean.

873. *While.........speak*—so long as speech does not fail me. Enoch's life is now ebbing away. *Charge*—solemnly implore or beseech.

874. *Her—i.e.,* Annie.

876. *Save*—except. *Bar.........us—i.e.,* Annie's marriage with Philip, which keeps her from him. *Save......us*—allowing for the fact that she now belongs to Philip.

877. *When.........own*—When she was my own. *Laid...... ...own—i.e.,* slept with me.

879. *So.........mother*—resembling her mother so much. *Latest*—last.

My latest breath—my failing speech.

882. *And say......too*—Enoch's dying moment is most sublime. He is at peace with himself and with all the world. He bears even Philip no ill-will, but blesses him sincerely.

883. *He never...........good*—He had ever wished us well. Enoch readily appreciates Philip's kindness to his wife and children. *But*—except.

884. *But......dead*—Enoch is ever sensible. He can easily understand that the length of his absence must have wiped him out from the memory of his children. Therefore, he does not expect that they would care very much to see him after he was dead. They had not known him living as father ; so they could not be much interested in him dead.

885. *Let ....come*—Yet Enoch wishes that his children should come and see him after he was dead.

886. *I......father*—He has still a claim upon his children as father, though he is no longer Annie's husband. *But......come*—Enoch does not want Annie to come to see him after he is dead.

887. *My dead face*—the face of me dead. *Vex......after-life* haunt her in the future and break in upon her peace of mind. Enoch has always the tenderest consideration. Even when he is dead, he wishes that Annie should be spared the least pain for his sake.

888. *One.........blood*—his last child who died after he had gone on the voyage. The force of 'all' is that he is all his own. *Blood*—family.

889. *World-to-be*—the next world. *Who.........world-to-be*—who will meet and welcome me in the next world.

890. *This .....his*—Enoch takes out the curl which was cut off from his last child, and which he has carried with him so long.

891. *Borne*—carried.

892. *Thought*—intended.

893. *Now......changed*—Now I have changed my intention. *Him*—Enoch's last child.

894. *My babe in bliss*—my child in heaven. *Wherefore*—therefore.

895. *Give......this*—return it to Annie. *For......her*—As it is a relic of the last child she bore me, it will be a comfort to her.

896. *It will......he*—Further it will prove to her that I am none other than Enoch. *Token*—sign.

Lines 897—911

Substance—Miriam Lane promised to do all that she was bidden by Enoch to do. On the third night after this the sea rose high and the waves roared when Enoch woke up, and cried 'A sail ! A sail !' and fell back and expired. He had the most magnificent funeral.

Paraphrase—He stopped. Miriam Lane made a long speech when she promised to do everything Enoch desired. Once again fixing her with his gaze, Enoch repeated all that he wanted Miriam Lane to do, and she promised once again. On the third night after this as Enoch slept, calm and pale, and Miriam watched by his bedside and now and then nodded drowsily, the sea began to roar so that all the houses in the port resounded. Enoch woke up, got up from his bed and spread out his arms, crying in a loud voice, 'A sail ! A sail !' and said that he was saved. Then he fell back on his bed, and expired. Thus his strong manly soul parted from his body. When he was buried, the port witnessed a magnificent funeral.

897. *Ceased*—stopped.

898. *Voluble*—full of empty and irrelevant words ; garrulous.

899. *Roll'd... . her*—looked sternly at her.

900. *Repeating.........wished*—going over again all that he wanted to be done.

902 *Slumber'd*—slept. *Motionless*—in absolute repose. *Pale*—colourless because of his weakness.

903. *Dozed*—felt drowsy. *At intervals*—now and then.

904. *A calling of the sea*—"Hallam, Lord Tennyson, in the *Memoir,* explains that the 'calling of the sea' is a term used chiefly in the western parts of England to signify a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it

rings through the timbers of the old houses in a haven" —(*Marwick*). A *groundswell* is a long, deep swell, the rolling of the sea after a storm, or as an effect of distant storm or earthquake.

905. *Rang*—resounded.

906. *Rose*—started up from bed. *Abroad*—out.

907. *Crying.........sail*—N.B. In his dying moment the recollections of the lonely island press upon his memory. He dreams that he is still on that island, and that he has been watching for a ship to come and rescue him. He dreams that he sees a sail coming and in his dream he cries out that he is saved.

This dream has a double significance. (i) It recalls that bitterest of his experiences which he cannot forget—his watching for a sail day in and day out and the agony of suspense. It flashes back to his memory in the semi-conscious state, preceding death. In his dream, or rather in his delirious state he cries out that there is a sail and that he is saved. (2) *Allegorically, it is his voyage to Eternity* ; and his soul passes to the bliss of heaven. The idea of this voyage of the soul ever haunted the mind of Tennyson. Compare :

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes" and this is said of King Arthur.

Compare also Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* :

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

908. *Fell back*—Enoch had half raised himself (in his delirious fit) in bed and now he fell back again. *Spoke...... more*—His life was extinct.

909. *So passed......away*—N.B. This comment by Tennyson seems to be wholly trivial. Enoch's conduct throughout the story shows that he possesses a strong heroic soul. His death is sufficiently impressive. To add any comment to it is to weaken its effect.

900-911. *And when.........funeral*—Enoch was heroic in his strength and self-sacrifice ; and a costly funeral would add nothing to the dignity of his character and sacrifice. "This

is an unfortunate conclusion as it introduces a sordid mercenary note altogether alien to the high emotional character of the rest of the poem. It is in fact a sort of anti-climax"—(*Marwick*).

Questions and Answers

Q. 1. *What do you consider to be the characteristic qualities of Tennyson's poetry ?*

Ans. See *Introduction*.

Following in the line of Keats, Tennyson developed two elements of verse—*music* and *colour*. He had an ear for the subtlest tones of melody, and an eye for all that is picturesque in landscape. Tennyson carefully studied and practised all possible combinations of harmonious sounds. He usually preferred liquid and vowel sounds. By an analysis of any stray passage of his poetry this can be verified. He has also many passages in which the *sound* echoes the *sense*. His efforts as a poet have been to convey sense through *sound* and the beauty of landscape through *colour*. Tennyson's poetry, therefore, encroaches, to a certain extent, upon the province of music and painting.

By reason of his colour-sense Tennyson is pre-eminent as a descriptive poet. In Keat's poetry there is rather too much of colour. But with his finer artistic sense Tennyson is, however, careful to adjust the colour-element in his verse. He notes all the picturesque details in a landscape, and blends them into shape and colour in his descriptive passages. Wordsworth is concerned with the spiritual meaning of a particular sight or sound in Nature. Tennyson, who follows Keats in this matter, is concerned with the sensuous appeal of such a sight or sound. Tennyson consequently looks upon Nature as a store-house of beautiful images and illustrations. As Wordsworth is most anxious to interpret the *meaning* of Nature, Tennyson takes pains to portray her *beauty*. Again unlike Wordsworth who is indifferent to science, Tennyson brings *a trained eye* to interpret Nature's beauty. Therefore, not a few of his descriptive passagesj are noted for scientific accuracy in matters of detail.

Tennyson is an artist, and not a prophet or seer. He has no message to give to the world. He no doubt reflects the

unrest of the age in his poetry. But he does not preach any moral or spiritual truth that will cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. In his interpretation of life he is rather of the age, and not in advance of it. The Victorian Age is now regarded as having been very narrow in outlook—rather a smug, priggish and self-satisfied age. Tennyson shares in this narrowness of outlook. He was certainly aware of all that was going on in the world around him. His interest in the progressing commerce and science of the age is reflected in his poetry. He views the progress of science with satisfaction, but he views the growing wealth of the country with apprehension. In his poetry, therefore, he portrayed life as it was lived in his day—a life that was smooth and tranquil, and untroubled by any great sorrows or great enthusiasms. Thus Tennyson has been said to be a representative poet of the age.

Q. 2. *Why has Tennyson been called a representative poet of the age ?*

Ans. See *Introduction* and Q. 1.

Q. 3. *What is the source of "Enoch Arden ?*

Ans. See *Intoduction.*

Q. 4. *Tell the story of "Enoch Arden."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 5. *Webb says that "Enoch Arden" fulfils all the conditions of the modern idyl—Discuss.*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 6. *Write a note on the religious atmosphere of "Enoch Arden."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

The religious atmosphere of *Enoch Arden* has its basis in the Puritanic faith. There seems to be little of joy in the life of the fishing folk, painted in the poem ; it is all gloom, not unlike the gloom of the sky under which they live. The only season, described in full in the poem, is *autumn*, which seems to agree well with the gloom of mind.

The principal character in the poem is Enoch, with whom the story is mostly concerned. His religious belief gives the

tone and colour to the whole poem. Now there are stern and rugged elements not only in his character, but in his belief. He as a sailor believes in the providence of God. But as a Puritan he takes life and its duty seriously. When he breaks a limb by a fall from the mast, and lies in bed, his faith seems to be shaken a little. Otherwise the accident seems to him to be a part of life, and he does not curse God for it.

Enoch's lonely and pining life on the tropical island seems to have drawn him nearer to God than to have weakened his faith. He never complains of all that happens to him. His Puritanic faith must have taught him patience and endurance, which not even the worst of misery can shake. A Puritan looks upon life as a task and burden. To Enoch life proves to be a succession of misfortunes ; yet he never falters for a moment. The fundamental conception of Puritanism is *duty* that must be done at any cost. And nothing but Enoch's stern Puritanic faith could have enabled him to do his duty in the most critical moment of his life.

Q. 7. *Sketch the character of Enoch.*

Ans. See *Introduction.* The following points may be noted :—

(1) Enoch's *strength of purpose and will.* When he falls in love with Annie, he resolves to make her his wife. With that object in view he works hard, and is soon able to buy his own boat and make a home for Annie.

(2) *Enoch's devotion to his wife and children* : Enoch is an ideal husband and an ideal father. As soon as a child is born, he determines to save all he can in order to give his children a better education than his or Annie's has been. Annie would have him stay at home in stead of going to sea as boatswain in the vessel in which he had served before. But it is for the sake of his wife and his children that he goes. All that Enoch suffers in life, he suffers for the sake of his wife and his children. His love for Annie is most unselfish, and it persists even when Annie is Philip's wife. His remarkable sacrifice which his duty dictates to him has been possible because of this love. His most anxious thought when he finds that Annie as Philip's wife is quite happy, is to spare her the least pain.

(3) *Enoch's piety : his faith in God and resignation to God's will.* —Enoch's faith in God alone sustains him on the tropical island. When he comes back to his native town, and finds Annie Philip's wife, his piety and his sense of duty keep his soul from perishing in dark despair, and finally issue in the heroic act of sacrifice.

Q. 8. *Sketch the character of Philip.*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 9. *Contrast Enoch with Philip.*

Ans. See *Introduction.* The following points may be noted :

(1) Enoch has greater strength of character which he shows even in the boyish games, *e.g.*, in keeping possession of Annie as his wife as long as a week when he should share her with Philip. Philip, being of weaker personality, has to give in. The point is that Philip has been brought up under the care of his father who is a man of means, while Enoch, left an orphan, has had to take care of himself. Philip is thus a soft and easy-going man, while Enoch has, by the very force of circumstances, developed character and personality. Being stronger of the two Enoch naturally wins Annie's love, and Philip receives but her affection and sympathy.

(2) At first Philip is unhappy because he cannot get Annie. He keeps away from Annie after her marriage with Enoch. But when Annie loses her third and last child, and has begun to experience hard days, Philip comes to her rescue. Particularly to the children he proves a good angel. As years go by, and as the chance of Enoch's return seems to be less and less, Philip's constancy of love is finally rewarded by Annie consenting to marry him. Philip possesses refinement and delicacy of consideration (as shown in his help given to Annie), which we cannot expect from Enoch, a rough sailor.

(3) On his return Enoch finds the tables turned upon him: Philip, the rejected lover, installed in his place, and possessing even the affection of his own children. Philip's love (for Annie) is described as "a lifelong hunger in his heart." It is a sort of poetic justice that it should be rewarded. Life seems to have but dealt gently with Philip. Except that one "dark

hour" he has by himself in the wood, he seems to have gone through life with joy. With Enoch life is an adventure ; but in stead of leading to success and fortune, it lands him in a series of misfortunes. As a sailor, Enoch must have from the beginning a rougher and less secure life, but he seems to be pursued by a blind, wrathful fate. The accident that he meets with in the port up in the north is just the beginning of his misfortunes. Philip's life is just smooth and uneventful.

Q 10. *Sketch the character of Annie.*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 11. *Write a critical appreciation of the story of "Enoch Arden."*

Ans. See *Introduction.*

Q. 12. *Describe the childhood days of Enoch, Philip and Annie.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (ll. 10—36).

Q. 13. "*Then came a change, as all things human change*"—*Illustrate this from Enoch's life.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (ll. 101—127).

Q. 14. *Give a short account of the struggle and distress of Annie during Enoch's absence.*

Ans. See *Story* and *Paraphrase* (ll. 243—340).

Q. 15. *What circumstance decides Annie to marry Philip ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (ll. 485—506).

Q. 16. *Describe the voyage of Enoch, resulting in his ship-wreck.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (ll. 523—549).

Q. 17. *Describe Enoch's life on the tropical island.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase (ll.* 550-617*).*

Q. 18. *How did Enoch manage to return to his native town ?*

Ans. See *Paraphrase (ll.* 618—662*).*

Q. 19. *Describe in full the circumstance nnder which Enoch saw Annie again, and the effect on his mind.*

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 713—794).

Q. 20. ***Sketch the last days and death of Enoch.***

Ans. See *Paraphrase* (*ll.* 795—911).

Q. 21. ***Explain the following with reference to the context:***

(i)	Philip look'd............wood.	(*ll.* 72—76)
(ii)	A wish renew'd.........landward.	(*ll.* 88—92)
(iii)	He seem'd...............beggar.	(*ll.* 114—117)
(iv)	So now that shadow......offing.	(*ll.* 128—131)
(v)	So all day long..............rang.	(*ll.* 172—175)
(vi)	Keep everything.........holds.	(*ll.* 220—222)
(vii)	Philip gain'd..............where.	(*ll.* 351—356)
(viii)	But Philip sitting......shadow .	(*ll.* 381—384)
(ix)	By this the lazy gossips......wrong.	(*ll.* 469—471)
(x)	He is gone.........highest.	(*ll.* 498—502)
(xi)	*So the* three.........*ill-content.*	(*ll.* 556—558)
(xii)	A phantom made......beyond the line.	(*ll.* 561—601)
(xiii)	Then he, though Miriam Lane......... hearth.	*ll.* 761—768)
(xiv)	His resolve upbore him......soul.	(*ll.* 795—800)
(xv)	For sure no gladlier.........the close of all.	(*ll.* 824—828)
(xvi)	He woke......···......more.	(*ll.* 906—908)

Q. 22. ***Annotate the following:—***

Chasm ; red roofs ; wharf ; moulder'd ; tall-tower'd mill ; Danish barrows ; damsel ; waste and lumber ; swarthy fishing-nets ; fluke : boats updrawn ; white breaker ; play'd at keeping house ; turn and turn about ; helpless wrath of tears ; weep for company ; dawn of rosy childhood ; warmth of life's ascending sun ; dread sweep ; down-streaming seas ; golden autumn ; prone edge ; to feather ; weathern-beaten ; still and sacred fire ; read his doom ; wounded life ; dark hour ; life-long hunger ; competence ; bringing-up ; rosy idol of her solitudes ; ocean-spoil ; ocean-smelling osier ; market-cross ; leafy lanes ; portal-warding ; peacock-yewtree ; Friday fare ; Enoch's ministering ; clambering ; crept too across his trade ;

staid God-fearing man ; lives of hand to mouth ; mischance ; China-bound : boatswain ; fiery highway of the sun ; isles a light ; offing ; long-pondering ; rough sea ; weather'd ; craft ; latest-born ; started with a happy cry ; appraised his weight ; break his purposes ; brawling opposition ; supplicating ; held his will ; bore it thro' ; sea-friend ; anger : death-scaffold ; raising ; shrill'd ; seedling ; faced this morning ; God-in-man ; man-in-God ; fair weather ; puny ; foreign parts ; running on ; sermonizing ; seaman's glass ; spy out ; shipshape ; cast all your cares on God : that anchor holds ; drooping ; feverous ; clipt ; tremulous ; last dip of the vanishing sail ; chime ; barter ; shrewdness ; foreboding ; pressure ; wares ; scanty sustenance ; silent melancholy ; to pay the voice who best could tell ; hunger'd for her peace ; seated with her grief ; falteringly ; moan'd reply ; forlorn ; abash'd : set himself ; where he fixt his heart ; wherewithal ; precious morning hours ; well-to-do ; her brows against the wall ; broken down ; borne in on me ; swimming eyes ; wrung ; garth ; lifted up in spirit ; lazy gossip ; conies ; pretext of fineness in the meal ; to save the offence of charitable ; that whistled on the waste ; fathom ; full heart ; light on a broken word ; children's all-in-all ; worried his passive ear ; petty wrongs ; working-bee in blossom-dust ; blanch'd with his mill ; pluck'd at him ; scaling ; weary down ; jubilant cries ; tumultuously ; lithe ; reluctant boughs ; tawny clusters ; honest forehead . thing upon my mind ; women are so quick ; burthen ; God's good angel ; scared ; bide your year ; mute ; dead flame of the fallen day ; your hour of weakness ; went about her household ways ; dwelt upon his latest words ; so much to look to ; long-sufferance ; abhorrent of a calculation crost ; chafe ; personal wrong ; trifle with her ; held off ; drew him on ; hint at worse ; look'd his wish ; left the household out of poverty ; contracting ; blind wall of night ; brook'd ; expectant terror of her heart ; holy book ; under the palm-tree ; hosanna ; the Sun of Righteousness ; strowing ; resolved : wildly ; ail'd ; lingeringly ; latch : common to her state ; her new child was as herself renew'd ; the new mother ; mysterious instinct ; Biscay ; roughly ridging eastward ; unvext ; summer of the world ; tumble about the Cape ; breath of heaven ; the golden isles ; silent in her oriental haven ; quaint monsters ; a gilded dragon ; fair sea-circle ; full-busted figure-head ; ripple feathering

from her bows; calms; winds variable; baffling; buoy'd; floating tackle and broken spars; stranding; human sustenance; fruitage; helpless life so wild that it was tame; native cavern; Eden of all plenteousness; eternal summer; death-in-life; fire-hollowing; in Indian fashion; drooping crowns of plumes; lightning flash of insect and of bird: convolvuluses; broad belt of the world; the myriad shriek; the league-long roller thundering on the reef; zenith; precipitious rivulet; ranged; scarlet shafts; globed themselves; hollower-bellowing; a phantom made of many phantoms; darker isle beyond the line; dewy-glooming downs; low moan of leaden-colour'd seas; in the ringing of his ears; parish bells; early-silvering; lonely doom; destined course; mate; mist-wreathen; burst away; solitary; muttering and mumbling; inarticulate rage; long-bounden tongue; shook his isolation from him; sea-worthy; lazy wind: dewy meadowy morning breath; her ghostly wall; levied: sea-haze; whelm'd the world in gray; holt: tilth; disconsolate; dripping haze; mist-blotted; foreshadowing all calamity; bill of sale; poor; front of timber-crost antiquity; propt; daily-dwindling; haunt of crawling seamen; garrulous; let him be; deeper inward whispers; unspeakable for sadness; ruddy square of comfortable light; beacon-blaze; genial; a length of ribbon and a ring; creasy arms; stagger'd; blast of doom; harsh shingle: grate; dug his fingers into the wet earth; tranced; beating it in upon his weary brain; burthen of a son; prayer from a living source within the wall; beating up thro' all the bitter world; fountains of sweet water in the sea; enow; scorning an alms; cooper; lading and unleading; barks; stinted; roll'd itself round again to meet the day; languor; stranded wreck; gray skirts of a lifting squall; the boat that bears the hope of life; death dawning on him; swear upon the book; rolling his grey eyes upon her; half-incredulous; half-hysterical cry; that name has twice been changed; easy tears; promise-bounden; bairn; sane for the bar between us; my latest breath; world-to-be; my babe in bliss; voluble answer; calling of the sea; I am saved.

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